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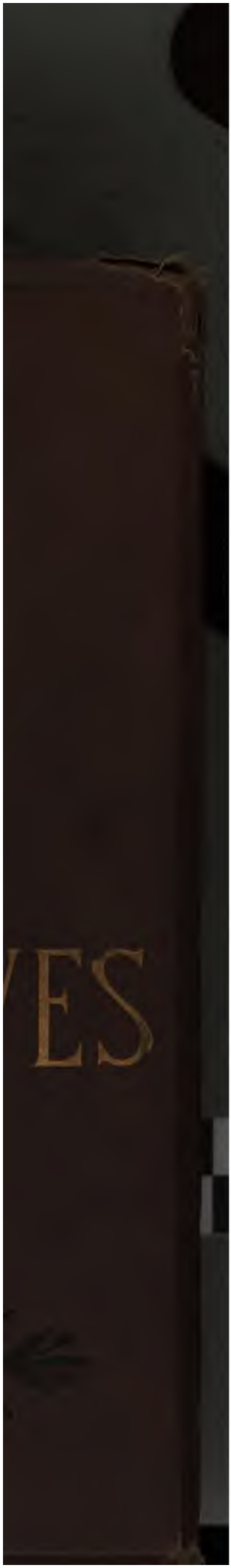
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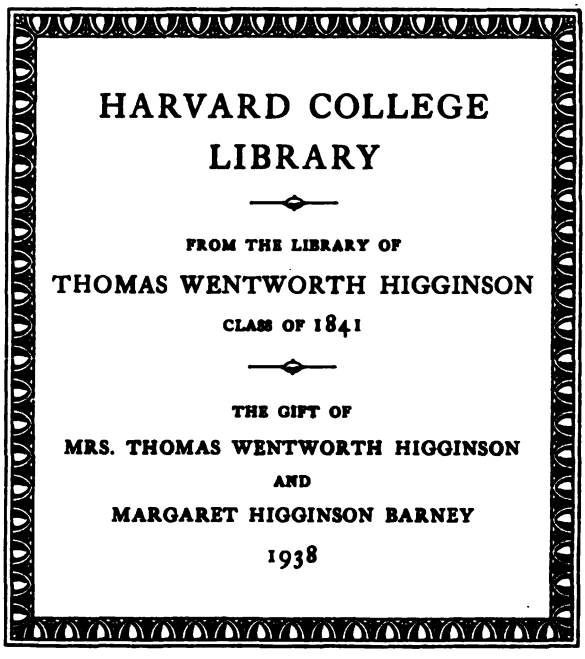
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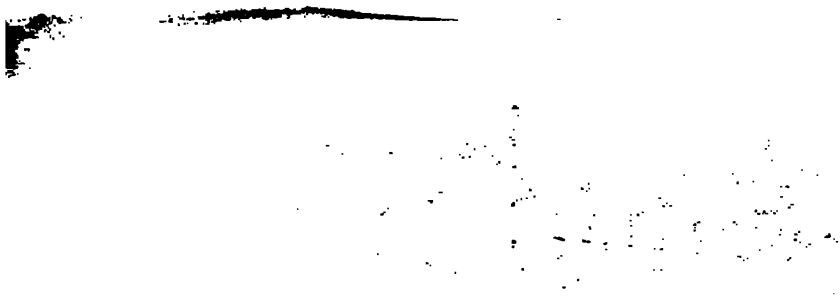
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ORIGINAL

POEMS, STORIES, AND ESSAYS,

BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, JOHN G. WHITTIER, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, J. T. TROWBRIDGE, E. P. WHIPPLE, T. W. HIGGINSON, LOUISA M. ALCOTT, GAIL HAMILTON, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, H. H., LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, NORA PERRY, SARAH HELEN WHITMAN, MARGARET J. PRESTON, BAYARD TAYLOR, R. H. STODDARD, ALFRED TENNYSON, A. C. SWINBURNE, CHARLES KINGSLEY, TOM TAYLOR, EDWARD EGGLESTON, J. W. DE FORREST, GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, J. BOYLE O'REILLY, WILLIAM WINTER, EDWARD S. RAND, JR., WILLIAM MATHEWS, A. BRONSON ALCOTT, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, JOHN PAUL, WILLIAM F. GILL, FREDERIC VIAUX.

Illustrated.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM F. GILL AND COMPANY,
309 WASHINGTON STREET.

1876.

11442.69.240

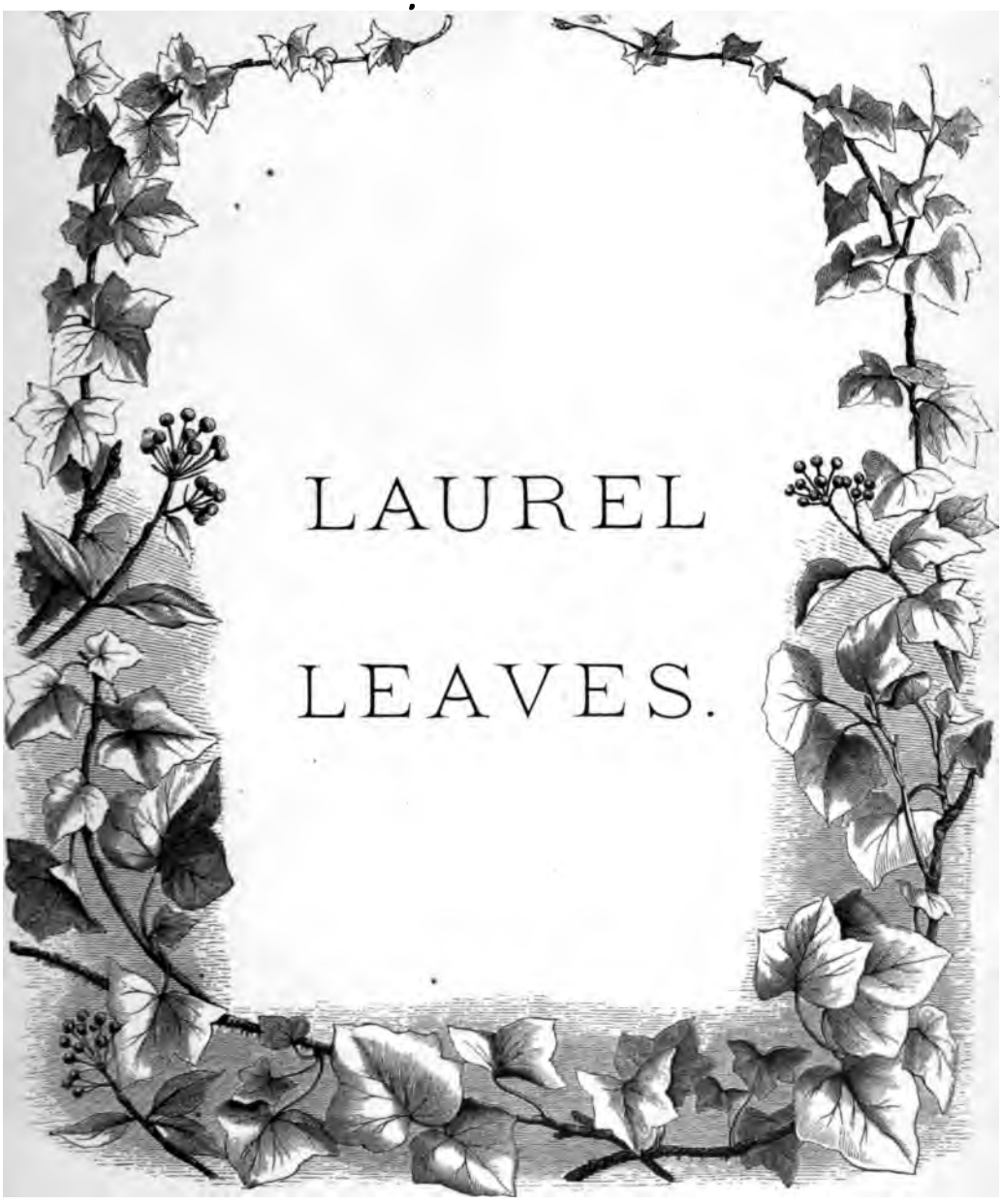
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15 *Vandewater Street, N. Y.*

Rockwell & Churchill,
Electrotypers and Stereotypers,
39 Arch Street, Boston.


LAUREL
LEAVES.


TO
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
IN TRIBUTE TO HIS GENIUS AS POET, NOVELIST,
AND ESSAYIST, THIS VOLUME OF POEMS,
STORIES, AND ESSAYS IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

Dear Sir

I cannot accept the dedication of your new volume without feeling almost as if I were stealing a laurel-leaf which belongs to another. Had I myself furnished more leaves for your wreath I should have less compunction in taking the place you have assigned me. But I fear I have hardly earned a title to the page where I find my name and to the euphonious phrases with which it is adorned. I will, however, encourage myself by remembering that it is the part of humility to listen with respect to the good opinions which others express of us, however exaggerated and extreme they may appear at first sight. For a man to place his own low self-estimate against the favorable opinion of his fellow-men shows that he foolishly overvalues his own judgment. Nothing can be more simple than such a picture of modesty committing suicide.

Permit me, therefore, to thank you for the compliment you have paid me, and to ask the charity of your readers for the single deciduous leaf of mine which they will find in your garland of poetical conceits.

Believe me Yours very truly
O. W. Holmes.

396 Beacon St Nov. 9th 1875

PREFACE.

IT would seem that a work of such a character as the volume which these preliminary pages so inadequately introduce, stands in need of no introduction to a public so familiar with the status of the authors represented within its pages; but when the editor recalls that the holiday volume, "Lotos Leaves," which issued last season from the *littérateurs* of the Lotos Club of New York City, was, from its title, quite generally mistaken for a new work on botany, the necessity for a preface suggestive of the character of the work seemed to exist. While endeavoring to fulfil the duty that devolves upon me, I confess to a lurking hope that many sanguine but unpractical devotees of science may, in their eager earnestness of research, be, all unwittingly, lured to partake of the rich literary banquet with which this new Parnassus tempts them withal; for the title is not less deceptive to the wrapt scientist than is that of its predecessor.

From a glance at the title-page, it will be evident that "Laurel Leaves" was designed as an original collection of representative articles, by contemporaneous poets, essayists, novelists, and humorists.

Whatever measure of success has attended the realization of the idea of the work, there has been no invidious distinction in the selection of writers, or in the arrangement of their writings. If some authors who would have been welcomed to places within the

ample pages of the book, are not represented, their absence will be readily understood by all familiar with the labyrinthian complications that hedge in the fortunate author who has won a universal reputation.

Indeed, with a practical experience of many years in dealing with authors and publishers, I am less surprised at the absence of the few names that might have been looked for in such a collection, than at the presence of so unusual a representation of really prominent writers, combined in a volume admitting none but original or comparatively recent productions.

The exceptional combination of authors, especially of American authors, presented in the list of contents, at once suggests the varied and significant interest centred in the volume, as well as its distinctive character.

As to the freshness of the various contributions in prose and poetry, it should be stated that but three of the thirty-eight papers contained in the work have ever previously been printed in book form, while a large proportion of them have been written expressly for the volume.

To authors and artists who have combined to render "Laurel Leaves" worthy of the name it bears, the editor returns his sincere acknowledgments for making the consummation of his plan of the work *un fait accompli.*

If in the volume should be found, as the editor hopes and believes there will be found, features of more substantial and enduring interest than those which pertain to gift books of the conventional stamp, which the holiday season perennially brings forth, his purpose will have been accomplished, and his undertaking justified.

WILLIAM F. GILL.

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LAUREL LEAVES.

AMALFI.



AMALFI.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



WEET the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet;
Where amid her mulberry-trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless, summer seas.

In the middle of the town,
From its fountains in the hills,
Tumbling through the narrow gorge,
The Canneto rushes down,
Turns the great wheels of the mills,
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'Tis a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet.
Toiling up from stair to stair
Peasant girls their burdens bear;

Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight;
What inexorable fate
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,
Far above the convent stands;
On its terraced walk aloof
Leans a monk with folded hands,
Placid, satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red-tiled roof;
Wondering unto what good end
All this toil and traffic tend,
And why all men cannot be
Free from care and free from pain
And the sordid love of gain,
And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks
From the marts of east and west?
Where the knights in iron sarks
Journeying to the Holy Land,
Glove of steel upon the hand,
Cross of crimson on the breast?
Where the pomp of camp and court?
Where the pilgrims with their prayers?
Where the merchants with their wares,
And their gallant brigantines
Sailing safely into port,
Chased by corsair Algerines?



Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
Like a passing trumpet-blast,
Are those splendors of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd!
Fathoms deep beneath the seas
Lie the ancient wharves and quays,
Swallowed by the engulfing waves;
Silent streets, and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls;
Hidden from all mortal eyes
Deep the sunken city lies:
Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!
Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
With its sickle of white sand;
Further still and furthermost
On the dim-discovered coast
Pæstum with its ruins lies,
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,
Nothing doth the good monk care
For such worldly themes as these.
From the garden just below
Little puffs of perfume blow,

And a sound is in his ears
Of the murmur of the bees
In the shining chestnut-trees;
Nothing else he heeds or hears.
All the landscape seems to swoon
In the happy afternoon;
Slowly o'er his senses creep
The encroaching waves of sleep,
And he sinks as sank the town,
Unresisting, fathoms down
Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow,
Hearing the fierce north wind blow,
Seeing all the landscape white,
And the river cased in ice,
Comes this memory of delight,
Comes this vision unto me
Of a long-lost Paradise
In the land beyond the sea.



The Whims of Travel.



THE WHIMS OF TRAVEL.

By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

TRAVEL, as a regular and organized pastime, is of recent origin. And yet the desire for it seems to be innate. The human race has always been roaming about in a restless fashion, in early times especially, migrating continually, like devouring grasshoppers, to fresh feeding-grounds.

But these great race migrations, although they spring from the same restlessness, are not at all like the modern fashion of travel. The one is a serious business that changes the aspect of the globe; the other is merely an amusement. We have the opportunity to study both. People are apt to think that the earth has become in a manner settled with permanent and abiding populations, and that such changes as were produced when the Arians overran the Turanians in Europe, or, later, when the northern hordes broke into the decaying civilization of the Mediterranean peoples, cannot again occur. But we have seen in our own day an extraordinary movement of Celts and Teutons from Europe to America; and there are already signs of another shifting of residence on a vaster scale than has occurred for two thousand years. The Chinese hive seems about to swarm. If it does begin to pour out its uncounted millions in any determined direction, Heaven help the land where they settle down.

If they should set in a regular stream to the United States, a slow stream but yearly gathering volume, it might be fifty or a hundred years that the tide would roll in, but the result would be certain. The intelligent traveller from Japan would wander about our land, looking in vain for monuments of our temporary occupation. He would hear traditions of a Centennial, and he might find on the banks of the Potomac a heap of stones, said to be the base of a shaft once called Martha Washington's Needle; but he would find little else. The Capitol would be a Joss-house, and the civil service reform would by that time be completed, — all the officers of the government being mandarins who had been ground out by competitive examination.

Before our day, people migrated, and marched in armies, and made commercial expeditions; and occasionally individuals roamed about in search of information, like Herodotus, or from love of adventure, like Jason and Burckhardt, but they did not travel. It was neither easy nor safe to do so. The person who ventured out of his own country went among probable enemies; he took his life in his hands, and his anxious relations began to inventory his property. Few were wealthy enough to incur the expenses of a long journey, and those who went into far countries usually encountered inhabitants whose circumstances seemed to justify them in fleecing a wealthy stranger. The same practice is universal now, but the fleecing is performed legally. It was Demaratus who said, "Poverty has ever been familiar to Greece, but virtue has been acquired." The virtue, however, was kept for home consumption, and was not wasted upon barbarian travellers any more than it has been of late years.

In these days it might be said that half the world lives by transporting the other half about the earth: in fact, there are

two sorts of people,— those who travel, and those who help others to travel. And this fashion of travel is vastly the growth of the last fifty years; it is less than that time since there have been hordes of people, of all conditions, traversing the earth in all directions, under the specific name of "tourists." Not many of them have any definite purpose, or seek any result; they obey a fashion of the time. They post through lands whose history they have never read; they walk through miles of galleries, listlessly regarding the works of masters of whom they have never heard; they sleep in strange beds, and eat dishes, the extraordinary names of which they cannot pronounce, but which have all the same flavor; they are the prey of inn-keepers, and the victims of guides and shop-keepers; but they resolutely make the grand tour, submitting to all its discomforts, consoled by the thought that they are performing the duty of society in this age, which is to travel. Women, who are more enterprising in advanced years than men, take more kindly to this task than their male companions. We have all seen men dragged about the continent, as baggage-watchers and hotel-bill disputers, who longed for the quiet of home and the routine of their occupations, and who were only held up to the mark of gallery after gallery, and church after church, by the resolute female mind. We have no sympathy with them. They have seen, in their varied business, and in the freedom of intercourse which men enjoy, something of life, while their wives have probably been immured in the walls of the house, devoted to family cares, and grown rusty in them. Travel, however ignorantly undertaken, is of infinite service to them, in enlarging the horizon of their lives. Probably two-thirds of the European tourists are women; and their homes, when they return, will be all the more attractive for their "outing," if they do not stay away too long. This fashion of

travel has called into existence a vast machinery of locomotion and entertainment, in which an immense amount of capital is invested, the reckoning of which would be a means of estimating the enormous proportions to which the tourist business has attained. Great steamship lines are supported by it; highways over mountains, swept by avalanches and gullied by floods, are built and sustained by it; armies of horses are night and day dragging the tourists up hill and down, through valleys, passes, and wherever human ingenuity can make a path; larger and larger hotels are needed yearly, and more of them to lodge and feed the weary and hungry crowd; even a literature has been constructed for them, — a literature which combines history and sentiment with topographical information, — an indispensable literature, the only disadvantage of which is that it will by and by diffuse a dead uniformity of information throughout all travelling society. Everybody will know the same thing.

But the most singular development of this travelling mania is the agencies for transporting tourists about in large companies. Some shrewd man having observed the modern tendency of most people to go somewhere, and tacked it to the fact that they did not know where to go, or how to go, or what they wanted to see, hit upon an admirable scheme. He says to the would-be tourist, "Give me so much money, less than you would waste in your unaided ignorance, and I will conduct you to such places as I think best for you to see, and let you look at them as long as it seems to me good for you, in company with a lot of other people, who are as respectable and submissive as you." The tourist who accepts this arrangement is called the "personally conducted traveller." He has no further trouble, unless he happens to have a mind of his own. His entire route is laid out for him; his days are all numbered; he has so many hours for this





city, so many days for that; he is shipped on certain boats, lodged at designated hotels; when he arrives at an interesting place he is allowed so long for dinner, and then he and his company are hurried from sight to sight with an industrious perseverance that he would not have the strength of mind to exercise himself. He loses no time. If he is ill, it is all the same, — he must on, or lose his chance. He is trotted through palaces, galleries, ruins, dives into excavations and catacombs, at the tail end of a crowd of fellow-tourists, who are making jocular remarks about the explanations of the cicerone, only a word or two of whose descriptions he can occasionally catch, generally in time to apply them to the wrong objects. He is forced, for months it may be, into the daily and intimate companionship of people whom he might never, otherwise, have an opportunity of associating with. But he has no more responsibility for this than for anything else; it may become a means of grace to him. Although it must be owned that there is a report that forty personally-conducted tourists, who were packed together on a Nile steamboat for twenty days, returned to Cairo in such a state of mind that no one of them would speak to another. They could still talk of each other, however. Yet the system is very popular, and no doubt will reduce travel to a science and a despotism. In time travellers will be better sorted and classified, competitive examinations will select those who are fit to go together; some will be forwarded, like goods, by slow, and some by fast express; there will be tours for religious, for scientific, and for purposes of mere pleasure. I have already seen the prospectus for an "excursion of select Baptists" from England to Rome. An incongruous "Primitive" Methodist, who was by chance, and solely at the convenience of the agency, put into this select company as far as Rome, informed me that he liked these Baptists very much.

He was, it may be mentioned, one of the tourists whom I have heard complain of this personally-conducted and circular system. He was an English shoemaker, started on the tour of Palestine, and he objected to being detained two days in Rome; one day was quite enough for him in a city so Popish and dilapidated.

There are some countries the populations of which are sustained almost entirely by tourists. Switzerland is one of them. Greece, whose people and history have just that which Switzerland lacks,—interest,—would be another, if her inhabitants had not been very inconsiderate. If, instead of stopping the tourist at the frontier and relieving him of his money and valuables in a lump, they had let him come in as the Swiss do, and even built smooth roads to entice him, and baited him with well-spread tables, they might have got away all his money as surely, but gradually and without scandal. If this course had been pursued, Greece to-day would be overrun with tourists, for no land exceeds it in beauty, and all its inhabitants would be thriving on the spoil.

Switzerland, when the tourist began to frequent it, was as poor as a dry sponge; I should say that it is no longer poor, but it still retains its character of sponge, and readily absorbs all the stream of gold that is poured into it, without showing the least sign of repletion. I suspect that the sponge is squeezed out in the winter, for at the opening of every season it is as thirsty for the blood of the tourist as ever. And the more it drinks the thirstier it seems to become. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in Switzerland everybody lives on the traveller. It is simply a land of hotels and expensive highways. Those who do not keep hotels or serve in them are engaged in transporting the stranger hither and thither, by carriage, by horse, by *chaise-à-porteurs;* a remnant are devoted to carving wood and

bone in the most artless manner, to sell to the tourist; and the few left out of these classes milk the goats, or stand in the mountain pathways blowing horns eight feet long, to wake an echo from the hills and from the stranger's pocket; or else they perch upon a projecting rock by the way, holding a handful of edelweiss and bluebells, and sing in the most rasping manner, like syrens who have seaweed in their throats. Life is thus made a perpetual holiday; the traveller passes through Switzerland as through a gigantic fair, bleeding at every pore. Everything is labelled with a price. It is impossible to shut out from his view the high peaks, but such water-falls and bits of scenery as are capable of that treatment are fenced in and must be examined through a peep-window. The cost of travel and of feeding of course mounts up with the increasing influx of tourists, and the ingenuity of the Swiss in figuring a bill is equal to the emergency. There is nothing picturesque or sympathetic about the Swiss, no weak sentimentality, nor any of the childlike *laisser-aller* of the scapegrace Italian; he has no faults that make him lovable. As a rule, the men are honest and faithful and the women virtuous. They will not pick your pocket; but nothing will be left in it when you leave their country.

If, by any freak of fashion, summer travel should take another direction, and the diligences should run empty, and the vast hotels, that make a village in every valley and from every pass, should be vacant for a season, I tremble to think of the condition of the Swiss left to prey upon each other.

The requisite of enjoyment of travel is leisure, that one may loiter, or stay, or go, as the whim seizes him. But this is not the age of repose, and travel is made a business of urgency like any other. It makes one's head swim to see travellers flying about Europe as fast as steam can whiz them, running over all

those historic lands before the moon can change twice, and getting the same impression of towers, castles, cathedrals, pictures, statues, that you would have of individual trees in a forest from the windows of an express train. It is very good exercise, this, and must keep the mind alert. It is only this summer that a charming company of twenty young ladies, of about the age of Juliet when she fell in love with Romeo, flashed through Europe in a month, leaving everywhere longing and regret that they were meteors, and not fixed stars in this tender sky. They gave a whole night and half a day to the art and romance of Venice. It was not one of them, however, who asked a compatriot, when the conversation turned upon Venice, and the latter remarked that she had been disappointed in the Bridge of Sighs, —

"Not so big as you expected?"

It is a general impression that you see in travel what you are prepared by culture to see. But it must be delightful to go abroad with a mind blank, like a fresh photograph plate, ready to take the impression of anything that is cast upon it, and in no way occupied by fore-acquired knowledge or prejudice.

One of the most fatal things, in fact, in the way of the enjoyment of travel is a mental condition of criticism and antagonism. You should be in a state of receptivity, and be able in a degree to take your color from the objects around you. You should surrender yourself to the influences that make the place you visit what it is in history and in art. The traveller who insists upon carrying the atmosphere of his own land into others that he visits, does not simply miss the illusions which form so largely the enjoyment of life, but he really does not understand what he looks at. Foreign peoples, life, manners, religion, cities, are to be studied in the soft glow of their ancientness, and not in the sudden flare of a pitch-pine knot that you have brought

from Peoria. The chief fault of so many books of travel is that they do not give you the atmosphere of the lands they profess to describe. They give you photographs. The writers arraign everything at the bar of the nineteenth century and measure it by the yardstick which is used in their country. They seem to be unwilling to put themselves into an interpreting sympathy with the strange life that they have found, and the consequence is that they fail to report that which is most characteristic in it. I know some excellent books of travel, whose facts I can vouch for, which are bright, witty, observant, and never dull; but when I have finished them I do not feel that I have been in the country described. The writer has carried his own atmosphere with him, and has never once surrendered himself to the influences which make that country and its people different from all others.

In order to enjoy travel one must have a home, and one that is loved and is pulling a little at his heart-strings all the while; for the best thing about travelling is the going home. It is contrast that makes most of our enjoyment. If you stay from home so long that its ties begin to slacken, foreign travel loses its zest. I think, indeed, that one must be a warm patriot in order to be a good cosmopolitan. That is as much as to say that where there is no centre there is no circumference. One needs to feel always that he is going from somewhere as well as to somewhere, and that when he wills he can return to his own fireside and the circle of friends that form his real world. When the traveller is cut loose from all ties and becomes a wanderer, his interest in the world is so diffused that it is almost lost. One should go home before he becomes a victim to the habit of wandering. I knew a lady who for three or four years had wreaked her appetite on all the *tables d'hôte* from Amsterdam

to Jerusalem, who finally declared that she must go home to America to get something to eat. And she took ship accordingly. Next to patriotism, her motive was most praiseworthy and comprehensible.

The love of travel grows by indulgence. He who yields to the feeling in his views, which comes every spring time, as certainly as sap runs up the trees, and moves him to go to a far country, will be less able to resist the second attack. This is true of the genuine traveller. The modern tourist also gets the restless habit almost as certainly, and his liability always is to lose his relish for a home life. The people of the world were never so much in motion as they are at present, and if the fashion of travel increases in the proportion of its growth for the past twenty years, the result will be appalling.

I have heard people condemn the vagabond, the "tramp," the confirmed tourist, who roams from town to town and farm to farm, getting his sweet sleep under the wayside tree or the fence-rails, and his noon-day and evening meals in the back porch of the farmer's kitchen, or in the area of some cheerful town mansion. There is a great deal to be said in favor of his life, considered philosophically. Remembering that he has but one life to live in this world, he may be sliding along with the least trouble to himself. He takes no thought for the morrow, nor for yesterday, for what he shall wear, or what he shall eat — only for what he shall drink. His mind is at peace about the quality and the fit of his garments, and so he escapes that anxiety most perplexing to our civilization — the clothes question; he is always in the fashion, as Adam was. He has no bills to meet, and no interest to pay; no panic can touch him, and if all the banks in the land should break, he would not be embarrassed.

Bnt it must be confessed that, as a tourist, he carries matters

a little too far. He has no home, and, wanting that, he misses the keenest pleasure that one feels in being abroad; he must have some hours of tedium which neither all-kind nature nor ardent spirits can charm away.

I suppose there will come a time to the tourist, who has frittered away his love of country and his capacity to enjoy the quiet of home, when neither continental scenery nor draughts of intoxicating Paris will be able to stimulate any longer his fagged sensations.

VENICE, Sept. 12, 1875.



Chrimhilde's Treasures.



CHRIMHILDE'S TREASURES.

By MARGARET J. PRESTON.

COUNT Conrad sat in his castle tower
And leaned his head on his mailéd hand,
As he gazed below on the leaguering foe
Who battered his walls and spoiled his lands.

"I can do no more — not a crust is left,
My men lie starved by the donjon keep;
Sweet Chrimhilde alone gives forth no groan,
As she rocks her boy on her breast asleep.

"If they were but saved!" and, as he sighed,
He heard her low footstep on the stair,
And his stout heart bled as he turned his head
To hide the trace of his blank despair.

There gleamed a hope in her sunken eye,
As she dropped at his side with a gesture fond,
And sought in a way that would bide no nay
For leave to pass to the hosts beyond.

"Our archers perish — bare ten are left,
And strengthless they to draw the bow;
But, if we must yield, first grant thy shield,
Nor question the errand on which I go.

"I'll seek the besieger in his camp,
And hither will haste with his reply —
Thine honor, be sure, is well secure
With her who would live for thee or die."

The count looked up with a vacant air,
As the slow "nay" rose to his lips so wan;
And he flung his arm as to clasp from harm
The tender pleader, but she was gone.

And ere he could order his wildered thought
The postern opened and closed again,
And he saw in affright, with a pennon white,
His Chrimhilde glide o'er the tented plain.

"By the pity of God! your grace," she cried,
And on unchallenged her way she went,
All weak as she was, till her step had pause
In front of the startled chieftain's tent.

As the sunset glinted her golden hair,
And her blue eyes lifted to intercede,
To the soldier it seemed as if he dreamed
That the mother of Christ had come to plead.





And stately she stood as stands a queen
Who sov'reignly makes her mandates known:
" I have come to yield this dinted shield,
Sir Baron, if thou the terms wilt own.

" Count Conrad's castle shall hence be thine
If out of the garrison's chosen men,
Who have nobly fought, as the noblest ought,
Thou passest in freedom only ten.

" Count Conrad's riches shall fill thine hands
If forth thou grantest me leave to take
Some treasures I hold priced over gold.
Now promise it, for thy knighthood's sake."

The baron, all dazed by her royal mien
And awed by her beauty, nothing loath
To answer a prayer so seeming fair,
Sware on the battered shield his oath.

" And now my treasures, they are but twain,
Husband and child — thou grantest so? "
She paused — for reply in the baron's eye
There sparkled a tear as he bade her go.

Poems from the Spanish.



POEMS FROM THE SPANISH.

"THE PRICE OF A PLEASURE."

FROM THE SPANISH OF JOSÉ ROSAS OF MEXICO.



UPON the valley's lap
The liberal morning throws
A thousand drops of dew,
To wake a single rose.
Thus often, in the course
Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
The soul a thousand tears.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"THE WOODMAN AND THE SANDAL TREE."

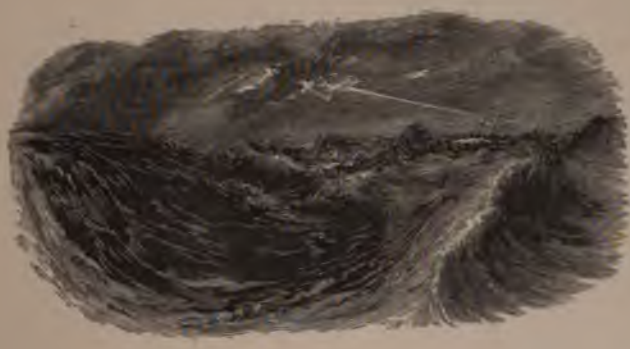
FROM THE SPANISH OF JOSÉ ROSAS OF MEXICO.

BESIDE a sandal tree a woodman stood
And swung the axe, and as the strokes were laid
Upon the fragrant trunk, the generous wood
With its own sweets perfumed the cruel blade.

Go thou and do the like; a soul endeared
With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good,
And good for evil give, and love for hate.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A Moonlight Wreck.



A MOONLIGHT WRECK.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

BRIGHTLY the hillside gardens bloomed about the old house, in brilliant slopes of verbena, great myrtle plats, and geranium beds, and the running fire of the scarlet bean; while the breath of heliotrope and honeysuckle, and passionate red roses, hung like an atmosphere above them, and drew the birds and bees down to revel in their richness.

But of all the bright, gay things that grew in the gardens, there was nothing rarer than Pauline. Not so much because of any special beauty as of the sweetness and freshness and innocence of her youth. It would have charmed and revived a weary heart, to see how life and the great world stretched out before this happy girl's imagination, like a pageant; how there was no trouble but looked to her eyes small enough for her hand to grasp and set aside, so full she was of daring and endeavor and sparkling strength. Yet she had hardly any experience beyond the quiet one of the town, the fishing people, and her gardens — her gardens, in which she fairly lived, borrowing a certain staid sobriety of the stock gillyflowers and hollyhocks there, that, if they did not preside over these paths since her earliest days, yet looked ancient enough to have done so. And, if she were not precisely beautiful, yet the damask

roses that she tended wore no more perfumed velvet than that of her cheek, where two dimples nestled; and the violets, whose parental blossoms had given her good-morrow on the first day she had drawn breath, were no bluer than her eyes.

Yet experience had come to Pauline, and began on the day when she found she had a lover — the day when Dunstan's great, dark eyes bent and looked into her own, with a new meaning; and, in answer to that daring, sudden kiss of his, a strange, wild thrill leaped to her lips, and taught her through her quick, glad tears, that she loved, as she was loved.

What a year of bliss it was! It seemed to Pauline, as though she had not been alivé before, or else had been a mere chrysalid, asleep, and waiting for the change. Now that change had come; and it was on wings that she floated with Dunstan, from season to season of that perfect year. And then the trouble that sooner or later descends upon our lot decreed that Pauline should no longer be exempt.

A dark day it was for the girl, bright though the sun shone, when Dunstan started in the "Sea Eagle" on his Chilian voyage. The firm, long engaged in the South American trade, needed him there. But, to tell the truth, he had been loth, until forced, to go and leave Pauline, with her cousin Gilbert hovering round her, as he phrased it; though it required a powerful imagination to picture a great fellow, six feet high, just graduated superficially from college, intrinsically from boat-racing, in the act of hovering. Dunstan, however, had some reason on his side. For Gilbert, her mother's ward, coming home on his long vacation, had surrendered, without discretion, to the charm of Pauline, and, noble soul though he was, forgot, for a time, that Dunstan, her plighted lover, lived.

The day he was to sail, having wrought himself into a frenzy

of foreboding in the wakeful night, Dunstan demanded that Pauline should not speak with her cousin Gilbert, in his absence. Of course, she replied that it was impossible, dwelling together, to maintain such a course. Then he demanded that she should not speak alone with him. And, indignant, with the swift anger of youth, at the suspicion of her faith and truth that the demand implied, Pauline resisted it again. He waited a moment, and then impetuously insisted that she should marry him before he sailed, though he had to leave her behind; and, shocked with the sudden idea, and with her indignation still uppermost, she as sharply refused that claim also. He gazed at her for a long moment, then stepped toward her, and took her in his arms. "Farewell!" he said. "If I never return, do not remember that you are breaking my heart." And with a long, long kiss, he was gone. The "Sea Eagle" had spread sail for southern waters, and Pauline was left desolate.

Love Gilbert? she said to herself, some hours after, when the whirl of her mind and her senses began to subside. Love Gilbert, her prosaic cousin? She was very fond of him; he was a sort of brother; they had grown up side by side. But if she never saw him again, what would it seriously matter to her? But Dunstan was her life, her heaven, her horizon. For days and weeks the melancholy gaze of those great, Spanish eyes of his haunted her, the beauty of his dark, passionate face hung before her like a vision; every night, as she looked out on the infinite, gray waves, she adjured them to be propitious, and bear him swiftly and safely on.

But the waves did not heed the prayer. The "Sea Eagle" never came to harbor. Pieces of wreck drifted ashore sufficiently to tell the story, months afterward, that she had been

burned, perhaps in mid-ocean; and of the fate of the souls on board, whether perishing, or taken off by some passing whaler there was no record to tell. Day by day, Pauline grew still and stiller. Pale, thin, but becoming radiantly, and, as it were, ethereally beautiful, she waited; and when a year had passed, she put on her black gown, and took up life as a weary expiation. An almost divine patience illuminated her face, a perfect sweetness. If that freshness of earliest youth was gone, an aura of gentler loveliness had replaced it, as the holy lineaments grew on Veronica's handkerchief. "He is in Heaven," she said. "I will be fit to meet him," and she gave up her life to others; while Gilbert's heart bled daily to see her, and no word of passion ever escaped his teeth.

But to-day an easterly storm was laying low the darlings of the trellis, and the wind was whistling through the rivulet-running gardens, where hyacinths and fuchsias and nasturtiums were sodden in indistinguishable ruin. For three days the storm had howled over the hill—wet, wild and dreary—lashing the sea that lay below the town into a fury of foam and mist, where all through the opening and shutting daylight nothing could be discerned but the flying silver horns of spray that flashed upon the gloom and grayness. The fishing schooners, huddled in the harbor, faced the gale and defied its terrors. One, indeed, broke loose from her anchorage and drifted upon the beach; but it was at a point where her crew easily saved themselves before the waves, running their wild race and leaping over her, left nothing but her ribs reared high upon the sand. When Gilbert came in, toward night, he brought word that the water was rising in the town below, and that many had been obliged to leave their homes for the hospitality of dwellings less exposed. And then nothing would answer Pauline,

who felt a certain awful responsibility under every stress of bitter weather, but waterproof and boots, and Gilbert's escort of herself and Mariana to the beach.

"But the rain is a down-pour, Pauline," urged Mrs. Lascelles.

"All the better, mamma. There is nothing like these drenching showers when they fall on your face as if you were a leaf or a stone — or a young birch-tree," she added, with half a laugh. For it was Gilbert who used to compare her with that gay and rustling thing; and, for the rest, Pauline laughed a great deal, to hinder her doing worse.

"Never mind, Cousin Anne," said Gilbert. "I will stand between her and the wind."

"And what is to become of me?" asked Mariana.

"It is not much matter what becomes of any of us for an hour," answered Pauline. "When we are outdoors in a rain-storm we are a part of the storm itself. See the bough of that tree swinging in the wind! I am going to swing my cloak in that same way!" And, with this self-forgetting mask, which now she had almost habitually come to wear, deceiving all about her into the idea of her content, she ran with the others down the hill and threaded the lower streets, battling the gusts as they went, till they rested on the sea-wall, against which the white waves were beating, and over which every few moments one broke in a cataract of flying foam, from which they fled with cries.

"I should enjoy the storm so," said Pauline, in a lull, "if I didn't always think of some mackerel-man, far out among these shoals, the green seas washing over her slanting decks and her sailors clinging in the shrouds." For it was not storm, but fire, that had robbed Pauline of earthly bliss.

"What makes you think of it, then?" asked Mariana, with her pet shrug.

"She doesn't think of it. She makes a picture of it," said Gilbert.

The shadows had gathered and the lights were flickering in the town and in the cottage above, as they still lingered there and told one another the tales of heroic adventure for which the coast was famous. The rain had almost entirely ceased. At intervals around them the strokes of the sea, the grinding of the great billows that bore down in broadsides on the breaker, the shriek of the shelves of sand as they tore away from the beach, made a tumult in which all but fragments of their speech was lost, so that their stories were a chiaro-oscura of hint and of suggestion that accentuated only the strong points of their power. It seemed to Gilbert every now and then, as some new half-light struck it, that Pauline's face was unearthly in its beauty; and as Mariana saw him look and look again she invariably so tangled herself in her wind-blown cloak that he had then to give all his attention to ravelling that great snarl. As the darkness deepened, the scene became full of an unuttered sort of terror, that fascinated them to stay, till suddenly it was illumined by a dull red flash, that, in the instant of its being, the waves and the weather rose and smothered. It came so ful upon their faces that they all blenched and drew back before it.

"A ship in distress!" cried Gilbert. "And close in shore."

"A ship in distress!" cried Pauline, clasping her hands. "The packet ship — it must be."

"Is she due?"

"Not quite. But without her reckoning and the storm blowing her in — and all the passengers for the north on board. Oh!

is there nothing to be done?" she exclaimed, while the wind blew the words back between her teeth in a rough whisper.

"Half a mile from the lighthouse she must be drifting. She will strike nearer shore. Half a mile out in a rushing sea —"

"You must take me home, Gilbert," cried Mariana. "You and Pauline will presently be swimming out to her with ropes, I dare say. And the wind will blow me after you. Besides, it is dreadful."

"I wonder," said Gilbert, "if a boat can be launched."

"Never, in such a sea," said Pauline.

"There they come down from the town, with their lanterns. What bold and hardy fellows! Danger is their element," he cried, proudly, springing forward with more enthusiasm than he often showed. "I must go on with them," said Gilbert, pausing a moment. "You will not be afraid to run home without me?"

"And I, too?" said Pauline, disregarding his last words, though, in spite of herself, her announcement took the form of entreaty.

"You?"

"Indeed, why not? You cannot tell the service I may be."

"Dear girl, it is out of the question," he said, with hesitation, followed by quick firmness.

"Very well, I will not trouble you," said Pauline, while a sudden burst of wind and rain nearly snatched her off her feet. "But Gilbert," she said, getting on the windward side, the better to be heard, and with her little hand one moment on his arm, "you will not do anything rash?"

And Gilbert fet lafterward, with the recollection of that sweet, intent face, lighted by the instantaneous flash of the minute gun, as if there were nothing too rash for him to do; thrilling

all the way he went with a strange new hope that out of his long darkness light was now to be born.

"You are quite a man now, Gilbert," exclaimed Mariana, gasping in the gust that almost suffocated her as she spoke; "and so, of course, you must do as men do — and keep the pleasures and excitements to yourself. And you — are a crack oar, too," ejaculated Mariana; "and there's nothing — gives a person — such an idea of himself — "

"Take Mariana under your wing and hurry home, Pauline. See, she is frightened half out of her wits."

"At any rate, Gilbert," said Pauline, turning back, "if people are rescued, you will bring them up to us."

"I will promise that!" he cried, with a lighter heart than he had borne for many a weary month, "if the inns will not hold them — which God grant!" And he was running to join the group that hurried to the lighthouse ledge, and whose loud welcome came back on the gust to Pauline, for Gilbert, the gymnast and waterman of his college, was no mean accession to the volunteers of an instant.

"I hate shipwrecks!" cried Mariana, with her usual disregard of anybody's feelings but her own, as the two were more than half blown up the hill on their return. "It is a very singular thing that there always is a shipwreck whenever I come here. And now that I've come for good, or, what is the same thing, the very first thing you do is to have one out of hand."

"O Mariana!" cried Pauline, in spite of herself. "As if such things are gotten up to order!"

"I don't know how it happens," persisted Mariana. "I only know it does happen. Now I suppose you'll be having a lot of drowned people stretched out in the parlors!"

"That would be dreadful, indeed," said Pauline, by way of





reply, and a long shudder shook her from head to foot, as she turned to face the scene of disaster on the shore below, talking pleasantly in order to keep Mariana silent, and moved backward as she talked. "Don't you think it is lighter than it was? I am sure of it. The moon must have come up. Even shipwrecks have some blessing. The storm is certainly lifting; there is no more rain at all, except these slaps," as one of them bent her head and half drowned her. "Just turn round, Mariana, and look at the sea in the moon that has broken out of the cloud. Oh! such a white and black splendor! And there is the wreck, I can see it quite distinctly. With the glass on the piazza we can see it all perfectly."

"It looks like a gallows by Doré! Don't stay to see it. I want some tea so!"

"So do they, I suppose — the poor creatures aboard all day — three days — in such distress. We will make haste and have everything comfortable for them, if any come up. I am so glad the moon came up. It makes it more possible to save them, and the darkness it has robbed of half the horror."

"It will go in again. There, it has gone. Why will you talk about such things, Pauline? Here I am trembling in every nerve."

"Dear child," said Pauline, wrapping the cloak more closely about the pretty little incarnation of selfishness, whom they all regarded as a delightful object, in the infatuation of families, "you have such a tender little heart! And it is shocking for us to be talking and running up the hill here, instead of helping them or being down on our knees praying for them — they not a mile away — holding their lives by a thread — uncertain of life or death. Oh! how awful it is to think that all those people have to die, perhaps, before we close our eyes!"

"I wish there was no such thing as death! I don't see why it was ever made!" cried Mariana, with frank profanity. "I hate it! You are always talking about it. We have no business to know of it while we are young and happy. It is like thinking, every time you see a rose, that it is going to be trampled into the disgusting clay directly. I hate it!"

"So did I use to hate it," said Pauline. "I used to think I should like to live forever on this earth, it was so delightful. But now—" and she sighed, perhaps to remember that contrasting season of the pure enjoyment of existence, at the period when the chemic composition of the physical force knew no fault, and just to live was to be happy.

At the door she paused again to look back, while the moon, scattering the clouds once more, ran out on their long rifts, and lighted the terrible beauty of the tossing sea, and gave her brilliance to the dying storm.

"There is nothing in the world so beautiful as a ship!" exclaimed Pauline, bringing out the glass on the piazza. "All that airy architecture, with its peaks challenging the stars, as full of life as we are. And look at the wreck now, with all her ropes and ratlines. Oh! how majestic and dark it is in the midst of the white frothing and fury! And when you know it is so crowded with eagerness and with fear—"

"There goes the rocket, Pauline!" cried Mariana. "See, it fell short! And another, a great green shooting-star. What is the matter? They are losing them all. Let me look through the glass. O Pauline, what is that in the water?"

"They are pulling out with the life-boat. I will look. Yes, and some one swimming out. He is almost there. He is being taken on board. There is some hitch. Now he is there. Yes, they are pulling the cable aboard; they are securing it.

O Mariana! the people will be passing over it presently. O mamma!" And then for just one instant she wrung her hands to think there was no bold swimmer, no life-boat, no cable when the "Sea Eagle" foundered, far from sight of land. But Mariana had run in, and was already beginning to sip her tea, and to make up her mind to a week's indulgence in her own room, mild diphtheria, and the "Castle in the Pyrenees." And Mrs. Lascelles, who had joined Pauline, now drew her gently in herself; but could not quiet that irrepressible sympathy of hers till fires were warm on every hearth, and the whole house was a blaze of hospitable light and warmth to welcome the castaways whom Gilbert might bring to its shelter.

Pauline was still restlessly flitting from room to room, darkening first this window and then that, in her impatience, as if she were in some unconscious way aware that fate was busy with her in that hour. Aware or not, it was not given her to see the brief but awful drama passing in those moments when to the man — the mere waif of shipwreck — leaning over the broken side of the ship that shivered in every splinter to the shock of the surge, a face, like that of an avenging angel, shone up out of the sudden moonlight that lit the dark hollows of the breaker over which he almost seemed to leap, and the mysterious and dreadful shadows underneath yielded the golden head and eager face of Gilbert. It was not given her to know the one horrible moment when, clasping the ropes that half a score of brawny hands were flinging him, Gilbert clambered up the side of the wreck and paused thunderstruck at sight of that Spanish face above — uncertain, through a single fierce plunging of his heart, if he should drop back into the sea, with his life-line and let all go by the board, or if Pauline should be happy, her life through, without him — without him who an hour before had been warm

and thrilling with the joy of hope. Never any soul knew of the struggle or the victory. "When I saw a phantom grow more and more distinct," Gilbert used to say; "and finally, as I dashed the water from my sight, the moonlight burst out on that white face, with its wet hair and its great wild eyes, I felt as if the storm and I together had made him for Pauline." No, Pauline was never anything but unconsciously aware of the way in which fate had been busy with her that hour; for the beneficent powers had taken her in hand again, and clouds and shadow were to mar no more her sunshine. Another look from the window revealed a thrilling sight; the life-boat, manned by lusty arms, was being pulled upon the shore by the anxious crowd upon the beach. The ship had broken to pieces, and but a fragment in the dim distance revealed the treacherous ledge upon which it had stranded.

Pauline had left her watch at the window, and was stooping at the hearth to adjust the embers there, with the light spreading over her face in a glow, when the door was flung open, and Gilbert's voice was heard, and the tramp of feet; and while she waited — her heart in her mouth, though she never could tell why — looking up and motionless, her mother and Mariana were greeting one arisen from the grave, — a white-throated, drenched, and bare-footed fellow, with a Spanish face, and in another second she was in the arms of Dunstan!

From a Convent.



FROM A CONVENT.

By NORA PERRY.



OW the sun shines to-day down the long, busy street,
That I cannot see, where I cannot meet
Beneath its glad glow the faces I know —
God! to think it is only a swift year ago
I looked on those faces that smiled back at me,
As I walked there or rode there as idle and free
As they are to-day — to-day, while I pine,
Shut out from their life in this prison of mine.

"Shut out from their life of the world and its evil,
From temptation and sin, the flesh and the devil,"
Drones the priest at confession, the abbess at prayer,
While I listen uncomforted, dumb with despair.

Then back to my duties, the weary routine
Of petty dull cares, which they think is to wean
My passionate heart from its folly and sin,
Purge my soul of the lusts of the flesh, win

Me back to the arms of the Church, where repentance may claim
Soul and body alike from its sin and its shame.

Shame for me! who over their heads looked above
Their sordid dull earth when I looked at my love!

My love! when he held me that night on his breast,
When he lifted my face there and prest
His warm kisses to lips that returned
Every kiss with a heart-throb, I learned

More of heaven than the priest can reveal
In a million confessions, or the abbess can feel,
Though she weary the saints with her prayers!
And that night — that night down the parapet stairs,

When Pietro, the spy, led them on to discover
Our trysting-place there, was I shamed for my lover,
Or the love that I felt? O Leonardo, Leonardo,
When you leapt to your feet and facing the foe

Held me closer and closer, while you flung in their teeth
The base words that they spoke, my fond heart beneath
Its swift shock of terror gave one throb of delight!
And Leonardo, Leonardo, my love, on that night

Mounted higher and higher, rose to heaven like a flame,
This love which they dare call my sin and shame.
Shame! if twelve months before they had met us, we two
By the parapet stairs, and all of them knew

We were lovers as now, do you think they'd have spurned
Us like that? No, my uncle, the abbé, had turned
On his heel with a smile, and a word it may be
Of reproof for the hour, nothing more, and we,




A. Bollett Sc.

Half abashed, half elate, had loitered behind,
Well aware by that smile that you'd find
More smiles than reproof on your suit.
Ah, why was the future so mute?

Why, when the gods beckoned on, did we linger and wait,
Playing lightly with love, while our fate
Lurked grimly and dark overhead?
Why at that hour had no warning voice sped

Straight to our blind, sleeping souls, waked us there
From this trance that has wrought our despair?
But no; while coy and coquettish I turned
All your earnest to jest, though I yearned

Out of sight for the day or the night
That would bring me again the delight
Of your glance or the touch of your hand,
The Duke, riding by, saw me stand

Looking down from the balcony there
That fronts to the street — and he saw I was fair!
Then he came with his suit, and we woke from our trance,
Dropped our masks of gay jest, and you spoke; but what chance

Had your name, Leonardo, against a Duke's name,
Your love-suit against a Duke's noble claim?
What chance had my prayers or my tears when a crown
'Twixt these prayers and these tears glittered down

On their sight? When Church and the State
Could be served, what mattered my love or my hate?

My hate! when it dawned on me then all they meant
By their smooth, lying words, I seemed to relent

From that day, merged my passion in duty,
Donned the Duke's ring, and smiled when he flattered my beauty —
Tricked them all, Leonardo! matched their cunning and guile
By *my* wit, *my* craft over theirs — the wile

Of a woman 'gainst the fine priestly art
Of the abbé's — 'gainst his cool, clever head, *my heart*,
Which won and still won, gained time for us there
To count up our chances of hope or despair,

To plan 'twixt our kisses a sudden bold flight
To Palermo; then over the sea, where no right
Of abbé or priest could divide us, made one
'Neath the eagles of France. But Pietro, base son

Of the basest of traitors — Pietro, the spy,
Proved his false, evil blood. God! with heaven so nigh
That a devil like that had the power
To change our heaven to his hell in an hour!

Our heaven! O Leonardo, Leonardo,
Do they think in this prison I'll learn to forego
This heaven? In these walls to lose and forget
The warmth of your love? Fools! I will baffle them yet,

Find my way to your arms ere another year goes.
Ah, Leonardo, it must be: God would not impose

This long death in life in this prison for *me!*
Only twenty last year, youth's blood strong and free

In my veins, youth's fire at my heart!
O Leonardo, Leonardo, *we* to part,
We to wait for that world we know not, when this
Lifts up to our lips the full measure of bliss!





Man from the Monkey.





MR. HARDHACK

ON THE

DERIVATION OF MAN FROM THE MONKEY.

BY E. P. WHIPPLE.



I CAN stand it no longer, sir. I have been seething and boiling inwardly, for a couple of years, at this last and final insult which science has put upon human nature, and now I must speak, or, if you will, explode. And how is it, I want to know, that the duty of hurling imprecations at this infernal absurdity has devolved upon me? Don't we employ a professional class to look after the interests of the race? — fellows heavily feed to see to it that gorilla and chimpanzee keep their distance? — paid, sir, by me and you, to proclaim that men — ay, and women, too — are at the top of things in origin, as well as in nature and destiny? Why are these retained attorneys of humanity so confoundedly cool and philosophical, while humanity is thus outraged? What's the use of their asserting, Sunday after Sunday, that man was made a little lower than the angels, when right under their noses are a set of anatomical miscreants, who contend that he is only a little higher than the monkeys? And the thing has now gone so far, that I'll be hanged if it isn't becoming a sign of a narrow and prejudiced mind, to scout the

idea that we are all descended from mindless beasts. You are a fossilized old fogy, in this day of scientific light, if you repudiate your relationship with any fossilized monstrosity which, from the glass-case of a museum, mocks at you with a grin a thousand centuries old. To exalt a man's soul above his skeleton is now to be behind the age. All questions of philosophy, sir, are fast declining into a question of bones, — and blasted dry ones they are! The largest minds are now all absorbed in the ugliest brutes, and the ape has passed from being the butt of the menagerie, to become the glory of the dissecting-room. And let me tell you, sir, that, if you make any pretensions to be a naturalist, you will find those of your colaborers who defend the dominant theory, as great masters of hard words as of big ones; and if you have the audacity to deny that man is derived from the monkey, it is ten chances to one they will forthwith proceed to treat you *like* one.

Now I go against the whole thing, sir. When the public mind first took its bent towards science, I, for one, foresaw that the devil would soon be to pay with our cherished ideas. Under the plea of exercising some of the highest faculties of human nature, these scientific descendentalists have exclusively devoted themselves to the lowest objects of human concern. The meaner the creature, the more they think of it. You, sir, as a free and enlightened citizen of this great republic, doubtless think something of yourself; but I can tell you there isn't one of these origin-of-species Solons, who wouldn't pass you over as of no account, in comparison with any anomalous rat which you would think it beneath your dignity to take the trouble of poisoning. There isn't a statesman, or philanthropist, or poet, or hero, or saint in the land, sir, that they would condescend to look at, when engaged in exploring the remains

of some ignorant ass of the Stone Period. As for your ordinary Christian, he has no chance whatever. The only man they think worth the attention of scientific intelligence is pre-historic man, the man nearest the monkey. And this is called progress! This is the result of founding schools, colleges, and societies for the advancement of knowledge! No interest now in Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Milton, — in Leonidas, Epaminondas, Tell and Washington, — in Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon. They, poor devils, were simply vertebrates; their structure is so well known, that it is unworthy the attention of our modern prowlers into the earth's crust, in search of lower and obscurer specimens of the same great, natural division. What do you think these resurrectionists on a great scale, these Jerry Crunchers of palæontology, care for you and me? Indeed, put Alfred Tennyson, alive, into one end of a museum, and one of those horrible monsters whose bones are being continually dug up, into the other, and see which will be rated the more interesting object of the two, by the "great minds" of the present day.

And now, what is the consequence of thus inverting the proper objects of human concern? Why, if you estimate things according to their descent in the scale of dignity, and occupy your faculties exclusively with organized beings below man, you will tend to approach them. Evil communications corrupt good manners. You can't keep company with monkeys without insensibly getting be-monkeyed. Your mind feeds on them, until its thoughts take their shape and nature. Into the "veins of your intellectual frame," monkey blood is injected. The monkey thus put into you naturally thinks that monkeydom is belied; and self-esteem, even, is not revolted by the idea of an ape genealogy. In this way the new theory of

the origin of man originated. Huxley must have pretty thoroughly assimilated monkey before he recognized his ancestor in one. The poor beast himself may have made no pretensions to the honor until he was mentally transformed into Huxley, entered into the substance of Huxley's mind, became inflamed with Huxley's arrogance. This is the true explanation, not perhaps of the origin of species, but of the origin of the theory of the origin; and I should like to thunder the great truth into the ears of all the scientific societies now talking monkey with the self-satisfied air of great discoverers. Yes, sir, and I should also be delighted to insinuate that this progress of monkey into man was not so great an example of "progressive development" as they seem inclined to suppose, and didn't require the long reaches of pre-historic time they consider necessary to account for the phenomenon. Twenty years would be enough, in all conscience, to effect *that* development.

Thus, I tell you, sir, it isn't monkey that rises anatomically into man, but rather man that descends mentally into monkey. Why, nothing is more common, than to apply to us human beings, the name of animals, when we display weaknesses analogous to their habitual characters. But this is metaphor, not classification; poetry, not science. Thus I, Solomon Hardhack, was called a donkey, the other day, by an intimate friend. Thought it merely a jocose reference to my obstinacy, and did not knock him down. Called the same name, yesterday, by a comparative anatomist. Thought it an insulting reference to my understanding, and did. But suppose that, in respect both to obstinacy and understanding, I had established, to my own satisfaction, a similarity between myself and that animal, do you imagine that I would be donkey enough to take the beast for my progenitor? Do you suppose that I would go even farther,

and, having established with the donkey a relation of descent, be mean enough to generalize the whole human race into participation in my calamity? No, sir, I am not sufficiently a man of science to commit that breach of good manners. Well, then, my proposition is, that nobody who reasons himself into a development from the monkey has the right to take mankind with him in his induction. His argument covers but one individual — himself. As for the Hardhacks, they, at least, beg to be excused from joining him in that logical excursion, and insist on striking the monkey altogether out from their genealogical tree.

And speaking of genealogical trees, do the adherents of this mad theory realize the disgrace they are bringing on the most respectable families? There is not an aristocracy in Europe or America that can stand it one moment, for aristocracy is based on the greatness of forefathers. In America, you know, nobody is aristocratic who cannot count back at least to his great-grandfather, who rode in a carriage, or — drove one. As for the Hardhacks, I may be allowed to say, though I despise family pride as much as any man, that they came in with the Conqueror, and went out with the Puritans. But, if this horrible Huxleian theory be true, the farther a person is from his origin, the better; antiquity of descent is no longer a title to honor; and a man must pride himself in looking forward to his descendants, rather than back to his ancestors. And what comfort is this to me, an unmarried man? With a monkey in the background, how can even a Hapsburg or a Guelf put on airs of superiority? How must he hide his face in shame to think, that, as his line lengthens into an obscure antiquity, the foreheads of his house slope, and their jaws project; that he has literally been all his life aping aristocracy, instead of being the

real thing; and that, when he has reached his true beginning, his only consolation must be found in the fact that his great, skulking, hulking, gibbering baboon of an ancestor rejoices, like himself, in the possession of "the third lobe," "the posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle," and "the hippocampus minor." Talk about radicalism, indeed! Why, I, who am considered an offence to my radical party, for the extremes into which I run, cannot think of this swamping of all the families in the world, without a thrill of horror and amazement! It makes my blood run cold to imagine this infernal Huxley pertly holding up the frontispiece of his book in the faces of the haughty nobility and gentry of his country, and saying, "Here, my friends, are drawings of the skeletons of gibbon, orang, chimpanzee, gorilla; select your ancestors; you pays your money, and has your choice." I don't pretend to know anything about the temper of the present nobility and gentry of England; but if the fellow should do this thing to me, I would blow out of his skull everything in it which allied him with the apes, — taking a specially grim vengeance on "the posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle," — as sure as my name's Hardhack, and as sure as there's any explosive power in gunpowder.

And in this connection, too, I should like to know how the champions of this man-monkey scheme get over a theological objection. Don't start, sir, and say I am unscientific. I am not going to introduce Christianity, or monotheism, or polytheism, or fetichism, but a religion which you know was before them all, and which consisted in the worship of ancestors. If you are in the custom of visiting in good society, you will find that that is a form of worship which has not yet altogether died out, but roots itself in the most orthodox creeds. Now, you must admit that the people who worshipped their ancestors

were the earliest people of whose religion we have any archæological record, and, therefore, a people who enjoyed the advantage of being nearer the ancestors of the race than any of the historical savages to whom you can appeal. I put it to you if this people, catching a glimpse of the monkey at the end of their line, if the monkey was really there, would have been such dolts as to worship it? A HE worship an IT! Don't you see, that, if this early people had nothing human but human conceit, that would alone have prevented them from doing this thing? Don't you see that they would have preserved a wise reticence in regard to such a shocking bar-sinister in their escutcheons? Worship ancestors, when ancestors are known to have been baboons! Why, you might as well tell me our fashionable friend, Eglantine, would worship his grandfather, if he knew his grandfather was a hodman. No, sir. That early people worshipped their ancestors, because they knew their ancestors were higher and nobler than themselves. To suppose the contrary would be a cruel imputation on the character of worthy antediluvians, who, unfortunately, have left no written account of themselves, and therefore present peculiar claims on the charitable judgment of every candid mind.

You have been a boy, sir, and doubtless had your full share in that amusement, so congenial to ingenuous youth, of stirring up the monkeys. You remember what an agreeable feeling of elation, springing from a conscious sense of superiority to the animals pestered, accompanied that exhilarating game. But suppose, while you were engaged in it, the suspicion had flashed across your mind that you were worrying your own distant relations; that it was undeveloped humanity you were poking and deriding; that the frisking, chattering, snarling creature you were tormenting was trying all the while to say, in his unin-

telligible speech, "Am I not *to be* a man and a brother?" Would not such an appeal have dashed your innocent mirth? Would you afterwards have been so clamorous or beseeching for parental pennies, as soon as the dead walls of your native town flamed with pictorial announcements of the coming menagerie? No, sir, you couldn't have passed a menagerie without a shudder of loathing or a pang of remorse. How fortunate it was, that, for the full enjoyment of your youthful sports, you were ignorant of the affecting fact that the monkey's head as well as your own possessed the "hippocampus minor" and "the posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle!"

I admit that this last argument is not addressed to your understanding alone. I despise all arguments on this point that are. I, for one, am not to be reasoned out of my humanity, and I won't be diddled into turning baboon through deference for anybody's logic. My opinions may be up for argument, but I myself am not up for argument. In a question affecting human nature itself, all the qualities of that nature should be addressed. Self-respect, respect for your parentage and your race, your moral instincts, and that force in you which says "I,"—all these, having an interest in such a discussion, should have a voice in it; and I execrate the flunkey who will allow himself to be swindled out of manhood, and swindled into monkeyhood, by that pitiful little logic-chopper he calls his understanding. I am not "open to conviction" on this point, thank God! I don't pretend to know whether a "third lobe" is in my head or not; but I do know that Solomon Hardhack is there, and as long as he has possession of the premises, you will find written on his brow, "No monkeys need apply!"

Do you tell me that this is a matter exclusively for anatomists




DARWIN DARWIN



and naturalists to decide? That's the most impudent pretension of all. Why, it's all the other way. Have I not a personal interest in the question greater than any possible interest I can have in the diabolical lingo of scientific terms in which those fellows state the results of their investigations? Have I delegated to any College of Surgeons the privilege of chimpanzeeing my ancestors? No, sir. Just look at it. Here are the members of the human race, going daily about their various avocations, entirely ignorant that any conspiracy is on foot to trick them out of their fatherhood in Adam. While they are thus engaged in getting an honest living, a baker's dozen of unauthorized miscreants assemble in a dissecting-room, manipulate a lot of skulls, and decide that the whole batch of us did not descend from a human being. I tell you the whole thing is an atrocious violation of the rights of man. It's unconstitutional, sir! Talk about the glorious principle of "No taxation without representation"! That is simply a principle which affects our pockets, and we fought, bled, and died for it. Shall we not do a thousand times more for our souls? Shall we let our souls be voted away by a congress of dissectors, not chosen by our votes, — persons who not only don't represent, but infamously misrepresent us? Why, it's carrying the tactics of a New York Common Council from politics into metaphysics! And don't allow yourself to be humbugged by these assassins of your nature. I know the way they have of electioneering. It is, "My dear Mr. Hardhack, a man of your intelligence can't look at this ascending scale of skulls without seeing that the difference between Homo and Pithecus is of small account." — "A man of your candid mind, Mr. Hardhack, must admit that no absolutely structural line of demarcation, wider than that between the animals which immediately succeed us in the scale, can be drawn between the

animal world and ourselves." And while I don't comprehend a word of this cursed gibberish, I am expected to bow, and look wise, and say, "Certainly," and "Just so," and "It's plain to the meanest capacity," and be soft-sawdered out of my humanity, and infamously acknowledge myself babooned. But they can't try it on me, sir. When a man talks to me in that fashion I measure with *my* eyes "the structural line of demarcation" between *his*, and with my whole force plant there my fist.

Do you complain that I am speaking in a passion? It seems to me it's about time for all of us to be in a passion. Perhaps, if we show these men of science that there is in us a little righteous wrath, they may be considerate enough to stop with the monkey, make the monkey "a finality," sir, and not go lower down in the scale of creation to find an ancestor for us. It is our meek submission to the monkey which is now urging them to attempt more desperate outrages still. What if Darwin had been treated as he deserved when he published the original edition of his villanous book? If I had been Chief Justice of England when that high priest of "natural selection" first tried to oust me out of the fee-simple of my species, I would have given him an illustration of "the struggle for existence" he wouldn't have relished. I would have hanged him on the highest gallows ever erected on this planet since the good old days of Haman. What has been the result of a mistaken clemency in his case? Why, he has just published a fourth edition of his treatise, and what do you think he now puts forward as our "probable" forefather? "It is probable," he says, "from what we know of the embryos of mammals, birds, fishes, and reptiles, that all the members in these four great classes are the modified descendants of one ancient progenitor, which was furnished in its adult state with branchiæ, had a swim-bladder, four

simple limbs, and a long tail fitted for an aquatic life." Probable, indeed! Why, it is also probable, I suppose, that this accounts for the latent tendency in the blood of our best-educated collegians to turn watermen, and abandon themselves with a kind of sacred fury to the fierce delight of rowing-matches. The "long tail fitted for an aquatic life" will also "probably" come in course of time. Student-mammals of Harvard and Yale, what think you of your "one ancient progenitor"? Inheritors of his nature, are you sure you have yet succeeded in cutting off the entail of the estate?

We have been brought up, sir, in the delusive belief that "revolutions never go backwards." It's a lie, I tell you; for this new revolution in science does nothing else. It is going backwards and backwards and backwards, and it won't stop until it involves the whole of us in that nebulous mist of which, it seems, all things are but the "modified" development. Well, in for a penny, in for a pound. Let us not pause at that "long tail fitted for an aquatic life" which made our one ancient progenitor such an ornament of fluvial society, but boldly strike out into space, and clutch with our thoughts that primitive tail which flares behind the peacock of the heavens, — the comet. There's nebulous matter for your profound contemplation. That is the flimsy material out of which stars, earth, water, plants, jelly-fish, ancient progenitor, monkey, man, were all equally evolved. That is the grand original of all origins. We are such stuff as comets' tails are made of, — "third lobe," "hippocampus minor," "posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle," and all the rest. "Children of the Mist," we are made by this "sublime speculation" at home in the universe. Nebuchadnezzar, when he went to grass, only visited a distant connection. The stars over our heads have for thousands of years

been winking their relationship with us, and we have never intelligently returned the jocose salutation, until science taught us the use of our eyes. We are now able to detect the giggle, as of feminine cousins, in the grain whose risibilities are touched by the wind. We can now cheer even the dull stone, which we kick from our path with a comforting "Hail fellow, well met!" We must not be aristocrats and put on airs. We must hob and nob with all the orders of creation, saying alike to radiates, articulates and mollusks, "Go ahead, my hearties! don't be shamefaced; you're as old as vertebrates, and only want, like some of our human political lights, a little backbone to have your claims admitted. You are all on your glorious course manward, *via* the ancient progenitor and the chimpanzee. It seems a confounded long journey; for Nature is a slow coach, and thinks nothing of a million of years to effect a little transformation. But one of these days our science may find means to expedite that old sluggard, and hurry you through the intermediate grades in a way to astonish the venerable lady. Liberty, equality, and fraternity, — those are the words which will open the gates of your organized Bastiles, and send your souls on a career of swifter development. Trust in Darwin, and let creation ring with your song of "A good time coming, Invertebrates!"

Well, sir, you want logic, and there you have it with a vengeance! I have pitched you back into nebula, where these fellows tell me you belong, and I trust you're satisfied. Now, what is my comfort, sir, after making my brain dizzy with this sublime speculation of theirs? Why, it's found in the fact, that, by their own concession, the thing will not work, but must end in the biggest "catastrophe" ever heard of. The whole infernal humbug is to explode, sir, and by no exercise of their

"hippocampus minor" can they prevent it. This fiery mist, which has hardened and rounded into our sun and planets, and developed into the monkey's "third lobe" and ours, does not lose the memory or the conceit of *its* origin, but is determined to get back into its first condition as quickly as circumstances will admit. It considers itself, somehow, to have been swindled in every step of the long process it has gone through in arriving at our brains. It don't think the speculation pays; prefers its lounging, vagabond *dolce far niente* existence, loafing through the whole space between the sun and Neptune, to any satisfaction it finds in being concentrated in your thoughts or mine; and, accordingly, it meditates a *coup d'état* by which the planets are to fall into the sun at such a pace as to knock the whole system into eternal smash, and reduce it to its original condition of nebulous mist, sir. Do you like the prospect? I tell you there is no way of escaping from conclusions, if you are such a greenhorn as to admit premises. I have been over the whole chain of the logic, and find its only weak link is the monkey one. Knock that out, and you save the solar system as well as your own dignity as a man, sir; retain it, and some thousands of generations hence the brains of your descendants will be blown into a texture as gauzy as a comet's tail, and it will be millions of ages before, in the process of a new freak of development in the unquiet nebula, they can hope to arrive again at the honor of possessing that inestimable boon, dear equally to baboons and to men, "the posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle"!



Gloria Mundi.









GLORIA MUNDI.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

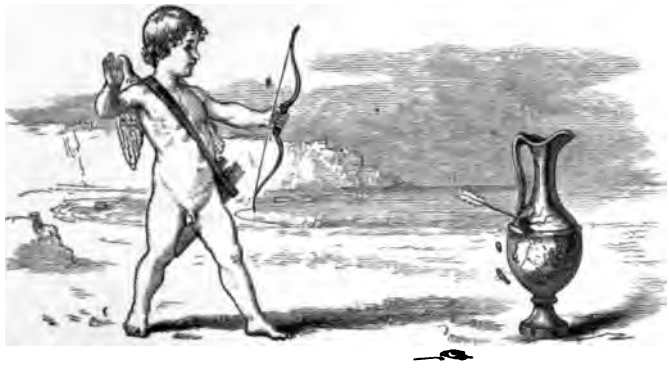


ED gold of parting sunset, backward thrown,
In largess on my tall paternal trees,
Thou with delusive care didst never tease
The heart that hoards thee; childhood is not flown
From him whose life no fairer boon hath known
Than that what pleased him earliest still would please:
Nor are there incomes safe from Fate as these,
So evanescent, so for life our own:
All grosser gold is slave to earthly laws,
But this with things immortal claims its right,
As on the topmost leaves it seems to pause
In tremulous passion ere it yield to night:
So linger, when the light of earth withdraws,
Radiance of heart, pathetically bright!

Elmwood, October 2d, 1875.



Woe unto the Pitcher.





WOE UNTO THE PITCHER.

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"When the pitcher falls upon the stone, woe unto the pitcher; when the stone falls upon the pitcher, woe unto the pitcher; whatever befalls, woe unto the pitcher!"
— *Talmud.*

GABRIELLE La Pierre was a stone — about that all her admirers agreed. Some said she was flint; some granite; some a diamond; some an opal, with heart of flame under hoar frost; and a few called her a pearl, but these last were not learned in gems.

Louis La Cruche was a pitcher, which had been filled at many fountains. He had read of the gush of pure, sweet waters from the rock of Horeb, under the rod of the prophet, and he thought himself prophet enough to smite from this other stone a sweet draught wherewith to quench his thirst.

All the successes on which he had prided himself were worthless while Gabrielle La Pierre remained unwon. Not that he cared, or expected to care, for her very seriously. He was not a marrying man. Nor yet was he a monster, a dark, tragic wretch, such as Byron loved. He was only a very harmless stage villain, amusing himself and others with his little play, and when it was over putting out the lights and sleeping the sleep of the just. He was accustomed to be admired, and flattered, and dreaded by women; but Miss La Pierre did none of these

things. Her cheeks were flower o' the peach, and he had never been able to deepen their glow. Her brown eyes met his fearlessly; she always answered his sentimental speeches with a jest, — in short, for once he was an empty pitcher which the bright wave of success seemed never likely to fill.

This state of things, added to the megrims of the season, brought on a sort of spring fever; a restless ennui, which made him half ill, and wholly discontented. He never lowered his flag willingly; but this whole past winter he had wrought at his task without moving Miss La Pierre to an extra heart-throb. Had he found her easy to win, he would have found her easy to lose; but to lose before winning was unsatisfactory to Louis La Cruche. He grew interested in this story, of which he flattered himself he was the hero, and determined that its last chapter should be fashioned to his pleasure.

Miss La Pierre went to Watch Hill to spend the summer. She really loved the sea, and she loved quiet. So she established herself at the Lighthouse, where the great waves broke almost beneath her windows, and their hoarse murmur sighed through all her dreams. Only eight boarders could be accommodated there, at the most; and she had made sure that the six already established would be unobtrusive and inoffensive before she beguiled her long-suffering Aunt Jane into their vicinage.

Once there, her spirits rose with the tide. She was out all day upon the beach, careless of the lovely peach-blossom bloom, framed in by the bright gold of her hair. Any one else would have grown sunburned and ugly; but she was untouched, or, at least, unharmed, by sun and wind; perhaps because she was a stone. She used to carry a book out with her in the morning, but she never turned its leaves, except as an

excuse for silence, if, occasionally, some idler intruded upon her solitude. What the sea said to her, every day, and all the day, no one else knew; but it seemed a story which she loved to hear, for the brown eyes and peach-bloom cheeks, which the golden hair shut in, grew brighter, day by day.

The third evening she sat quite by herself, as usual, looking out, across the waves, to the crimson and flame of the sunset sky. She heard a coming step, which was not the feminine footfall to which her ears were most accustomed. She turned round, with a petulant shrug of her shoulders, and Louis La Cruche was making his bow before her.

"*You* here?" she asked, with scant courtesy; but a brilliant smile followed her words, and softened them.

"Not quite *here*," he said, laughing at her astonished face, "Not at the Light. You took care to go where there was no room for me; but I shall be at Plimpton's for a few weeks to come. Did you think me any such passive individual as to let all the savor be taken out of my life, and make no struggle? Besides, I thought my health needed Watch Hill."

"You came here because I was here?"

She spoke the words as a question; but he received them as an affirmation.

"I admire your penetration. Yes, I came here because you were here. You interest me more than anything else, at present."

"And if you interested me in a similar degree, how long would *your* interest last?"

"You know me, I sometimes fancy, better than I know myself. You shall answer your own question."

Miss La Pierre smiled a low smile, which betrayed nothing. She sat silently for a few moments. She had meant, in coming

to the Lighthouse, to elude for the time the world, the flesh, and the devil. She was going to be simple here as a child, she thought, alone with this grand nature. And now temptation had followed her. To be a fisher of men was the sin that most easily beset her. If this fish *would* come here and put himself in her way, how could she help trying to catch him? Afterwards — but old Izaak Walton himself was not over-anxious about the fate of his prey after he had caught them. She did not apprehend much danger for him either. She believed in Louis La Cruche only a trifle more than he believed in himself. He thought himself incapable of a genuine heart-ache. She believed that he could love a little; but not enough to hurt him, as she said grimly to herself. To the wind, then, with her moral heroics, — for the fish that would fain be caught, she would not spare hook and line.

Do not think I am mixing my metaphors unconsciously. Louis La Cruche was a pitcher, everywhere and always a pitcher; but just now and here he seemed to suffer a sea change, and presented himself to Miss La Pierre under the similitude of a fish, and the temptation to see him swinging at the end of the pole was irresistible.

I am at a loss now how to tell you my story — there are so many things that can never be written. One was not apt to remember what Miss La Pierre said, any more than what she wore. Are masked batteries the least fatal? La Cruche could never have told what made his days restless, his sleep uncertain, or what it was that she left untold each night which made him feel that he must go back next day to hear the rest. I think, myself, that her spell was a great deal more in what she did not do than in anything she did. There was something elusive about her, like an unfulfilled promise. She said so much to-

day that you thought she would say more to-morrow; but, when to-morrow came, you found the last chapter forgotten, and had to begin the book again at the title-page.

After six weeks, Louis La Cruche did not feel sure that he knew her any more intimately than at the beginning. She had read him all through, he knew; for, beguiled by the interest with which she listened, he had shown her the whole scope and compass of his life, and felt at the last some honest shame at its worthlessness. It must seem so small a thing in her eyes, he thought.

She, however, had never talked to him of anything more personal to herself than the books she liked. He could have told you that Browning was her favorite poet; and that she was fond of Thackeray's novels. He knew that she loved roses and hated heliotrope; but he did not know, what he slowly began to think he would give ten years of his life to discover, whether any man had ever been so much to her as a lay figure whereon she deigned to hang the glittering drapery of her fancy. The story which the sea had told her over and over during those first blessed, lonely days at Watch Hill, and which it told her even now many a time while she seemed to be listening graciously to his words, he never guessed. But he learned a little of her notions about men and morals, her theories of life; and, perhaps, the commencement of his truest homage to her was when he began to feel how poor a creature he himself had been.

"You should have lived in the days of the heroes," he said to her one day, with a half-vexed laugh.

"I do," she answered, quietly. "It does not need that a man wear armor to be a knight."

He thought a few moments, in silence, of what they had been saying, picking up pebbles, and throwing them out to sea with an absent air.

"Did you happen to know Grant Adriance?" he asked, after a while. "He went away just about the time I saw you first."

"Yes, I have seen him," she answered, slowly.

La Cruche was looking out over the water, and did not see the momentary deepening of the peach-blossom cheeks, the instant flash from her brown eyes. The fair face was non-committal as usual when he turned round to speak to her again.

"I suppose you would have called him in some sort a hero. He did one thing of which you may have never heard, if you did not know him much. Everybody called it awfully Quixotic at the time, but I begin to think it was a very good thing to have done, after all. You see he might have been a tolerably rich fellow if he would. He had an uncle for whom he was named, and who left him a hundred thousand dollars when he died. The old curmudgeon had also three nieces, but *they* hadn't been named after him, and with their father he had not been on good terms; so, though they were poor schoolmistresses, working hard for their daily bread, old Adriance never left them a dollar. But when the fortune came into the nephew's hands, he chose to consider that their rights were as good as his own; so he gave the three girls twenty-five thousand apiece, and kept only the other twenty-five for himself. It was a brave thing to do, now you think of it. It made a wonderful difference to the three girls, none of them very strong; but it left Grant Adriance very far from a rich man.

"And gave him a claim on his own respect, and the respect of others, which money would not go far toward buying," Miss La Pierre said, with warmth in her tone.

La Cruche sighed.

"If every man's mother were like you, Miss La Pierre, what

a different thing we should make of life. Mine died before I was old enough to know much about her. Perhaps if she had lived, I should not have waited till I was thirty before finding out that there were better objects for a man to set before him than his own pleasure."

Something like tears, in Miss La Pierre's voice, startled him, and he looked round, to see her bright eyes dim with them.

"I am not worthy to have taught you, or any man, such a lesson," she said, pitifully. "If you knew how far away from my theories my practice has been, you would understand how your tribute pains me."

That night, Gabrielle La Pierre found her pillow one of thorns. Sleep forsook her, following her lost peace of mind. Conscience sat alone, stern watcher at her bedside, and she found that the settlement of her account with herself could not be evaded.

She was ready enough to put on sackcloth, and cover her head with the ashes of humiliation. It was not the worst of it, that she began to see that she had made Louis La Cruche love her; luring him on to this, though by no unwomanly wiles. The pity of it was, that, in loving her, he had been loving something better than she was. Her theories had been nobler than herself, and they had awakened him to the knowledge of higher ideals. Now, when he understood that she had been trifling with him, would not his new-born faith in goodness turn again to skepticism? Should she be answerable for the ruin of a human soul?

She went over all her words and ways, since she had known him — as grimly conscience held them up before her — one by one. She *had* tried to please him — she *had* meant that he should care for her — knowing all the while, that to her he

could never be more than the waves, which broke, with their story, at her feet. True, she had only meant to teach him that he was not irresistible; she had never thought of anything in him, deeper than his vanity, to be wounded. She had regarded him but as an empty pitcher, with whom it was a summer's sport to trifle; what should she do, if he asserted himself before her as a man?

There was so little she could do, at best. She could not give him her confidence, for which he had never asked; tell him her story, which he had never expressed a wish to hear; nor, even, having allowed him so long to haunt her footsteps, could she send him away, if, indeed, she could have made him go, from Watch Hill. What was there to do now but to fold her idle hands?

"It is our fate, let the black flower blossom as it may!" she said, flinging defiance at conscience out of the "Scarlet Letter." And then she turned over and went to sleep.

She was not so good a woman as Louis La Cruche thought her. He had begun by fancying her a mere brilliant, now he was exalting her into the Koh-i-noor. What matter, since for him she always had been and always would be a stone?

From that day he began to see a difference in her, however. If there had been a pretty coquetry in her manner before, it was gone now. He found himself separated from her by some fine, imperceptible barrier. If she had shone on him from the first with this cold, far-off lustre, she might have done him good and not evil. But it was too late now — her work had been too thoroughly wrought for those deft fingers of hers to unravel it. If the stone fall upon the pitcher, woe unto the pitcher; but if the stone never stir, and the pitcher fall upon the stone, equally woe unto the pitcher. And Louis La Cruche found out,

day by day and more and more, how empty a pitcher he was, the more deeply he despaired of the sweet draught for which he longed.

At what odds with themselves our lives seem. The one thing which could round them into perfection just touches them, perhaps. One thrill of electricity awakens us in time to catch a glimpse of the vanishing vision. And then it comes to us no more forever; and we must struggle on alone toward the infinite good, if there be anything in us worth saving. But is it forever? If we are worthy of the laurel, shall we not be crowned? Some day, somewhere, for those who have struggled and conquered, *that* waits which shall fulfil every longing. To those who give up and drop out of the ranks, is there anywhere the mercy which shall turn defeat into victory? God knows.

One August morning Miss La Pierre went down to the East beach alone. The tide was going out, and the wet pebbles it had left on the sand behind it glittered like gems in the sunshine. She thought there had never been so jubilant a day. The story the waves told her when she first came there had been one of prophecy. Now, she fancied, they were chanting a triumphal anthem of fulfilment. They had brought home one ship whose freight was her heart. She held a telegram in her hand, whose contents the glad waves and the glad sunshine surely knew. They were all rejoicing together.

When Louis La Cruche came to find her, he, only, seemed in discord with her mood. There was a look of sad and stern resolve on his face. He could be merciless, to-day, to himself, at least. He would dare failure, where he had almost ceased to hope for success. She perceived that the time for trifling had gone by. Light persiflage, graceful evasion, would answer no

longer. The man before her, she understood, was in earnest, and his earnestness frightened her. She watched a seagull flying low, and waited for him to begin.

"When do you go away?" was the question which came first.

"Very soon — to-morrow or next day, possibly. Only think, we have been here two months."

"You have been here long enough to make for me new heavens and a new earth," he answered passionately. "I came here for your sake, because you interested and attracted me more than any one else just then; and I thought to pass a summer holiday in flirting with you — just to play a little game of hearts which would leave neither of us the worse. Instead, you have taught me to love you. I did not think before that it was in me to love any woman. You may scorn me, if you will, for the motive with which I came, and I shall receive your contempt as my just punishment. But I love you as well and as truly as a better man could. Do you despise me, Miss La Pierre?"

"If I did," she said, softly, "I must despise myself still more. I, too, meant in the first place to trifle with you, and to make you care for me seriously, if I could. And *I* was infinitely more to blame than you, for I did love some one else. I have been engaged for more than a year to Grant Adriance. He came home yesterday, and to-day he will be here."

"And — forgive me this once — do you love him?"

A deep glow warmed the peach-blossom cheeks to crimson; but the brown eyes met his, proudly and steadily, so that he could not mistake their meaning.

"Yes," she said, joyfully, "I love him."

Louis La Cruche looked at the bright, sweet face — bright

and sweet for another, not for him. He had known many successes in his life, but he was manlier now in this disappointment than he had ever been in any triumph.

"He is entirely worthy of you," he said, with grave dignity, "and I know of no other man who is. And yet I would have striven honestly to climb to any height where you beckoned. I would have toiled for you as long as Jacob did for Rachel; and I think I shall be a better and not a worse man all my life for having loved you."

She put out her hand, and he took it silently and held it in a long, close grasp. Just then some keen delight thrilled her nerves. She heard a step upon the pebbles, which no other ear would have been subtle enough to catch. She looked over her shoulder, and saw in the distance, coming towards her, Grant Adriance. She drew her hand from Louis La Cruche's, and went away from him to meet the man whose presence was victory.

"My opal still, with heart of flame under hoar frost," the new-comer said, looking into her shy, glad eyes, as he led her away.

So you see even the one whom she loved best called her a precious stone.

As for Louis La Cruche, let us trust that he will one day be filled at some other fountain; have I not said that he was always and everywhere a pitcher?





Black Eyes.



BLACK EYES.*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.



HERE are three things that fill my heart with sighs,
And steep my soul in laughter (when I view
Fair maiden forms moving like melodies),
Dimples, roselips, and eyes of any hue.
There are three things beneath the blesséd skies
For which I live, black eyes, and brown, and blue:
I hold them all most dear; but O black eyes!
I live and die, and only die for you.

Of late such eyes looked at me — while I mused
At sunset, underneath a shadowy plane,
In old Bayona nigh the southern sea —
From an half-open lattice looked at *me*,
I saw no more, only those eyes — confused
And dazzled to the heart with glorious pain.

* This poem has never been published previously.

Summer Night.





SUMMER NIGHT.

VARIATIONS ON CERTAIN MELODIES.

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

ANDANTE.



UNDER the full blown linden and the plane,
That links their arms above
In mute, mysterious love,
I hear the strain!
Is it the far postilion's horn,
Mellowed by starlight, floating up the valley,
Or song of love-sick peasant, borne
Across the fields of fragrant corn,
And poplar-guarded alley?
Now from the woodbine and the unseen rose
What new delight is showered?
The warm wings of the air
Drop into downy indolence and close,
So sweetly overpowered:
But nothing sleeps, though rest seems everywhere.

II.

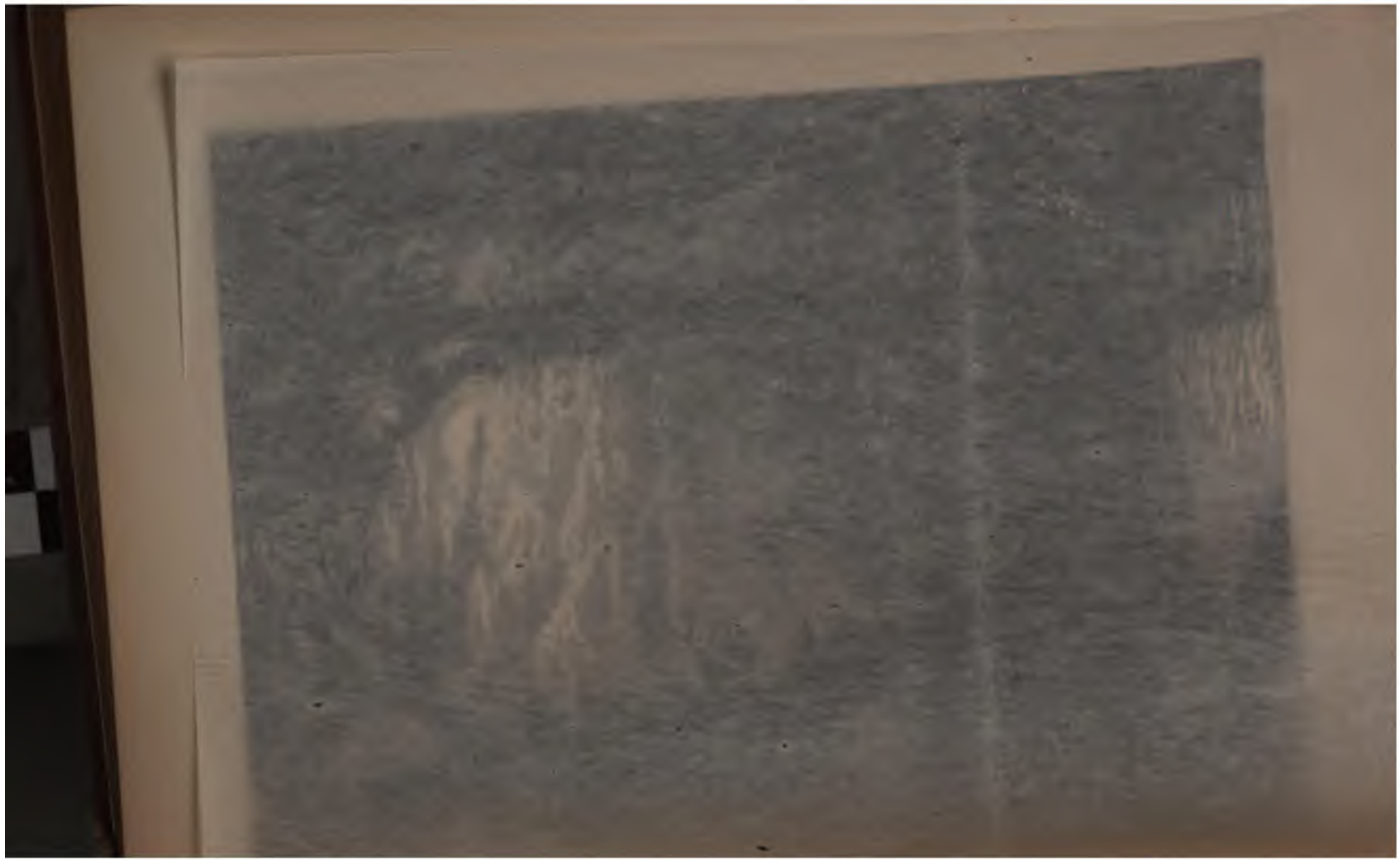
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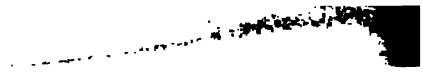
Something came with the falling dusk,
Came, and quickened to soft unrest:
Something floats in the linden's musk
And throbs in the brook on the meadow's breast.
Shy Spirit of Love, awake, awake!
All things feel thee,
And all reveal thee:
The night was given for thy sweet sake.
Toil slinks aside, and leaves to thee the land;
The heart beats warmer for the idle hand;
The timid tongue unlearns its wrong,
And speech is turned to song;
The shaded eyes are braver;
And every life, like flowers whose scent is dumb
Till dew and darkness come,
Gives forth a tender savor.
Oh, each so lost in all, who may resist
The plea of lips unkissed,
Or, hearing such a strain,
Though kissed a thousand times, kiss not again!

III.

APPASSIONATO.

Was it a distant flute
That breathed, and now is mute?
Or that lost soul men call the nightingale,
In bosky coverts hidden,
Filling with sudden passion all the vale?









Oh, chant again the tale,
And call on her whose name returns, unbidden
A longing and a dream,
Adelaïda!
For while the sprinkled stars
Sparkle, and wink, and gleam,
Adelaïda!
Darkness and perfume cleave the unknown bars
Between the enamored heart and thee,
And thou and I are free,
Adelaïda!
Less than a name, a melody, art thou,
A hope, a haunting vow!
The passion-cloven
Spirit of thy Beethoven
Claimed with less ardor than I claim thee now,
Adelaïda!
Take form, at last: from these o'erbending branches
Descend, or from the grass arise!
I scarce shall see thine eyes,
Or know what blush the shadow stanches;
But all my being's empty urn shall be
Filled with thy mystery!

IV.

CAPRICCIOSO.

Nay, nay! the longings tender,
The fear, the marvel, and the mystery,
The shy, delicious dread, the unreserved surrender,
Give, if thou canst, to me!

For I would be,
In this expressive languor,
While night conceals, the wooed and not the wooer;
Shaken with supplication, keen as anger;
Pursued, and thou pursuer!
Plunder my bosom of its hoarded fire,
And so assail me,
That coy denial fail me,
Slain by the mirrored shape of my desire!
Though life seem overladen
With conquered bliss, it only craves the more:
Teach me the other half of passion's lore —
Be thou the man, and I the maiden!
Ah! come,
While earth is waiting, heaven is dumb,
And blossom-sighs
So penetrate the indolent air,
The very stars grow fragrant in the skies!
Arise,
And thine approach shall make me fair,
Thy borrowed pleading all too soon subdue me,
Till both forget the part;
And she who failed to woo me,
So caught, is held to my impatient heart!





FRETTING.





FRETTING.

By H. H.

THERE is in most men's minds a graduated scale of sins. Probably no two would agree. No moral Fahrenheit has yet been recognized as authority as to the highest or lowest point to which a deed may rise or fall. Boiling-point for water varies according to altitude, and one might say, perhaps without stretching the figure too far, that there is a similar element of variation in the moral standards of men. There is as much difference between the moral planes on which men live and act and feel as between the sea-level and the mountain-tops; and the man on the heights flushes with quick shame at the bare thought of a thing which the man below does daily and does not mind. Temperament and taste also affect our estimates of the relative enormity of offences more than we dream. We are seldom aware to what an extent we "compound for sins we are inclined to." But there is one sin which it seems to me is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, tolerated with undue tolerance, and quite too much overlooked in our valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as universal as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets — that is, makes

a more or less complaining statement of something or other, which, most probably, every one in the room, or the stage, or the car, or the street-corner, as it may be, knew before and which, most probably, nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are always plenty of things to fret about. The days will always have more or less bad weather or weather inconvenient to somebody's fixed plan. All men go astray, speaking lies and making blunders, as soon as they be born. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are born to trouble as sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road. This is one of the worst things about it, but not the worst. The worst is that it is a sin — once, twice, three times a sin: a sin because it is a folly, a sin because it is unkindness and cruelty to our fellows; because it is ingratitude to God.

The folly of it would be ludicrous if it were not tragic. The spectacle, for instance, of one puny individual's thinking it worth while to mention resentfully that any single day of rain or snow, which is the appointed and needful thing in Nature's economy for a continent, for a century, has thwarted his plan or deranged his digestion. What then? Suppose it even killed him? One might still say, and not impertinently: What then? Thousands just like him die in a night, and are born in a day, and the earth does not miss the thousands that die nor take account of

the thousands that are born. We were made for the earth, I take it, and not the earth for us. Bigger if not better creatures have come and gone ahead of us; and bigger and better may be yet to come, who will study our inexplicable skeletons with as scientific and quenchless an interest as we study fossils to-day. We are not of the least consequence. It is a folly to fret.

The unkindness and cruelty of it to our fellows are more seriously to be considered. One fretter can destroy the peace of a family, can disturb the harmony of a neighborhood, can unsettle the councils, of cities and hinder the legislation of nations. He who frets is never the one who mends, who heals, who repairs evils; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and the depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person of the mere neighborhood of a fretter is indescribable. It is to the soul what a cold, icy mist is to the body — more chilling than the bitterest frost, more dangerous than the fiercest storm. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, whose nearness of relation to us makes his fretting even at the weather seem almost like a personal reproach to us, then the misery of it becomes indeed insupportable. Most men call fretting a minor fault, a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice, except drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of a home.

The ungratefulness of fretting is the basest thing about it. Pensioners, beggars that we are, shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and not evil? How quickly would we see and resent the insolent ingratitude of one of our fellows, who, when we had housed and fed him for a day, and clothed him with clothes, should complain that the clothes were shabby and that we did not find it convenient to keep him for a year! Yet

would this be a small ingratitude by the side of ours, when, living upon this beautiful and teeming earth, we fret at an an hour or a day of suffering and deprivation. It is true, as I said before, that it is astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort there is to be found in life, if one keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things; but every truth has its converse truth: it is equally true that it is even more astonishing how much there is of enjoyment, of delight, of blessedness in life, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. What are called the inequalities of life are not half so unequal as they seem. Common to all men, free to all men, are the essentials of joy. The best things of life the rich cannot buy with their money; the poor need not go without on account of their poverty. If men's hearts were as plain in sight as their faces, if one could get at as accurate statistics of souls' lives as of the lives of bodies, the balances would be found to be marvellously even. Even the balances of joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, sickness and health, swing evener than we think. I doubt if ever a day comes to a living human soul in which, if he sought, he could not find a reason for thanking God. If all else fails, there remains still the one great reason for thankfulness, the one great boon of simply being alive, and of being sure that he cannot cease to be alive; that ages upon ages, world upon world, a glorious eternity of existence stretches out before him. A little more knowledge of perspective and proportion would make serene philosophers of us all. Consider in relation to our eternity of living, a grief, a pain in this human stage, even if it last for seventy years, is not so much as the briefest pin-prick in the morning considered in relation to the day. And grief or pain in this human stage, even if it last for seventy years, is small price to pay for the birthright of immortality. If some supreme

power were to say to us to-day: Suffer on the earth for one century, and buy ten centuries of earth's delight, how quickly, how greedily, would we buy the ten centuries! And yet ten centuries are but dust in the balance of that future of which we are sure, an unappreciable moment in the eternity we have to live. Looking from such a standpoint as this on the things of to-day, can one fret? Looking from any lower standpoint, does one see truly?

The territory of Colorado is full of wonderful red sandstone rocks. They are lined and grooved and stippled over with fine dots; they are worn and hollowed and curved into innumerable grotesque shapes; from the tiny stone which you can hold in your hand up to the sharp colossal wall, hundreds of feet high, which no man can climb, there is not an inch which does not look as if for millions of years it had been worked by tools. Yet no hand, no tool, has been there. Grains of sand have done it all, — grains of sand blowing and eddying in wind currents. Slowly, steadily, irreparably, the solid rock has been fretted away, distorted by things almost too small to see. I see faces sometimes which remind me of these rocks, and lives also, — the beauty distorted, the symmetry and harmony simply fretted away!





An Idyl of Harvest Time.





AN IDYL OF HARVEST TIME.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

I.



SWIFT cloud, swift light, now dark, now bright, across the landscape played ;
And, spotted as a leopard's sides in chasing sun and shade,
To far dim heights and purple vales the upland rolled away,
Where the soft, warm haze of summer days on all the distance lay.

II.

From shorn and hoary harvest-fields to barn and bristling stack,
The wagon bore its beetling loads, or clattered empty back;
The leaning oxen clashed their horns and swayed along the road,
And the old house-dog lolled beside, in the shadow of the load.

III.

The children played among the sheaves, the hawk went sailing over,
The bee was on the thistle-blow, and on the head of clover,

While at my easel by the oak I sketched, and sketched in vain: —
Could I but group those harvesters, paint sunshine on the grain!

IV.

While everywhere, in the golden air, the soul of beauty swims,
It will not guide my feeble touch, nor light the hand that limns.
(The load moves on — that cloud is gone! I must keep down the glare
Of sunshine on my stubble-land. Those boys are my despair!)

V.

My fancies flit away at last, and wander like the gleams
Of shifting light along the hills, and drift away in dreams, —
Till, coming round the farm-house porch and down the shady lane,
A form is seen, half hid, between the stooks of shaggy grain.

VI.

Beside my easel, at the oak, I wait to see her pass.
'Tis luncheon-time: the harvesters are resting on the grass.
I watch her coming to the gap, and envy Master Ben
Who meets her there, and helps to bear her basket to the men.

VII.

In the flushed farmer's welcoming smile, there beams a father's pride.
More quiet grows, more redly glows, the shy youth by his side:
In the soft passion of his look, and in her kind, bright glance,
I learn a little mystery, I read a sweet romance.







VIII.

With pewter mug, and old brown jug, she laughing kneels: I hear
The liquid ripple of her lisp, with the gurgle of the beer.
That native grace, that charming face, those glances coy and sweet,
Ben, with the basket, grinning near — my grouping is complete!

IX.

The picture grows, the landscape flows, and heart and fancy burn, —
The figures start beneath my brush! (So you the rule may learn:
Let thought be thrilled with sympathy, right touch and tone to give,
And mix your colors with heart's blood, to make the canvas live.)

X.

All this was half a year ago: I find the sketch to-day, —
Faulty and crude enough, no doubt, but it wafts my soul away!
I tack it to the wall, and lo! despite the winter's gloom,
It makes a little spot of sun and summer in my room.

XI.

Again the swift cloud-shadow sweeps across the stooks of rye;
The cricket trills, the locust shrills, the hawk goes sailing by;
The yellow-bird is on the bough, the bee is on the thistle,
The quail is near — "Ha hoyt!" — I hear his almost human whistle!



An Idyl of Harvest Time.





TRANSCENDENTAL WILD OATS.

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNWRITTEN ROMANCE.

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



ON the first day of June, 184– a large wagon, drawn by a small horse, and containing a motley load, went lumbering over certain New England hills, with the pleasing accompaniments of wind, rain, and hail. A serene man, with a serene child upon his knee, was driving, or rather being driven, for the small horse had it all his own way. A brown boy, with a William Penn style of countenance, sat beside him, firmly embracing a bust of Socrates. Behind them sat an energetic-looking woman, with a benevolent brow, a satirical mouth, and eyes brimful of hope and courage. A clock reposed upon her lap, a mirror leaned against her knee, and a basket of provisions danced about at her feet, as she struggled with a large, unruly umbrella. Two blue-eyed little girls, with hands full of childish treasures, sat under one old shawl, chatting happily together.

In front of this lively party stalked a tall, sharp-featured man, in a long blue cloak, and a fourth small girl trudged along beside him through the mud as if she rather enjoyed it.

The wind whistled over the bleak hills; the rain fell in a despondent drizzle, and twilight began to fall. But the calm man gazed as tranquilly into the fog as if he beheld a radiant bow of

promise spanning the gray sky. The cheery woman tried to cover every one but herself with the big umbrella. The brown boy pillowed his head on the bald pate of Socrates and slumbered peacefully. The little girls sang lullabies to their dolls in soft, maternal murmurs.

Thus these modern pilgrims journeyed hopefully out of the old world, to found a new one in the wilderness.

The editors of "The Transcendental Tripod" had received from Messrs. Lion & Lamb (two of the aforesaid pilgrims) a communication, from which the following statement is an extract: —

"We have made arrangements with the proprietor of an estate of about a hundred acres which liberates this tract from human ownership. Here we shall prosecute our effort to initiate a Family in harmony with the primitive instincts of man.

"Ordinary secular farming is not our object. Fruit, grain, pulse, herbs, flax, and other vegetable products, receiving assiduous attention, will afford ample manual occupation, and chaste supplies for the bodily needs. It is intended to adorn the pastures with orchards, and to supersede the labor of cattle by the spade and the pruning-knife.

"Consecrated to human freedom, the land awaits the sober culture of devoted men. Beginning with small pecuniary means, this enterprise must be rooted in a reliance on the succors of an ever-bounteous Providence, whose vital affinities being secured by this union with uncorrupted field and unworldly persons, the cares and injuries of a life of gain are avoided.

"The inner nature of each member of the Family is at no time neglected. Our plan contemplates all such disciplines, cultures, and habits, as evidently conduce to the purifying of the inmates.

"Pledged to the spirit alone, the founders anticipate no

hasty or numerous addition to their numbers. The kingdom of peace is entered only through the gates of self-denial; and felicity is the test and the reward of loyalty to the unswerving law of Love."

This prospective Eden at present consisted of an old red farm-house, a dilapidated barn, many acres of meadow-land, and a grove. Ten ancient apple-trees were all the "chaste supply" which the place offered as yet; but, in the firm belief that plenteous orchards were soon to be evoked from their inner consciousness, these sanguine founders had christened their domain Fruitlands.

Here Timon Lion intended to found a colony of Latter Day Saints, who, under his patriarchal sway, should regenerate the world, and glorify his name forever. Here Abel Lamb, with the devoutest faith in the high ideal which was to him a living truth, desired to plant a Paradise, where Beauty, Virtue, Justice, and Love, might live happily together, without the possibility of a serpent entering in. And here his wife, unconverted but faithful to the end, hoped, after many wanderings over the face of the earth, to find rest for herself and a home for her children.

"There is our new abode," announced the enthusiast, smiling with a satisfaction quite undamped by the drops dripping from his hat-brim, as they turned at length into a cart-path that wound along a steep hillside into a barren-looking valley.

"A little difficult of access," observed his practical wife, as she endeavored to keep her various household gods from going overboard with every lurch of the laden ark.

"Like all good things. But those who earnestly desire and patiently seek will soon find us," placidly responded the philosopher, from the mud, through which he was now endeavoring to pilot the much-enduring horse.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well, Sister Hope," said Brother Timon, pausing to detach his small comrade from a gate, whereon she was perched for a clearer gaze into futurity.

"That's the reason we so seldom get at it, I suppose," replied Mrs. Hope, making a vain clutch at the mirror, which a sudden jolt sent flying out of her hands.

"We want no false reflections here," said Timon, with a grim smile, as he crunched the fragments under foot in his onward march.

Sister Hope held her peace, and looked wistfully through the mist at her promised home. The old red house, with a hospitable glimmer at its windows, cheered her eyes; and, considering the weather, was a fitter refuge than the sylvan bowers some of the more ardent souls might have preferred.

The new-comers were welcomed by one of the elect precious — a regenerate farmer, whose idea of reform consisted chiefly in wearing white-cotton raiment and shoes of untanned leather. This costume, with a snowy beard, gave him a venerable and at the same time a somewhat bridal appearance.

The goods and chattels of the Society not having arrived, the weary family reposed before the fire on blocks of wood, while brother Moses White regaled them with roasted potatoes, brown bread and water, in two plates, a tin pan, and one mug — his table service being limited. But, having cast the forms and vanities of a depraved world behind them, the elders welcomed hardship with the enthusiasm of new pioneers, and the children heartily enjoyed this foretaste of what they believed was to be a sort of perpetual picnic.

During the progress of this frugal meal two more brothers appeared, — one a dark, melancholy man, clad in homespun, whose peculiar mission was to turn his name hind part before

and use as few words as possible; the other was a bland, bearded Englishman, who expected to be saved by eating uncooked food and going without clothes. He had not yet adopted the primitive costume, however; but contented himself with meditatively chewing dry beans out of a basket.

"Every meal should be a sacrament, and the vessels used should be beautiful and symbolical," observed Brother Lamb, mildly, righting the tin pan slipping about on his knees. "I priced a silver service when in town, but it was too costly; so I got some graceful cups and vases of Britannia ware."

"Hardest things in the world to keep bright. Will whiting be allowed in the community?" inquired Sister Hope, with a housewife's interest in labor-saving institutions.

"Such trivial questions will be discussed at a more fitting time," answered Brother Timon, sharply, as he burnt his fingers with a very hot potato. "Neither sugar, molasses, milk, butter, cheese, nor flesh are to be used among us, for nothing is to be admitted which has caused wrong or death to man or beast."

"Our garments are to be linen till we learn to raise our own cotton or some substitute for woollen fabrics," added Brother Abel, blissfully basking in an imaginary future as warm and brilliant as the generous fire before him.

"Haou abaout shoes?" asked Brother Moses, surveying his own with interest.

"We must yield that point till we can manufacture an innocent substitute for leather. Bark, wood, or some durable fabric will be invented in time. Meanwhile, those who desire to carry out our idea to the fullest extent can go barefooted," said Lion, who liked extreme measures.

"I never will, nor let my girls," murmured rebellious Sister Hope, under her breath.

"Haou do you cattle'ate to treat the ten-acre lot? Ef things aint 'tended to right smart, we shan't hev no crops," observed the practical patriarch in cotton.

"We shall spade it," replied Abel, in such perfect good faith that Moses said no more, though he indulged in a shake of the head as he glanced at hands that had held nothing heavier than a pen for years. He was a paternal old soul, and regarded the younger men as promising boys on a new sort of lark.

"What shall we do for lamps, if we cannot use any animal substance? I do hope light of some sort is to be thrown upon the enterprise," said Mrs. Lamb, with anxiety, for in those days kerosene and camphene were not, and gas unknown in the wilderness.

"We shall go without till we have discovered some vegetable oil or wax to serve us," replied Brother Timon, in a decided tone, which caused Sister Hope to resolve that her private lamp should be always trimmed, if not burning.

"Each member is to perform the work for which experience, strength, or taste best fits him," continued Dictator Lion. "Thus drudgery and disorder will be avoided and harmony prevail. We shall rise at dawn, begin the day by bathing, followed by music, and then a chaste repast of fruit and bread. Each one finds congenial occupation till the meredian meal; when some deep-searching conversation gives rest to the body and development to the mind. Healthful labor again engages us till the last meal, when we assemble in social communion, prolonged till sunset, when we retire to sweet repose, ready for the next day's activity."

"What part of the work do you incline to yourself?" asked Sister Hope, with a humorous glimmer in her keen eyes.

"I shall wait till it is made clear to me. Being in preference to

doing is the great aim, and this comes to us rather by a resigned willingness than a wilful activity, which is a check to all divine growth," responded Brother Timon.

"I thought so." And Mrs. Lamb sighed audibly, for during the year he had spent in her family, Brother Timon had so faithfully carried out his idea of "being, not doing," that she had found his "divine growth" both an expensive and unsatisfactory process.

Here her husband struck into the conversation, his face shining with the light and joy of the splendid dreams and high ideals hovering before him.

"In these steps of reform we do not rely so much on scientific reasoning or physiological skill as on the spirit's dictates. The greater part of man's duty consists in leaving alone much that he now does. Shall I stimulate with tea, coffee, or wine? No. Shall I consume flesh? Not if I value health. Shall I subjugate cattle? Shall I claim property in any created thing? Shall I trade? Shall I adopt a form of religion? Shall I interest myself in politics? To how many of these questions —could we ask them deeply enough and could they be heard as having relation to our eternal welfare — would the response be 'abstain'?"

A mild snore seemed to echo the last word of Abel's rhapsody, for Brother Moses had succumbed to mundane slumber and sat nodding like a massive ghost. Forest Absalom, the silent man, and John Pease, the English member, now departed to the barn; and Mrs. Lamb led her flock to a temporary fold, leaving the founders of the "Consociate Family" to build castles in the air till the fire went out, and the symposium ended in smoke.

Any housewife can imagine the emotions of Sister Hope

when she took possession of a large, dilapidated kitchen, containing an old stove, and the peculiar stores out of which food was to be evolved for her little family of eleven. Cakes of maple sugar, dried peas and beans, barley and hominy, meal of all sorts, potatoes, and dried fruit. No milk, butter, cheese, tea, or meat, appeared. Even salt was considered a useless luxury, and spice entirely forbidden, by these loves of Spartan simplicity. A ten years' experience of vegetarian vagaries had been good training for this new freak, and her sense of the ludicrous supported her through many trying scenes.

Unleavened bread, porridge, and water, for breakfast; bread, vegetables, and water, for dinner; bread, fruit, and water, for supper, was the bill of fare ordained by the elders. No teapot profaned that sacred stove, no gory steak cried aloud for vengeance from her chaste gridiron; and only a brave woman's taste, time, and temper, were sacrificed on that domestic altar.

The vexed question of light was settled by buying a quantity of bayberry wax for candles; and, on discovering that no one knew how to make them, pine-knots were introduced, to be used when absolutely necessary. Being summer, the evenings were not long, and the weary fraternity found it no great hardship to retire with the birds. The inner light was sufficient for most of them. But Mrs. Lamb rebelled. Evening was the only time she had to herself, and while the tired feet rested, the skilful hands mended torn frocks and little stockings, or anxious heart forgot its burden in a book.

So "mother's lamp" burned steadily, while the philosophers built a new heaven and earth by moonlight; and through all the metaphysical mists and philanthropic pyrotechnics of that period Sister Hope played her own little game of "throwing light," and none but the moths were the worse for it.

Such farming probably was never seen before since Adam delved. The band of brothers began by spading garden and field; but a few days of it lessened their ardor amazingly. Blistered hands and aching backs suggested the expediency of permitting the use of cattle till the workers were better fitted for noble toil by a summer of the new life.

Brother Moses brought a yoke of oxen from his farm — at least, the philosophers thought so till it was discovered that one of the animals was a cow; and Moses confessed that he "must be let down easy, for he couldn't live on garden sarse entirely."

Great was Dictator Lion's indignation, at this lapse from virtue. But time pressed, the work must be done; so the meek cow was permitted to wear the yoke and the recreant brother continued to enjoy forbidden draughts in the barns, which dark proceeding caused the children to regard him as one set apart for destruction.

The sowing was equally peculiar, for, owing to some mistake, the three brethren who devoted themselves to this graceful task found, when about half through the job, that each had been sowing a different sort of grain in the same field — a mistake which caused much perplexity, as it could not be remedied; but, after a long consultation and a good deal of laughter, it was decided to say nothing and see what would come of it.

The garden was planted with a generous supply of useful roots and herbs; but, as manure was not allowed to profane the virgin soil, few of these vegetable treasures ever came up. Purslane reigned supreme, and the disappointed planters ate it philosophically, deciding that Nature knew what was best for them, and would generously supply their needs, if they could only learn to digest her "sallets" and wild roots.

The orchard was laid out, a little grafting done, new trees and

vines set, regardless of the unfit season and entire ignorance of the husbandmen, who honestly believed that in the autumn they would reap a bounteous harvest.

Slowly things got into order, and rapidly rumors of the new experiment went abroad, causing many strange spirits to flock thither, for in those days communities were the fashion, and transcendentalism raged wildly. Some came to look on and laugh, some to be supported in poetic idleness, a few to believe sincerely and work heartily. Each member was allowed to mount his favorite hobby and ride it to his heart's content. Very queer were some of the riders, and very rampant some of the hobbies

One youth, believing that language was of little consequence if the spirit was only right, startled new-comers by blandly greeting them with "Good-morning," appending an anathema, and other remarks of an equally mixed order. A second irrepressible being held that all the emotions of the soul should be freely expressed, and illustrated his theory by antics that would have sent him to a lunatic asylum if, as an unregenerate wag said, he had not already been in one. When his spirit soared, he climbed trees and shouted; when doubt assailed him, he lay upon the floor and groaned lamentably. At joyful periods he raced, leaped, and sang; when sad, he wept aloud; and when a great thought burst upon him in the watches of the night, he crowed like a jocund cockerel, to the great delight of the children and the great annoyance of the elders. One musical brother fiddled whenever so moved, sang sentimentally to the four little girls, and put a music-box on the wall when he had hoed corn.

Brother Pease ground away at his uncooked food, or browsed over the farm on sorrel, mint, green fruit, and new vegetables.

Occasionally he took his walks abroad, airily attired in an unbleached cotton *poncho*, which was the nearest approach to the primeval costume he was allowed to indulge in. At midsummer he retired to the wilderness, to try his plan where the woodchucks were without prejudices, and huckleberry bushes were hospitably full. A sunstroke unfortunately spoiled his plan, and he returned to semi-civilization a sadder and wiser man.

Forest Absalom preserved his Pythagorean silence, cultivated his fine dark locks, and worked like a beaver, setting an excellent example of brotherly love, justice, and fidelity, by his upright life. He it was who helped overworked Sister Hope with her heavy washes, kneaded the endless succession of batches of bread, watched over the children, and did the many tasks left undone by the brethren, who were so busy discussing and defining great duties that they forgot to perform the small ones.

Moses White placidly plodded about, "chorin raound," as he called it, looking like an old-time patriarch, with his silver hair and flowing beard, and saving the community from many a mishap by his thrift and Yankee shrewdness.

Brother Lion domineered over the whole concern; for, having put the most money into the speculation, he was resolved to make it pay — as if anything founded on an ideal basis could be expected to do so by any but enthusiasts.

Abel Lamb simply revelled in the Newness, firmly believing that his dream was to be beautifully realized, and, in time, not only little Fruitlands, but the whole earth, would be turned into a Happy Valley. He worked with every muscle of his body, for *he* was in deadly earnest. He taught with his whole head and heart; planned and sacrificed, preached and prophesied, with a soul full of the purest aspirations, most unselfish purposes, and

desires for a life devoted to God and man, too high and tender to bear the rough usage of this world.

It was a little remarkable that only one woman ever joined this community. Mrs. Lamb merely followed wheresoever her husband led — "as ballast for his balloon," as she said, in her bright way.

Miss Jane Gage was a stout lady, of mature years, sentimental, amiable, and lazy. She wrote verses copiously, and had vague yearnings and graspings after the unknown, which led her to believe herself fitted for a higher sphere than any she had yet adorned.

Having been a teacher, she was set to instructing the children in the common branches. Each adult member took a turn at the infants, and, as each taught in his own way, the result was a chronic state of chaos in the minds of these much-afflicted innocents.

Sleep, food, and poetic musings, were the desires of dear Jane's life, and she shirked all duties as clogs upon her spirit's wings. Any thought of lending a hand with the domestic drudgery never occurred to her; and when to the question "Are there any beasts of burden on the place?" Mrs. Lamb answered, with a face that told its own tale, "Only one woman!" the buxom Jane took no shame to herself, but laughed at the joke, and let the stout-hearted sister tug on alone.

Unfortunately, the poor lady hankered after the flesh-pots, and endeavored to stay herself with private sips of milk, crackers, and cheese, and on one dire occasion she partook of fish at a neighbor's table.

One of the children reported this sad lapse from virtue, and poor Jane was publicly reprimanded by Timon.

"I only took a little bit of the tail," sobbed the penitent poetess.

"Yes, but the whole fish had to be tortured and slain that you might tempt your carnal appetite with that one taste of the tail. Know ye not, consumers of flesh meat, that ye are nourishing the wolf and tiger in your bosoms?"

At this awful question, and the peal of laughter which arose from some of the younger brethren, tickled by the ludicrous contrast between the stout sinner, the stern judge, and the naughty satisfaction of the young detective, poor Jane fled from the room to pack her trunk, and return to a world where fishes' tails were not forbidden fruit.

Transcendental wild oats were sown broadcast that year, and the fame thereof has not yet ceased in the land; for, futile as this crop seemed to outsiders, it bore an invisible harvest, worth much to those who planted in earnest. As none of the members of this particular community have ever recounted their experiences before, a few of them may not be amiss, since the interest in these attempts has never died out, and Fruitlands was the most ideal of all these castles in Spain.

A new dress was invented, since cotton, silk and wool were forbidden as the product of slave-labor, worm-slaughter, and sheep-robbery. Tunics and trowsers of brown linen were the only wear. The women's skirts were longer and their straw hat-brims wider than the men's, and this was the only difference. Some persecution lent a charm to the costume, and the long-haired, linen-clad reformers quite enjoyed the mild martyrdom then endured when they left home.

Money was abjured, as the root of all evil. The produce of the land was to supply most of their wants, or be exchanged for the few things they could not grow. This idea had its inconveniences; but self-denial was the fashion, and it was surprising how many things one can do without. When they desired to

travel, they walked; if possible, begged the loan of a vehicle, or boldly entered car or coach, and, stating their principles to the officials, took the consequences.

On one of these penniless pilgrimages they took passage on a boat, and, when fare was demanded, artlessly offered to talk instead of pay. As the boat was well underway, and they actually had not a cent, there was no help for it. So Brothers Lion and Lamb held forth to the assembled passengers in their most elegant style. There must have been something effective in this conversation, for the listeners were moved to take up a contribution for these inspired lunatics, who preached peace on earth, good-will to man, so earnestly, with empty pockets. A goodly sum was collected; but when the captain presented it the performers proved that they were consistent even in their madness, for not a penny would they accept, saying, with a look at the group about them, whose indifference or contempt had changed to interest and respect, "You see how well we get on without money;" and so went serenely on their way, with their linen blouses flapping airily in the cold October wind.

They preached vegetarianism everywhere and resisted all temptations of the flesh, contentedly eating apples and bread at well-spread tables, and much afflicting hospitable hostesses by denouncing their food and taking away their appetites discussing the "horrors of shambles," the "incorporation of the brute in man," and "on elegant abstinence the sign of a pure soul." But, when the perplexed or offended ladies asked what they should eat, they got in reply a bill of fare consisting of "barrels of sunrise for breakfast," "solar seeds of the sphere," "dishes from Plutarch's chaste table," and other viands equally hard to find in any modern market.

Reform conventions of all sorts were haunted by these brethren, who said many wise things and did many foolish ones. Unfortunately, these wanderings interfered with their harvest at home; but the rule was to do what the spirit moved, so they left their crops to Providence and went a-reaping in wider and, let us hope, more fruitful fields than their own.

Luckily, the earthly providence who watched over Abel Lamb was at hand to glean the scanty crop yielded by the "uncorrupted land," which, "consecrated to human freedom," had received "the sober culture of devout men."

About the time the grain was ready to house, some call of the oversoul wafted all the men away. An easterly storm was coming up and the yellow stacks were sure to be ruined. Then Sister Hope gathered her forces. Four little girls, one boy (Timon's son), and herself, harnessed to clothes-baskets and Russia-linen sheets, were the only teams she could command; but with these poor appliances the indomitable woman got in the grain and saved food for her young, with the instinct and energy of a mother-bird with a brood of hungry nestlings to feed.

This attempt at regeneration had its tragic as well as comic side, though the world only saw the former.

With the first frosts the butterflies, who had sunned themselves in the new light through the summer, took flight, leaving the few bees to see what honey they had stored for winter use. Precious little appeared, beyond the satisfaction of a few months of holy living.

At first it seemed as if a chance to try holy dying also was to be offered them. Timon, much disgusted with the failure of the scheme, decided to retire to the Shakers, who seemed to be the only successful community going.

"What is to become of us?" asked Mrs. Hope, for Abel was heartbroken at the bursting of his lovely bubble.

"You can stay here, if you like, till a tenant is found. No more wood must be cut, however, and no more meal ground. All I have must be sold to pay the debts of the concern, as the responsibility rests with me," was the cheering reply.

"Who is to pay for what we have lost? I gave all I had — furniture, time, strength, six months of my children's lives — and all are wasted. Abel gave himself body and soul, and is almost wrecked by hard work and disappointment. Are we to have no return for this, but leave to starve and freeze in an old house, with a winter at hand, no money, and hardly a friend left, for this wild scheme has alienated nearly all we had. You talk much about justice. Let us have a little, since there is nothing else left."

But the woman's appeal met with no reply but the old one: "It was an experiment. We all risked something, and must bear our losses as we can."

With this cold comfort Timon departed with his son, and was absorbed into the Shaker brotherhood, where he soon found that the order of things was reversed, and it was all work and no play.

Then the tragedy began for the forsaken little family. Desolation and despair fell upon Abel. As his wife said, his new beliefs had alienated many friends. Some thought him mad, some unprincipled. Even the most kindly thought him a visionary, whom it was useless to help till he took more practical views of life. All stood aloof, saying, "Let him work out his own ideas, and see what they are worth."

He had tried, but it was a failure. The world was not ready for Utopia yet, and those who tried to found it only got laughed

at for their pains. In other days men could sell all and give to the poor, lead lives devoted to holiness and high thought, and, after the persecution was over, find themselves honored as saints or martyrs. But in modern times these things are out of fashion. To live for one's principles, at all costs, is a dangerous speculation; and the failure of an ideal, no matter how humane and noble, is harder for the world to forgive and forget than bank robbery or grand swindles of corrupt politicians.

Deep waters now for Abel, and for a time there seemed no passage through. Strength and spirits were exhausted by hard work and too much thought. Courage failed when, looking about for help, he saw no sympathizing face, no hand outstretched to help him, no voice to say cheerily: —

"We all make mistakes, and it takes many experiences to shape up a life. Try again, and let us help you."

Every door was closed, every eye averted, every heart cold, and no way open whereby he might earn bread for his children. His principles would not permit him to do many things that others did; and in the few fields where conscience would allow him to work who would employ a man who had flown in the face of society, as he had done?

Then this dreamer, whose dream was the life of his life, resolved to carry out his idea to the bitter end. There seemed no place for him here — no work, no friend. To go begging conditions was as ignoble as to go begging money. Better perish of want than sell one's soul for the sustenance of his body. Silently he lay down upon his bed, turned his face to the wall, and waited with pathetic patience for death to cut the knot which he could not untie. Days and nights went by, and neither food nor water passed his lips. Soul and body were

dumbly struggling together, and no word of complaint betrayed what either suffered.

His wife, when tears and prayers were unavailing, sat down to wait the end with a mysterious awe and submission, for, in this entire resignation of all things, there was an eloquent significance to her who knew him as no other human being did.

"Leave all to God," was his belief; and in this crisis the loving soul clung to this faith, sure that the All-wise Father would not desert this child who tried to live so near to him. Gathering her children about her, she waited the issue of the tragedy that was being enacted in that solitary room, while the first snow fell outside, untrodden by the footprints of a single friend.

But the strong angels who sustain and teach perplexed and troubled souls came and went, leaving no trace without, but working miracles within. For, when all other sentiments had faded into dimness, all other hopes died utterly; when the bitterness of death was nearly over; when body was past any pang of hunger or thirst, and soul stood ready to depart, the love that outlives all else refused to die. Head had bowed to defeat, hand had grown weary with too heavy tasks, but heart could not grow cold to those who lived in its tender depths, even when death touched it.

"My faithful wife, my little girls. They have not forsaken me, they are mine by ties that none can break. What right have I to leave them alone? What right to escape from the burden and the sorrow I have helped to bring? This duty remains to me, and I must do it manfully. For their sakes the world will forgive me in time; for their sakes God will sustain me now."

Too feeble to rise, Abel groped for the food that always lay

within his reach, and, in the darkness and solitude of that memorable night, ate and drank what was to him the bread and wine of a new communion, a new dedication of heart and life to the duties that were left him when the dreams fled.

In the early dawn, when that sad wife crept fearfully to see what change had come to the patient face on the pillow, she found it smiling at her, saw a wasted hand outstretched to her, and heard a feeble cry say bravely: "Hope!"

What passed in that little room is not to be recorded except in the hearts of those who suffered and endured much for love's sake. Enough for us to know that soon the wan shadow of a man came forth, leaning on the arm that never failed him, to be welcomed and cherished by the children, who never forgot the experiences of that time.

"Hope" was the watchword now; and, while the last logs blazed on the hearth, the last bread and apples covered the table, the new commander, with recovered courage, said to her husband: —

"Leave all to God and me. He has done his part; now I will do mine."

"But we have no money, dear."

"Yes, we have. I sold all we could spare, and have enough to take us away from this snowbank."

"Where can we go?"

"I have engaged four rooms at our good neighbor Lovejoy's. There we can live cheaply till spring. Then for new plans and a home of our own, please God!"

"But, Hope, your little store won't last long, and we have no friends."

"I can sew and you can chop wood. Lovejoy offers you the same pay as he gives his other men; my old friend, Mrs. True-

man, will send me all the work I want; and my blessed brother stands by us to the end. Cheer up, dear heart, for while there is work and love in the world we shall not suffer."

"And while I have my good angel Hope I shall not despair, even if I wait another thirty years before I step beyond the circle of the sacred little world in which I still have a place to fill."

So, one bleak December day, with their few possessions piled on an ox-sled, the rosy children perched atop, and the parents trudging arm in arm behind, the exiles left their Eden and faced the world again.

"Ah, me, my happy dream! How much I leave behind that never can be mine again!" said Abel, looking back at the lost Paradise, lying white and chill in its shroud of snow.

"Yes, dear; but how much we bring away!" answered brave-hearted Hope, glancing from husband to children.

"Poor Fruitlands! The name was as great a failure as the rest!" continued Abel, with a sigh, as a frost-bitten apple fell from a leafless bough at his feet.

But the sigh changed to a smile as his wife added, in a half-tender, half-satirical tone: —

"Don't you think Apple Slump would be a better name for it, dear?"

"Old Cambridge."





"OLD CAMBRIDGE."

AT THE DINNER IN MEMORIAL HALL, JULY 3, 1875.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



ND can it be you've found a place
Within this consecrated space,
Which makes so fine a show,
For one of Rip Van Winkle's race?
And is it really so?
Who wants an old, receipted bill?
Who fishes in the frog-pond still?
Who digs last year's potato-hill?
That's what he'd like to know!

And were it any spot on earth
Save this dear home that gave him birth,
Some scores of years ago,
He had not come to spoil your mirth
And chill your festive glow;
But round his baby-nest he strays,
With tearful eye the scene surveys,
His heart unchanged by changing days;
That's what he'd have you know.

Can you, whose eyes not yet are dim,
Live o'er the buried past, with him,
And see the roses blow
When white-haired men were Joe and Jim,
Untouched by winter's snow?
Or roll the years back, one by one,
As Judah's monarch backed the sun,
And see the century just begun?
That's what he'd like to know!

I came but as the swallow dips,
Just touching with her feather-tips
The shining wave below,
To sit with pleasure-murmuring lips,
And listen to the flow
Of Elmwood's sparkling Hippocrene, —
To tread once more my native green,
To sigh unheard, to smile unseen, —
That's what I'd have you know.

But since the common lot I've shared
(We all are sitting "unprepared"
Like culprits in a row,
Whose heads are down, whose necks are bared
To wait the headsman's blow),
I'd like to shift my task to you,
By asking just a thing or two
About the good old times I knew:
Here's what I want to know:

The yellow meet'n-house — can you tell
Just where it stood before it fell

Prey of the levelling foe? —
Our dear old temple, loved so well,
By ruthless hands laid low.
Where, tell me, was the Deacon's pew?
Whose hair was braided in a queue?
(For there were pig-tails not a few) —
That's what I'd like to know.

The bell — can you recall its clang?
And how the seats would slam and bang?
The viol and its bow?
The basso's trump before he sang?
And sweet-voiced Nat Munroe?
Where was it old Judge Winthrop sat?
Who wore the last three-cornered hat?
Was Israel Porter lean or fat?
That's what I'd like to know.

Tell where the market used to be
That stood beside the murdered tree?
Whose dog to church would go?
Old Marcus Reemie, who was he?
Who were the brothers Snow?
Does not your memory slightly fail
About that great September gale
Whereof one told a moving tale? —
As Cambridge boys should know.

When Cambridge was a simple town,
Say just where Deacon William Brown,
(Look round in yonder row,)
For honest silver counted down

His groceries would bestow? —
For those were days when money meant
Something that jingled as you went, —
No hybrid like the nickel cent,
I'd have you all to know;

But quarter, ninepence, pistareen,
And fourpence ha'pennies in between,
All metal fit to show,
Instead of rags in stagnant green,
The scum of debts we owe.
How sad to think such stuff should be
Our Wendell's cure-all remedy, —
Not Wendell H., but Wendell P., —
The one you all must know!

I question — but you answer not —
Dear me! and have I quite forgot
How five score years ago,
Just on this very blessed spot,
The summer leaves below,
Before his homespun ranks arrayed,
In green New England's elm-bough shade
The great Virginian drew the blade
King George full soon should know!

O George the third! you found it true
Our George was more than double you,
For nature made him so.
Not much a jewelled cap can do
If brains are scant and slow.
Ah, not like that his laurel crown



His groceries would bestow?—
The days were days when money meant
Something that jingled as you went,—
Ere by brief time the nickel cent,
I'd have you all to know;

But quarters, sixpence, pistareen,
And fourpence ha'pennies in between,
All metal fit to show,
In spite of rags in stagnant green,
The scum of debts we owe,
It's odd to think such stuff should be
The World's cure-all remedy;—
Not Gold H., but Wendell P.,—
That one you all must know!

Eh?—Yes,—but you answer not—
Dear Me! and have I quite forgot
Five score years ago,
When Blessed Pot,
Its saved loaves below
Its serried ranks arrayed,
Its kind's elm-bough shade
Its axe to draw the blade
Its still soon-to-wild bow?

Its [illegible] you found so true
Its [illegible] more than one baby yet,
Its [illegible] hire
Its [illegible]
Its [illegible] scant and slow
Its [illegible] known





Whose presence gilded with renown
Our brave old Academic town,
As all her children know!

To-day we meet with loud acclaim
To tell mankind that here he came,
With hearts that throb and glow;
Ours is a portion of his fame,
Our trumpets needs must blow!
On yonder hill the Lion fell,
But here was chipped the Eagle's shell, —
That little hatchet did it well,
We mean the world shall know!





The Poet Goethe.

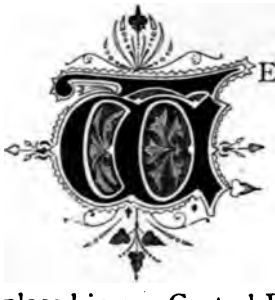




THE POET GOETHE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE GOETHE CELEBRATION, NEW YORK, SEPT., 1875.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



E, whom this occasion has brought together, are assembled for a purpose which, in order to its perfect fulfilment, looks to future years, and to generations yet unborn. We are to erect to the greatest literary genius of Germany a bust which, placed in our Central Park, may fix the gaze of those who frequent its walks and repose in its shades so long as this great mart of commerce shall remain the abode of civilized man.

It is our fate, my friends, to pass away like shadows. I look around me on this concourse, and see only those whom the lapse of time is bearing onward to the close of life. The light of the soul will soon pass from the brightest eye here; the firmest health will give way; the strongest muscles will become powerless and be resolved into dust. The mind recoils from the idea of an extinguished consciousness, and, in its impatience at the universal tendency to decay and dissolution, calls on the arts to perpetuate the outward semblance of those who have been admired or beloved for their talents or their virtues and

their influence on society. At our bidding the sculptor comes and copies in lasting marble or imperishable bronze the faces and forms of those whose death has saddened the nations. To the material under his hands he gives the expression of the soul and fixes it there forever. This is one of the modes in which the human species manifests its longing for immortality; its strong desire to escape from the fate which is sure to overtake the bodily frame. We obey this instinct to-day in the proceedings which are to end in erecting a bust to John Wolfgang Goethe.

It is said by his biographers that in his youth Goethe planned a migration to America. His imagination was captivated by the idea of a life passed with one whom he loved in the sylvan solitudes and flowery natural meadows of our continent. He had become enamored of a young woman named Lilly, and thought to transplant this blossom of his native land to the virgin soil of America, to bloom under our brighter skies. That purpose was short-lived, like a similar one entertained a quarter of a century later by Coleridge and Southey; it was a poet's dream, and soon faded away. But now, after the lapse of a hundred years since it was formed, we make it, in part at least, a reality. We welcome the great German poet to our western hemisphere, to our youthful republic, to this populous mart, to the spacious and beautiful pleasure-ground which is one of its chief ornaments, and invite him to grace it with his majestic presence while the world shall stand. If he had come to the United States at the time when his youthful imagination formed the plan of which I have spoken, he would have found the American continent still in great part a wilderness, with a few tracts of cultivation along its Atlantic border, enclosed in a vast forest, where the savage warrior, armed with

the bow and tomahawk, still hovered on the skirts of the settlements. But now we celebrate his coming to a mighty empire, to a population almost as large as that of all the region in the old world inhabited by those who speak the German language, to valleys where the songs of the Teuton are sung, and where his own ballads are recited and his tragedies read in thousands of families which have migrated from his own fatherland, and where his mystic drama of "Faust" has found a translator worthy of the original, an interpreter of its meaning to those who speak the language of Milton and Shakespeare. We bring from a distant land his image, that it may be placed where thousands in a day, who throng to our Central Park to be refreshed by its sweet air and pleasant shades, shall become familiar with his features, and learn to see in them the tokens of a mighty intellect and a calm spirit. We shall place his bust in the same grounds with the bust of Schiller, with whom in his lifetime he maintained a cordial friendship, and kept up a correspondence dictated by mutual regard and kindness.

For Goethe, my friends, was not of that class who regard praise bestowed upon a rival as so much detracted from their own merits. No satirist could say of him what Pope said of Addison, when, after speaking of his talents and endowments, he added how lamentable it would be —

> "Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
> Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
> View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
> And hate for arts that caused himself to rise."

There has been a literary feud in Germany between the admirers of Schiller and those of Goethe, each party claiming for its favorite the palm of superior greatness; but there was no

hostility between those eminent men while they lived. Goethe was himself too great and of too serene a temperament to allow himself to be made unhappy by competition in any walk of literature. If no other reason existed for honoring his memory, it should be remembered, to his praise, that he was superior to the selfishness and littleness of repining at the fair fame of another. He looked with a generous tolerance upon rivalry, deeming the field of letters a common inheritance, where every one was entitled to the harvest which he had the strength to reap. It may be that, in the consciousness of his great powers, he felt that he had no rival to fear; but even this implies soundness of judgment, and a certain sense of justice and greatness of soul which disdained to claim a monopoly of praise.

If such was Goethe's estimate of his own powers, it is not for me to say that he was mistaken. The large majority of critical voices has placed him at the head of German literature. An imagination so affluent and creative, such wealth of knowledge, such acute observation of nature, such insight into men's characters and motives, rarely exist together; and these, presided over by a taste which, in guiding, never fettered the sallies of his imagination, form the literary character of Goethe. He has been praised for his many-sidedness, and the commendation is just. He was master, not only of many modes of poetic invention, but of several sciences. He, as well as Milton, — that high and sacred name, — is an example to show how knowledge may become the handmaid of poetry, and how a poet of the higher class fuses, by the fire of his imagination, the stores of erudition at his command into a mass bearing the stamp and seal of his own genius, and ready to be shaped into any form that he may please to give it, and how his inven-

tion is stimulated rather than encumbered by the large abundance of his materials.

It is far from my intention to enter, at this time, upon an analysis of the literary character of Goethe. It would weary those who have the patience to hear me if I were to repeat what others have better said, and, certainly, I am not disposed unnecessarily to delay the more acceptable entertainments of the evening.

A hundred years — and it is somewhat more than a hundred since his first work was published — have fixed his rank among the great poets of the world. It is true that, on account of the difficulties which attend the task of translating poetry, the reputation of an eminent poet must be somewhat national rather than universal, and his genius must be most perfectly apprehended in the country where his language is spoken. Notwithstanding this, we find Goethe, by general consent, placed among those whose genius is the common possession of nations and whose fame is bounded only by the limits of the civilized world.

I remember a remark of the poet Halleck, that, when a writer of verse begins to be quoted, from that moment he is famous. It is a still surer sign, perhaps, of the extent of his fame when he begins to be made the subject of commentary. I saw it stated, the other day, in a literary periodical, that the writer had found in a catalogue of the Heidelberg University one hundred and twelve commentaries on the poem of "Faust," and all of them in the German tongue. I may venture to say that these are but a part of what has become a special branch of German literature, and, mere rubbish as some of them must be, they attest the power of that poem over the minds of its readers — a poem in which Goethe laid the reins loose upon his imagina-

tion, and allowed it to range without restraint. Few are the works produced, since books began to be written, which have given birth to such a brood of expositions. A strange attraction has kept men hanging over its pages, and prying into its inner meaning. Only the great poem of Dante occurs to me as vying with it in the number and voluminousness of its commentaries.

But the secret force which draws the attention of readers to the poem of "Faust" cannot make them unmindful of the merits of his other writings, — his noble tragedies, full of the results of his power of observing and delineating character; his works of fiction, possessing in no small degree the power of attraction which belongs to his "Faust;" his writings on science, and his exquisite ballads, composed with a perfection of grace and skill beyond which it seems impossible to go. Goethe was a master of expression; the noble German language, as it flowed from his pen, took its fairest and most perfect form, and became a transparent vehicle of the thought. No author of the purest age of Greek literature wielded his own copious language with more power and grace. For, after all, the style is a part of the thought, and a bad style is a distortion of the thought.

In this country of free institutions we cannot make Goethe our model in politics. It is urged against him, with too much show of reason, that, possessing a power over public opinion which would have given effect to his slightest remonstrance against absolute government, he yet acquiesced in its wrongs and consented to become one of those who profited by them. Those who take an unfriendly view of his character complain that he did not care to make men happier so long as his own condition was fortunate and agreeable, nor better, so long as

their moral condition, whatever it might be, ministered to his convenience. He did not admit the truth of this accusation, but claimed that he had labored, during a long life, in overcoming pernicious prejudices and narrow views among his countrymen, in elevating the intellect and purifying the taste of the community, and that his real offence was that he would have nothing to do with party politics. I do not care on this occasion to discuss the question whether this was a satisfactory answer, and willingly draw a veil over the circumstances which might lead to an unfavorable conclusion. Yet, may we not say for Goethe that there is one amiable quality of his character, which he might not have retained had he taken upon himself the troublesome office of a political reformer? I mean the quiet of a contented spirit, which makes the best of surrounding conditions, and converts them, as far as may be into the means of happiness.

But if Goethe was not a reformer in politics he was a reformer in literature. In that province he did not shrink from innovation. In his very first published works, written before his taste was matured, — in "Götz of the Iron Hand" and in the "Sorrows of Werther," — he broke away from the prevalent imitation of French models, and from the cold classicism which was its result, and took his own way to fame. This originality, this courageous self-reliance, marked all his subsequent writings throughout his long literary career.

My friends, the bust of Goethe of which I have spoken, is already landed on our shores, and will soon be unveiled to the public gaze. A place for it will yet be found in our Central Park, where it is to stand for centuries — possibly as long as ships shall enter, from the main ocean, between the fair islands that enclose our beautiful harbor. We shall place this bust of

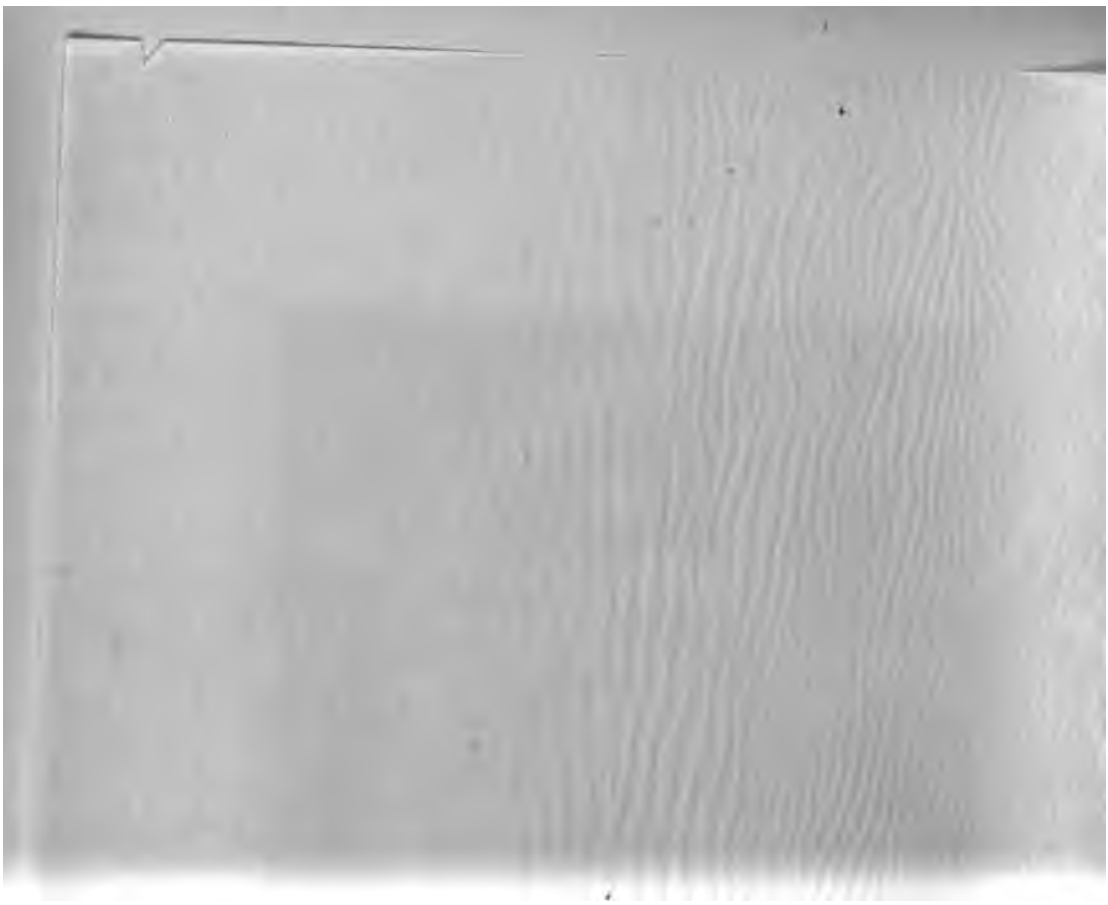
Goethe among a noble company, — with the statue of Shakespeare, the greatest name in all literature; with that of Scott, who translated "Götz of the Iron Hand," and who learned from Goethe to weave the traditions of his own country into recitals of romantic adventure; with that of his countryman Humboldt, to whom the mechanism of the universe was as familiar as the motions of his own watch, and with that of our own Morse, who taught us to charge the electric spark with messages for distant lands, and to prepare for it a path across broad continents and through deep waters. Other statues of those whose lives were illustrious and whose memory is cherished will be set up in the same grounds. That of our countryman, author of the impassioned lyric of "Marco Bozzaris," is even now only waiting to be cast in bronze in order to join the band already there; but late, very late, may the time arrive when the American poet* whose tribute to the memory of Goethe forms a part of the entertainments of the evening, and whose translation of "Faust" has made that poem a familiar volume in our libraries, shall be added, after death, to the number of those whose statues will grace that beautiful pleasure-ground. As the throng of those who resort thither shall pass the sculptured forms of famous personages, may the hope to copy their example in the good which they have done, and to avoid the errors into which they have fallen, if any such are recorded against them, rise in their hearts to make them better men and women for their visit to the spot made sacred by images of the chosen ones who lived and passed away before us.

* Bayard Taylor.



A Watch of the Night.









A WATCH OF THE NIGHT.

By C. A. SWINBURNE.



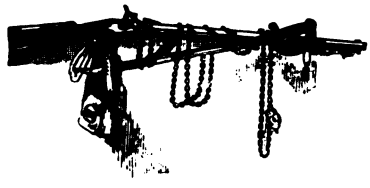
TALY, what of the night?
Ah! child, child, it is long.
Moonbeam and starbeam and song
Leave it dumb now and dark.
Yet I perceive on the height
Eastward, not now very far,
A song too loud for the lark,
A light too strong for a star.

Germany, what of the night?
Long has it lulled me with dreams;
Now at midwatch, as it seems,
Light is brought back to mine eyes,
And the mastery of old and the might
Lives in the joints of mine hands,
Steadies my limbs as they rise,
Strengthens my foot as it stands.

Europe, what of the night?
 Ask of heaven and the sea,
 And my babes on the bosom of me,
Nations of mine, but ungrown.
There is one who shall requite
 All that endure or that err;
She can answer alone;
 Ask not of me, but of her.

Liberty, what of the night?
 I feel not the red rains fall,
 Hear not the tempest at all,
Nor thunder in heaven any more.
All the distance is white
 With the soundless feet of the sun.
Night, with the woes that it wore,
 Night is over and done.

Bernard Poland's Prophecy.





THE TRUE STORY OF BERNARD POLAND'S PROPHECY.

By GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

I DO not pretend to understand it at all. The best theories I have ever been able to form, whether physiological, or psychological, or a mixture of the two, have utterly failed to account for the facts in Bernard Poland's life. I must content myself, therefore, with telling the story, without trying to explain it, and if the reader can guess its riddles he is a subtler philosopher than I.

In the year 1857 I became a student in Richmond College, an institution in the outskirts of Virginia's capital. When I took possession of my quarters in the building, three or four days before the session began, I was an entire stranger to every one there, and, as I had already spent a few years in another college, I knew the importance of using great circumspection in the choice of friends in such a place, so that I was in no hurry to make acquaintances. It was my deliberate purpose, indeed, to avoid all intercourse with my fellow-students, until such time as I should discover who and what they were; but one morning, — the next after my arrival, I think it was, — as I sat in the great stone portico, two students, both of them members of the college during the previous year, stood near me discussing some

matter or other, — I forget what, — the younger bantering and teasing the other by expressing all sorts of unconventional opinions, which his friend took the trouble to combat seriously, greatly to the younger man's amusement, as I could see. Their conversation did not impress me in the least, but there was something about the young man, which fascinated me most unaccountably. His age was about the same as mine. He was very slender, with a thin and not handsome face, rather sharp features, lips on which there was a singularly joyous smile, and great, sad, gray eyes. The mouth and eyes contradicted each other so flatly that I never quite succeeded in persuading myself that they properly belonged to the same face, — that one or the other portion of the face was not hidden behind a mask. The effect was wholly indescribable, and among all the men and women I have ever known I have seen nothing else at all like it.

Now it is a singular thing for one man speaking of another, to say, but the moment I saw Bernard Poland I fell in love with him. I know of no other phrase which at all describes the state of feeling in which I found myself. I felt an unaccountable yearning for his acquaintance. I knew that in that young man I should have all that my soul needed of companionship. His very presence, stranger as he was, satisfied me as nothing else in the world had ever satisfied me before. I dreaded his going away, and determined to make him my chosen intimate at all hazards and all costs. Not that he and I were alike in any way. Indeed, two more utterly unlike people it would be difficult to find or imagine. I was serious; he playful always. I was robust, and inclined to plume myself somewhat upon my muscularity; while he was delicate both in frame and in health, and cared very little for any of the rougher sports in which I took keen delight. Intellectually, too,

we were exact opposites. I was inclined to doubt and to question all things, rejecting all that I failed to comprehend and account for; he was something of a mystic — not credulous, but abounding in faith, and never quite ready to reject anything, however incapable of proof it might be, so long as it was also incapable of positive and conclusive refutation. He was not at all superstitious, but he scouted no superstition which was not manifestly or demonstrably absurd.

All this I learned afterwards, however. At present I saw in him only "the friend of my bosom, — the man I loved," and determined to seek his acquaintance at the earliest possible moment. When he had finished his bantering talk with his fellow-students, he walked away to his room, the door of which was within sight as I sat there in the portico. The other student presently strolled down the roadway leading to the great gates, and he had no sooner gone than Bernard Poland came out again, and, walking up to me, said: —

"You and I ought to be friends, and will be, I think. This is a singular way to introduce one's self, but I can't help it; the moment I saw you I felt myself — well, in love with you, if I must tell the truth."

To say I was astonished, is to express my feeling very feebly. I was *startled*, almost frightened, at his words, which were identically those that I had been revolving in my mind as a possible or impossible introductory address to him.

We were friends at once, — and not friends merely, but a good deal more, and certainly towards no other man have I ever entertained feelings even remotely akin to those with which I always regarded him, though I have known many warm and enduring friendships. We were together all the time, and neither was ever easy out of the other's sight. It

was a strange, wonderful, almost weird, companionship. The students called us Damon and Pythias for a time; then they named us man and wife, — and finally the depth and tenderness of our affection awed them, I think, and they altogether ceased to banter us about it.

During the long vacation, Bernard spent some weeks with me at my home, and I in my turn visited him, and after our college days were done, we missed no opportunity, at whatever cost of trouble, of spending a day or a night together, our affection suffering no diminution, our love knowing no change.

One day in 1858 or 1859, — I am not sure about the year, — we were riding together over a beautiful district in Northern Virginia, talking of a hundred things, and among them a number of metaphysical and psychological questions came up for discussion.

"Do you know," said Bernard, presently, "I sometimes think prophecy isn't so strange a thing, after all, as most people think it. I really see no reason why any earnest man may not be able to foresee the future, now and then, in moments of exaltation."

"There is reason enough to my mind," I replied, "in the fact that future events do not exist as yet, and we cannot know that which is not, though we may shrewdly guess it sometimes. But when we do, we only argue that causes, known or suspected, will produce the results we predict; and that is in no proper sense prophecy, at all."

"Your argument is good, but your premises are bad, I think," replied my friend, meditatively, his mouth wreathed with a smile, but his great, sad eyes looking solemnly into mine.

"How so?" I asked.

"Why, I doubt the truth of your assumption, that future events do not exist as yet."

"Well, — go on. I'm ready to hear your explanation, or your theory, or whatever it is," I said, laughingly.

"Oh! I don't know that the idea is mine at all. I believe others have gone over the ground before me, though I think perhaps my use of the thought is new. What I have in mind is this: Past and Future are only divisions of time, and do not belong at all to eternity. We, living in time, cannot easily divest ourselves of its trammels. We cannot conceive of any occurrence without assigning a time to it, — or, rather, without investing it with an atmosphere of time. To us it must be past or future with reference to other occurrences. But is there, in reality, any such thing as a past or a future? If there is an eternity, it is and always has been and always must be. But time is a mere delusion, — a false medium through which we look at things. As there can be no such thing as time in eternity, there can be no such thing there as a past or a future occurrence. If eternity is anything more than time exaggerated and extended, — if, indeed, there is any such thing as eternity, it is not subject to the laws of time. There can be no past and no future there, but only an eternal present. But if time is thus a false medium, through which we see things not as they are but as they seem, then the absolute truth is not as we see it, but as we should see it if we were in eternity, freed from illusions of time. To a being thus in eternity, all things are and must be present. The truth is an eternal now. What we call past is not past — and what we call future is not future. All things that have been or shall be *are*. That must be the absolute truth regarding them, however impossible it is for us to comprehend it. If this be so, — and it must be, — what we

call memory is only a mode of consciousness, and to know a future event is a precisely similar mode of consciousness. Memory and prevision are only different ways of knowing *a fact which now is*, and I see no reason to suppose that the one is any more truly impossible than the other. I grant that prevision is different, and that in its ordinary time-clogged state, the mind is not capable of discovering those occurrences which to us seem future ones, but it seems to me that there are states of mind in which one rises above the false medium, and sees things as they are. Every true poet is, at times, a prophet by virtue of this exaltation of soul — and all the well-attested prophets were poets of the first order."

My friend had no opportunity to finish, or I to reply to his wire-drawn metaphysics, as we were joined at this stage of the conversation by an acquaintance of the earth, earthy, whose talk was of things material. When he quitted us we were nearing a line of hills, to which Bernard directed my attention.

"There," he exclaimed, "that would make a magnificent battle-field!"

I knew his enthusiastic fondness for the study of military history and military affairs, and was glad of an opportunity to get a field lesson in the matter of attack and defence. In common with most other people who have seen nothing of war, I had never been able to picture a battle in my mind, and in reading history had always found it difficult to comprehend the topographical descriptions of battle-fields, or understand the influence of hill and dale, and copse and stream, upon the issue of a combat. Bernard had mastered the whole subject, and had often moulded in soft earth, for my instruction, miniature but exact representations of many famous battle-fields.

The ground we were on was a chain of hills, crossing a public

thoroughfare, and my friend soon grew enthusiastic in his account of how one army would be posted here, and another there; how the flanks of each would rest upon certain protected points, and how the attacking force would attempt to carry this or that position.

"If the attacking general knows his business," he said, "he will strain every nerve to drive his adversary from this little knoll here, and if he succeeds in planting a battery or two there, properly supported, his enemy will have to charge him out of the place, or reconstruct his own line, and to reconstruct it will cost him half the value of his position. He *must* drive them back, or accept defeat, if they once get the knoll —"

Bernard paused, grew pale, and then said with some little difficulty: —

"Let's gallop away from here."

I followed his retreating form, and when we drew rein again we were a full mile distant from the place of the lecture. My friend had meantime regained his color and his composure, but the old smile was gone from his lips.

"Are you sick, Bernard?" I asked.

"No. I am quite well, thank you."

"Then what —"

"I'll tell you all about it, if you won't laugh at me," he said, the lips resuming something of their ordinary expression.

"The fact is while I was explaining that battle it ceased to be an imaginary one, and became real. I saw the two armies as plainly as I see you, and when they planted that battery there on the hill, driving our forces away, I was among the troops ordered to charge them, and *I fell right there in front of the guns*, riddled with canister shot. I was ahead of the line, for some reason, and just as I fell our men were driven back by a

counter charge, right over my body. My friend, prevision is possible. The battle and my death, right there, are what we call future events; but I knew them as well as I knew anything else. *I saw it all, and I knew it.*"

I was horrified, and tried to draw his mind from the picture he had conjured up. He, seeing my purpose, said: —

"I am not demented; and this doesn't trouble me in the least. It is true, but I am not unhappy about it. I turned pale, as any other man would, with a canister-shot passing through his body. But I am not frightened in the least. I don't know when all this is to happen, and, as we are at peace with all the world, I think it not at all likely that the battle will come soon; but it will come. Now let's talk of something else."

And with that he resolutely dismissed the subject, and never referred to it again.

During the terrible campaign of 1864, my command, after a hard day's march, was sent, at ten o'clock at night, to take post upon the line. And all night long we lay there, expecting the furious onset of the enemy, whose plan it seemed to be to give us no breathing spell, but to keep us perpetually marching or fighting. With the early dawn came the battle, and as daylight revealed the nature of the newly-chosen battle-field, I recognized it as precisely the one Bernard and I had ridden over five or six years before. On my right, less than half a mile away, a furious struggle was in progress. I looked, and saw our troops driven from the little eminence on which he and I had stood. The enemy hurried two batteries forward, and, planting them there, opened a fierce, enfilading fire upon that part of the line in which I stood. I saw at once that if those batteries should remain there, we must retire and reconstruct our line.

We stood firm, however, in the hope that the position might be recovered. Presently an attempt was made to this end. A body of infantry was thrown desperately forward, and straining my eyes with an intensity of eagerness which I had never felt before, I saw one slender form in advance of the line, but a dense volume of smoke immediately shut out the view. It cleared, and the batteries were still there. Our men had been repulsed. A minute later, a second charge was made, and proved successful; but I felt that I had lost a friend there.

The battle over, I scanned every list of killed and wounded I could find, but could learn nothing of my friend. I knew, or thought I knew, that he was not there at all. He had been taken prisoner, and paroled some months before, and when I last heard of him he was quietly pursuing his studies at home, waiting for his exchange. I consoled myself with this, and with the reflection that the partial fulfilment of his prophecy was quite accidental, and constituted no reason for assuming its complete fulfilment. We were on the march or in action all the time, too, and it was not difficult to drive the depressing thought from my mind.

We finally sat down before Petersburg, and, when it became apparent that a long siege had begun, I availed myself of the first opportunity that offered to visit some friends in Richmond.

"Where is Bernard?" I asked of one who was intimate with his family.

"Haven't you heard?" he replied. "The poor fellow was exchanged in the spring, was elected first lieutenant of a company, and was killed, it is supposed, in one of the battles, I forget which. He was in command of his company when it was ordered to charge a battery on a little hill, and his men say he was last seen ten feet in advance of the line, just before a coun-

ter charge drove them back. As the counter charge was preceded immediately by a volley of canister, the smoke hid him from view. But there seems no doubt that he fell, either killed or mortally wounded."

A few days later I received a letter from one of Bernard's brother officers, in which, after recapitulating the facts stated, he went on to say: —

"Before we were ordered to the charge, Bernard requested me, in the event of his death that day, to write you an exact description of the spot in which he fell, saying, 'He will remember it,' though what he meant by that, I have never been able to guess. I have taken this first opportunity, however, to comply with the last request he made on earth."

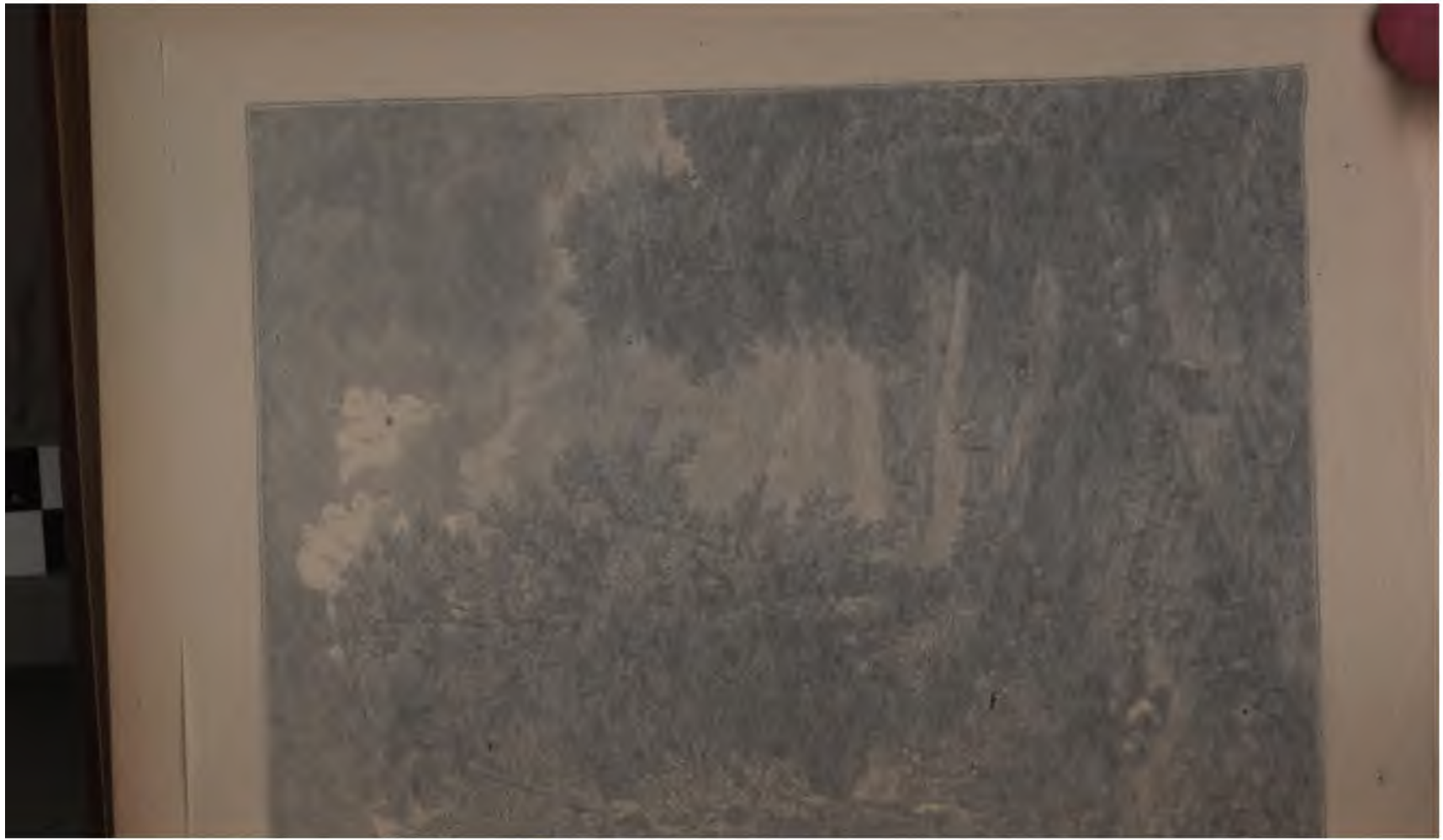
The author of that letter, who now occupies a prominent position in public life, will understand (for I shall see that he has an opportunity to read this) what my poor friend meant in saying that I would remember the spot on which he fell.



OVERRULED.











OVERRULED.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.



S if the poet's pen were free
You ask a merrier song of me,—
The vintage-cheer, the hunter's horn,
The reaper's carol to his corn!

Ah! small the choice of him who sings
What sound shall leave the smitten strings;
Fate holds and guides the hand of art,
The singer's is the servant's part.

The wind-harp chooses not the tone
That through its trembling threads is blown,
The patient organ cannot guess
What hand its passive keys shall press.

As brooks that glide from shade to sun,
As runs the life the song must run;
But, glad or sad, to God's wise end
Doubt not the varying notes will tend.



First Love.





FIRST LOVE.

BY JOHN PAUL.



IRST LOVE! A memory of a stone school-house comes up to me; of its stone porch wherein we lingered to say last words before going in; of the pine benches carven over with names and initials; of the rusty stove around which we hung our mittens and mufflers to dry, and where I always made a place for Eliza's tippet.

For her first name was Eliza. The other name I do not so well remember; it was Walker, I think, but, as I never called her Walker in familiar conversation, the impression is a vague one. Cord-wood was piled up around the school-house, and the next building was a church — stone, like the school-house. How well I remember it, and the towering tin steeple to which I looked up in awe and admiration, as well as to Eliza! I wondered how they ever contrived to build it so high, and in mind compared it to a tower of old — that of Babel. How squat this same steeple looked some years after, when I returned from a visit to the great city, where my soul had perched on the spire of Trinity; nor did Eliza then loom up in my young imagination quite so loftily as before I went out among men. But this is anticipation.

Strange how these memories come up to one, all mingled as it were — an olla-podrida of the past. Eliza, the stone school-

house, the cord-wood and the church — Eliza first, and the church after the cord-wood. The cord-wood first, because we had to chop it up and carry it in; we did not have to do anything of the kind to the church, or I might now remember it better, perhaps.

Looking back across the gulf of all these yawning years, I cannot now say that Eliza was beautiful. But she had flaxen hair, peachy cheeks, and was an excellent grammarian. No poetry ever fell so deliciously on mine ear as the plain statement from her lips that prepositions govern the objective case, and that a verb must agree with its nominative in number and person. And when we got along in our learning, and the good pedagogue put us into Paradise Lost, giving out for us to construe, —

"Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,"

I fairly hung upon her lips, or rather upon her teeth, for "orient pearl" suggested only these to me, while in "rosy steps" I read but a misprint for "rosy lips," and those lips, Eliza's. Anon they parted, and on the stilly school-house air in musical accents fell: — "Now is a nadverb qualifying — um — um — mum — mum — mum — mum," then came a droning as of honey bees, while the different parts of speech were enumerated, and their varying relations to each other definitely set forth. I never could tell what was being said; but when Eliza began, I threw myself back in my seat and listened till the last bee — born to be, to do, or to suffer — had left her lips and become inaudible in the high hum of the school-master's commendations. After that I heard no more, nor did I care to listen, for, to borrow a line from Longfellow, * —

"When she had parsed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

* Evangeline, Part I., i.

Eliza was taller and older than I, an advantage which she shared with the tin steeple, and I have since thought that perhaps this is one reason why I loved her so. For a man must look up to the woman he loves, you know. And she never made a mistake in grammar! Long since she passed through the jasper gates, they tell me; but I am sure she treated St. Peter as a proper noun when she went in, and that she was taken straight to the arms of Lindley Murray, I know. In Paradise Found she must have been perfectly at home, for there was never a snarl in Paradise Lost that could puzzle her. No matter how involved the sentences, though the nominatives played hide-and-seek with the verbs, and ranged themselves round dark corners where no one would have thought of looking for them, and relative pronouns dodged all connected with them — behaving in every respect like rich relative pronouns ignoring poor relations — while remoter parts of speech struggled out of sight, to bury themselves, perhaps, in the cover; still was Eliza too much for them. Patient as a paladin, brave as a beneficiary, she plunged into the tangled jungle of words, seizing the transposed culprits by the collar to drag them back, and set them down where they belonged with a bounce. Not since my schooldays have I opened "Paradise Lost," but I dare be bound that not a single part of speech has since stirred from the place where she then put it.

A distinguished feature of the wood supplied to the schoolhouse for winter use was its greenness. The villagers and farmers all around had seasoned wood for their fires, and why they sent such stuff to the school I do not know, unless because it was in payment of a tax. To get the fire going in the morning was no easy matter, for at first lighting up the sap fried out of the wood, and sputtered and sizzled till the boys, who had got down

on their knees to blow, rose with red faces, and an angry "darn it" on their lips — a darn which was not so much a reference to the frayed knees of their trowsers, I fancy, as a homely expletive utterly inconsistent with the attitude of prayer. Once get the fire going, though, and there was no stopping it, — a peculiarity of green wood, — and besides the damper was gone. A big boy took it to throw at a rat one day, and nothing was ever again see of either rat or damper — both disappeared in a hole together. This was a source of regret to all, for the school-house had little furniture to spare. The damper was quite an ornamental piece of furniture in its way, representing a lion's head, and there was a ring in the nose to slide it by; but the stove itself was as destitute of embellishment as a dry goods box, which it much resembled, save in the one particular of being mounted on legs. When school first went in of mornings the old stove looked so black you would have thought nothing could warm it into cheerfulness, and the room was cold; but along towards recess time the green wood became combusted, there was a roaring noise in the pipe, the sides of the stove were ruddy, even its broad back glowing in patches, and you would have said the room could not well be warmer. Nevertheless, I contrived to make it so on one occasion.

The school, as a school, had been suffering from colds and sore throats, you see, and, as a mild alterative, I sprinkled a little red pepper on the stove, without making any unseemly parade of my purpose. Such a sneezing and coughing was never before seen in a school-house of that size, I fancy; there was quite enough to have filled a larger building. The grammar class had just taken place to recite, and it was the only time I ever saw Eliza put out. She sneezed a simple enough sentence into an inextricable tangle, and spattered adjectives,

adverbs, and other articles, definite and indefinite, all over the ceiling. The school-master, being intent on a past participle, did not notice what was going on in the present till he had sneezed his spectacles out of the window, and thrown two beautiful summersets, one forward and one back; then he opened his mouth to say God bless us, I suppose, but a whiff of the pepper took him again, and that perhaps is why he did not finish the sentence exactly as he began it.

The boys shed a bushel or two of buttons in the course of their sternutation, and the jacknives that had been traded round from one to the other all winter, acquired a new impetus, and flew about in all directions; but the girls were kept too busy with their own affairs to giggle or make any trifling remarks.

Never in the course of a brief but busy life do I remember to have contributed so much to the general enjoyment or furnished equally active employment to so many individuals who had nothing in particular to do, at so small a cost, as on this occasion. Two cents' worth of pepper did it all. It was something to be proud of; but I didn't set myself up as the author of the entertainment at the time, nor do I now speak of it in a boastful way. But, in a day when sinful extravagance too generally rules, it seemed to me that in the best interests of society it were not unadvisable to show the young how much good can be done with a little money, if it be expended with judgment. May I not say that my entertainment was emphatically and literally the success of the Season?

Later on in the winter another little rigadoon which I projected, at the school-house, of course, was less successful, — as a punishment for the extravagant scale on which it was gotten up, perhaps. It was something in the nature of fireworks, as you shall shortly see. We had a singing-school that winter,

and the master was no favorite with us boys. Why, I do not know. Perhaps his hair had something to do with it, for that was "long and lank," — indeed, so was the whole man for that matter, and as his name was "Brown," the quotation would have fitted him accurately all through. For actual color, however, he had a bleached-out sort of a look, and he sang, as he spoke, through his nose. Moreover he wore a swallow-tail coat every day, and carried a cane, which was enough to prejudice any boy, whose respect was worth having, against him. But, worst of all, I suspected him of being sweet on Eliza. There he would stand, evening after evening, and twang his tuning-fork, and pull up his shirt-collar, the while he droned out his monotonous "do — ra — me — fa — so — la — me," and never once take his pasty-looking eyes off Eliza. This was aggravating enough in itself. But he further had a habit of referring to us young gentlemen of the village as "those boys on the back seat," and remarking, in a sarcastic way, that the first thing we knew we'd find ourselves sent home if we didn't make less noise. One eventful evening, while all were sawing away on "Coronation," I leaned over to ask Eliza about some part of speech that occurred in the hymn. The jealous eye of the master was on me, and, after upbraiding me for interrupting the exercises, he told me, in no gentle way, to go, and consider myself excused from further attendance for the winter. I went, and with me went a "following." Down to the store we took ourselves (the plan was mine), and there, clubbing all the money we had in our pockets, we bought a lot of powder, a big bottle, and a piece of safety fuse. It was my privilege to load the bottle and tamp the cork, — it was mine to prepare the mine, in brief, — and I did it bravely. But when it came to placing in the entry and touching it off, I stepped to the rear with that

modesty which has always been noticeable in me. There were older boys on the ground, boys more accustomed to society than I, boys who had been to dancing-school; there was even one boy who had smoked a cigar, — why should I thrust myself brazenly forward? To each boy in turn the honor of being the Guy Fawkes of the occasion was offered; but each in turn declined. It had never occurred to me that I was specially fitted to be the leader of a military enterprise, but the boys suddenly discovered that I had a talent for that sort of thing, and would not listen to my modest disclaimers. I was so cool, you know, I was used to powder, and had loaded the bottle and knew all about it; besides, it was my quarrel any way. Reluctantly enough I stepped forward, the boys all swearing that they would stay by me till the end. But looking back from the entry door, not a boy was to be seen. A few coat-tails were disappearing round the church corner, and some round, black objects that might have been boys' heads were bobbing up and down from behind a pile of lumber conveniently removed; but a real boy, a whole boy, something that a constable could swear was a boy, wasn't to be seen for miles around. Into the entry I stepped and listened. The nasal sounds of command thrilled upon the clear, crisp air, "One — tew — three — si-n-g!" As Coronation struck up I applied the match. Great Cæsar! There must have been some mistake about that fuse; possibly they gave me a quick match instead of a slow one. There was a foot and a half of it at least, — fifteen cents' worth. But before I got out of that entry — and I lost no time in starting — a tremendous bang supplemented the briefest of fizzles, and my back was stuck full of more broken glass than you could dig out in a week. It was painful, but I had no time to examine into the extent of my injuries just then.

A boy was waiting for me behind the church, and I couldn't see him any too soon, though I did look round just once, to see if a procession was coming. Sure enough there was the singing-master, hot with wrath and his hat off, at my heels, his hair streaming out upon the night in a meteoric manner, and his fiddle swung high in air, like the war-club of a cannibal chief. I hurried on with more than the ordinary speed generally observed in me when making for a church. Alongside of the church a lot of wood was corded, leaving but a narrow passage-way between. There was ice in that passage-way unfortunately, and the boys had made a "slide" of it. Going at full speed on that slide I slipped; whether up or down I remember not, and it matters not; the result was the same. Unable to pause in his mad career, the singing-master came on at full tilt, and went crashing over me, a sort of swallow-tailed catapult, full into the wood-pile. I heard the snap of strings, as base and tenor so wildly struck gave one discordant shriek, and then sank into silence forever. The crash of a sounding-board was in my ears, and I knew that the body had gone down in a splintered ruin from which there could be no resurrection. Unfortunately time did not permit me to wait for the full particulars, so, picking myself up as soon as possible, I went on home in a contrary direction. And that night I got into the house with as little noise and display as possible. My back was sore, but, instead of troubling any one downstairs to make a poultice, I woke my brother up, and let him dig out as much glass as he conveniently could with a jack-knife — and he did pretty well, considering. In the morning, while I stood with my hand on the knob of the breakfast-room door, I heard my sister telling of the terrible explosion there had been in the school-house entry the evening before, and how dreadfully frightened they all were. My father remarked that

it was doubtlessly some of the village boys, and that they ought to be severely punished; when I came in he would ask me if I knew anything about it. But, as I didn't want much breakfast, it scarcely seemed worth while going in, so I took a little bread and butter in the kitchen, and slipped off to spend the morning with an aunt, who made excellent gingerbread. When I came home to dinner, my brother said that the singing-master had called with a broken fiddle to see father, and that father remarked, at parting, that he'd settle with me for it. It was evident that Bob had got the story wrong; plainly enough the plan was to set the singing-master up with a new fiddle, and make me pay for it. So I ate my dinner cheerfully, with considerable of an appetite, dropped a few remarks about my studies and the personal interest I was taking in algebra, and then hastened away to my room to work out some difficult problem in unknown quantities. Word was brought up that my father would like to see me in the back parlor, — a room only opened when we had parties or something of the kind. I went down, and the old gentleman asked me to take off my coat, — that he might see me better, I suppose. It comforts me now to think that I never disobeyed my father when he stood within reaching distance. So I took off my coat. That he put his eyes on me, I'll swear, for I felt the lashes; but after it was all over he said he'd pay for the fiddle, and one can buy a good deal of court-plaster with what a fiddle costs, you know; so, bad as it was, it might very well have been worse.

This may all seem rather irrelevant. But I can never recall this first love, without at the same time bringing up a memory of the awful larruping with which it was associated, nor is it easy to say which is the fresher in my recollection. But I do know that after the back parlor had been opened for my benefit, that

Saturday afternoon, Eliza occupied a less prominent place in my thoughts than before. I never could love worth a cent with my back full of broken glass, and it is little wonder that the disparity in our ages became more apparent when seen through such a medium than before. Had she been younger than I, or even had I been older than she, it might have been different. For good grammar is something to build a solid affection upon; in such a case one feels that his esteem has a substantive foundation. Conjugation is the thief of time; but may it not be the key to conjugal happiness as well, enabling one to hopefully grapple with life in all its varying moods and tenses? But, as has before been remarked, love does not develop in the bosom well when one has a smart in his back, and in this instance "the lass" did not "prove an excuse for the glass." Slowly, but surely, the halo faded from Eliza's brow. To be permitted to run of errands for her was no longer my ideal of human happiness, and though my gallantry would not allow me to flatly refuse at first, I found myself doing them by substitution, bribing other and smaller boys with slate-pencils and candy. My ambition to embroil myself in combat with boys bigger than myself, by displacing their mufflers and mittens to make a place near the fire for Eliza's wet tippet, grew less and less; and as for hauling her to school on my hand-sled when the weather was bad and snow was on the ground, I gradually reasoned myself into a conviction that she was quite as well able to walk as my sisters were. I smiled a horrid smile, one day, when she stumbled, and fell into the wrong objective case, although once it would have gone to my soul to see her thus shamed.

As for Eliza herself she took my defection without a pang, apparently. A boy older than I, and better up in grammar as well, took my place as purveyor of sweetmeats and errand boy,

generally. If I was missed at all, it was only because my father kept a store, while his didn't, which enabled me to offer a better selection of dry goods and groceries than he could pretend to. A knowledge of this fact would have been balm to any man, let alone a boy, in a much more important affair of the heart. But what contributed most to my disenthralment, perhaps, was the discovery that Eliza cared very little about me; that my deep-seated affection for her woke into responsive throbbing no answering chord. And this has since let me out of many similar scrapes, with corresponding ease. How it may be with others I do not know, but to find that a young woman in whom I was interested did not shed any particular wealth of young affection in return, was always quite enough for me; I had no further business with her. Want of taste is what I never could forgive.

The story of my first love has been told. There ought to have been more of it, perhaps, but there isn't. And I question if there's much more of any man's first love, or of many of his subsequent ones, either, for that matter. This is the voice of experience. I have been called inconstant. Inconstant, indeed! The truth of it is, I've been constant to more women than the purpose of this brief story would justify me in enumerating. When I speak of love now, I speak assuredly, with a modest consciousness upon me the while that what I don't know about it isn't worth knowing. Time mellows all things, especially disappointments. When I hear that a young man has killed himself because of a disappointment in love, I consider him an unwise person. It would have been much better to study for the ministry. And if he had waited a day or two perhaps there'd have been no necessity for doing either. Why should a man kill himself because he can't marry the

woman he wants to, when every day he sees some man killing himself, simply because he has? So with young women. I've seen a dozen of them, in a heart-broken way, howling over a man who went off and married some other girl in another village, and within a year he kicked three of his wife's ribs in, and was committed to the county jail for an assault on his mother-in-law.

How can I be sentimental over blighted affections, when I've seen so many instances in which it would have been incalculably better for all concerned if a blight had come to them instead of fruition! Because one's affections are blighted, is it any reason that one should be a blasted fool? Make the best of it, young man or young woman, and perhaps you will yet live to make an article out of your first love, as I have out of mine, — it may even become a Laurel Leaf.



A New Christmas Carol.





A NEW CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By R. H. STODDARD.



OF all the merry days of old,
When merry days did most abound,
When cups were drained, and catches trolled,
And hearty healths went round,
The best was Christmas — all the rest
But ushers to this royal guest!

Before he came, from out the wood
The log was dragged, with noisy mirth;
With last year's brand the baron stood
Beside the blazing hearth;
Bring in the Yule log! Light it — more —
Now let the wide old chimney roar!

Within the hall, with ivy hung,
They gather, laughing, high and low;
And maids are kissed, if they be young,
Beneath the mistletoe.
If Care appears, each thirsty soul
Will drown it in the wassail bowl!

He comes — he's here! Let dinner wait
Until the silver trumpets sound.
The boar's head is borne in in state,
With rosemary garlands crowned.
They sing — how does the burden go?
Qui estis in convivio.

What suited feudal days and men
Suits not a later day and race;
Rank has abased itself since then —
Gone is the pride of place.
Except when nature makes them so,
There is no longer high and low.

Put off the crown, put up the sword,
Abhorrent to the heart and mind;
His equal spirit has restored
The manhood of mankind.
Wisely we celebrate His birth,
The benefactor of the Earth.

Wisely and gladly. What was best
Of that old Christmas time is here: —
The merry heart, the ready jest,
The hospitable cheer.
Welcome to all, the rich, the poor, —
Welcome the beggar at the door!



He comes — he's here! Let dinner wait
Until the silver trumpets sound.
The boar's head is borne in in state,
With rosemary garlands crowned.
They sing — how does the burden go?
Qui estis in convivio.

What suited feudal days and men
Suits not a later day and race;
Rank has abused itself since then —
Gone is the pride of place.
Except when nature makes them so,
There is no longer high and low.

[illegible] the crown, put up the sword,
[illegible]current to the heart and mind;
[illegible] spirit by [illegible] stored
[illegible]mon weal of mankind.
[illegible] celebrate His birth,
[illegible]ctor of the Earth.

[illegible] and gladly. What was best
[illegible] old Christmas time is here: —
[illegible] my heart the ready jest,
[illegible]e hospitable cheer.
[illegible] to all, the rich, the poor, —
[illegible]come the beggar at the door!





But merrier be,—the children hear,—
They must not hear a sigh to-day;
Dear hearts, they must not see a tear,
But laugh, and romp, and play.
Gayly the Christmas Eve began
With many a little maid and man.

Looked forward to for days before,
And dreamed about at night, it comes;
They gather at the guarded door,
And their hearts beat like drums.
The door is now flung back, — they see,
Oh, sight of sights, — the Christmas tree!

Green, as if wet with summer dew,
And fairies there did late carouse,
Loaded with toys as if they grew
On its enchanted boughs,
And lighted candles — what can be
More beauteous than the Christmas Tree?

The children of the poor that night
Hang up their stockings by the bed;
For Santa Claus will surely light
Upon the roof o'erhead,
And, stealing in the chamber, share
His gifts among the sleepers there!

Be merrier, merrier, young and old,
 Let nothing cloud this happy day;
Chime, bells, as if ye never tolled!
 And golden moments stay!
Fold — fold your wings, delay your flight,
Prolong this hallowed day and night!

Beneath the cross, beneath the spire,
 Wherever Christian people meet,
Around the cheerful household fire,
 Along the crowded street —
Blessing has fallen, and prayers forgot
Have risen from hearts that knew it not!

Prepare the feast! Unlock the bin,
 Bring out to-night the generous wine;
Bring flowers, and have the children in
 When you sit down to dine.
Prepare yourselves, put on your best,
To honor every Christmas guest.

The dinner waits, and so do we;
 Your arm — this way — find each his place;
The smile on every lip shall be
 Received as silent grace,
Be seated all, draw up, and then,
Fall to like valiant trenchermen!

This turkey is a royal one,
A king on this alone might dine;
The wine — but taste it — bright the sun
That ripened this good wine:
A little for the children, dear,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

John, Master George will take some wine:
Be careful of that lady's dress;
Mother, the children think it fine —
Behold their happiness!
Fill up! for bumpers now I call,
"A health to all! God bless us all!"

We are happy. Would that every heart
In this great city — all the poor
Who herd together, hide apart —
The wronged — the evil-doer —
The desperate who shun the light —
Oh, would that these were so to-night!

For they are men; the worst are men,
And they must live, and they must die;
Look kindly down upon them, then,
Our Father, and be nigh;
Thy hand is strong to help — to save —
Thou art their Judge beyond the grave!

Be pitiful, they must be fed:
Oh, entertain these guests of thine!
Give these, thy hungry children, bread —
Their water turn to wine!
Make them as happy as Thou art,
O Love Divine! Paternal Heart!



Books.





BOOKS.

By A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

I.

"It is a fragrant egotism that disseminates virtuous ideas, and its disseminators, though but clay, may be spoken of in the terms of the beautiful Persian apologue, If not the rose, they have been near the rose, and left its fragrance in their writings."

ONE cannot celebrate books sufficiently. After saying his best, still something better remains to be spoken in their praise. As with friends, one finds new beauties with every meeting, and would abide always in the presence of those choice companions. As with friends, he may dispense with a wide acquaintance. Few and choice. The richest minds need not large libraries. That is a good book which is opened with expectation, and closed with profit.

CHOICE OF BOOKS.

Of books in our time the variety is so voluminous, and they follow so fast from the press, that one must be a swift reader to acquaint himself even with their titles, and a wise one to discern what are worth the reading. It is a wise book that is good from title-page to the end. One masterpiece, fairly mastered, prepares the reader to master the great pieces of litera-

ture. The encyclopedia of details may be left for less occupied and thoughtful moments.

GOOD BOOKS.

Lord Shaftesbury, writing of the literature of his time, thus happily portrays the qualities of a good book: "No work of wit can be esteemed perfect without that strength and boldness of hand which give it body and proportion. A good piece, the painters say, must have good muscling, as well as coloring and drapery. And surely no writing or discourse of any great moment can seem other than enervated, when neither strong reason, nor antiquity, nor the record of things, nor the natural history of man, nor anything which can be called knowledge, dares accompany it except in some ridiculous habit which may give it an air of play and dalliance."

I value books for their suggestiveness even more than for the information they may contain; — volumes that may be taken in hand and laid aside, read at moments, containing sentences that take possession of my thought and prompt to the following these into their wider relations with life and things, on the moment. I am stimulated and refreshed by the perusal of books of this kind, and should esteem myself fortunate if I might add another to the few which the world has taken to its affections.

One reads for thought and for rhetoric not less; if he find his thought more finely conceived and aptly expressed by another, let him not scruple to quote without hesitation or apology. He has the highest authority for the practice. How rich is Plutarch's page, Montaigne's, Bacon's! And what they borrow is of a piece with their own text, giving it added strength and grace. I know the fashion of our time affects disdain of bor-

rowing. But who is rich enough to refuse, or plead honorably for his exclusiveness? Somehow the printer happens to forget his quotation marks, and the credit of originality goes to the writer none the less.

The plea is that quoting often implies sterility and bad taste. Then Shakespeare and his contemporaries were wanting in wit and fine rhetoric. Hear how Montaigne justifies his practice:—

"Let nobody insist upon the matter I write; but my method in writing. Let them observe in what I borrow, if I have known how to choose what is proper to raise or relieve invention, which is always my own; for I make others say for me what, either for want of language, or want of sense, I cannot myself well express. I do not number my borrowings, I weigh them. And had I designed to raise their estimate by their number, I had made twice as many."

One must be a wise reader to quote wisely and well. And then what service is rendered his reader by advertising him where the good things are, besides the modesty of the practice. An author should esteem himself honored by being wisely quoted; his fame is published the more widely, as the volume circulates and is read. Let wit celebrate wit with its own overflowing hospitality. Genius cannot, nor would, claim ownership in genius. It does not know its own, save as this is reflected through itself to its source in original ideas. And fame is sure keeper, covetous always of its possessions, none failing of recognition at last.

Who writes to sensible, unsophisticated minds may trust his work to the wider public with confidence. Only what is wholesome will find general acceptance and endure. If one submitted his writing to a jury of his contemporaries his work would hardly reach a wider publicity.

II.

CRITICISM.

AUBREY relates that speaking of Lord Bacon's History of Henry VII., "Sir John Danvers told me that when his lordship had written this history, he sent the manuscript copy to him to desire his opinion of it before it was printed. Quoth Sir John, 'Your lordship knows that I am no scholar.' ''Tis no matter,' said my lord. 'I know what a scholar can say; I would know what you can say.' Sir John read it, and gave his opinion of what he misliked (which I am sorry I have forgot), which my lord acknowledged to be true, and mended it. 'Why,' said he, 'a scholar would never have told me that.'"

It was just what the scholar's eyes would not discern that Lord Bacon would know, and hence his appeal to a man of the world like Sir John. The skill won from the study of books — the study of rhetoric — is no substitute for thought that comes from dealing directly with affairs. The accomplished scholar has both, and with such aids and attainments he may venture upon criticism of books and affairs with confidence.

Nor can any afford to ignore or undervalue the public sentiment regarding men or books, authors or ideas. Mankind may be inappreciative and unjust at times, but just in the centuries. A work of real merit finds favor at last. It may run the gauntlet of praise and blame, but will, if passed by, honor itself and its author in due time. Doubtless a great author is the better critic of his own productions.

Besides, there is a municipal element in men of fine parts; having shared in the advantages of their country and time, they feel desirous of reciprocating the benefits thrown thus freely upon them, by imparting the finest of their genius to their contemporaries, if not to times following their own.

Literary courtesy is due from contemporary authors to one another respecting their works. I readily excuse silence where one cannot praise, only blame another. But praise is always in fine keeping with friendship, as with the courtesy. That code which carefully abstains from speaking to an author about his book, from a mistaken delicacy, appears to be wanting in real sympathy and refinement of courtesy, and to the extent in which it is practised, vitiates the truest literary fellowship. Even where authors move in different walks of thought, the haughty austerity that disdains to recognize humble merit is unworthy of the liberal scholar and true gentleman. Very true, that not every scholar is competent to pronounce upon the merits of another in provinces of thought, or styles of writing, opposite or differing greatly from his own. Yet this does not debar him from expressing his views diffidently or even critically on the matter. The more character in each, the more sincere and frank the criticism; nor should any pretence of want of time, or preconceived estimate of one's genius, or manner, stand as a sufficient excuse for indifference, or want of perusal. A new work added to literature by a friend or acquaintance is an event of significance, since whoever stands in the close relation of scholar or friend is entitled to a perusal, and a verdict. "'Tis a generous kind of civility to report always the best."

I profess no special partiality for any critic, who, holding balance in hand, weighs eagerly whatsoever of learning comes to his counter. I question whether he is not thinking less of

the quality of the wares, than of the fashion of his scales, never questioning their accuracy or his own levity. Still it must be admitted that these balance-men are not without their usefulness, being convenient for appraising present market values.

The spirit in writings transmits itself through the text to the reader; words are the magnetic wire communicating the temper of the message in the moment. In vain to disguise one's meaning to any who shall peruse the message *uncritically*. The critic may extort a meaning not meant by the writer, but if he use words correctly there can be no doubt as to the author's meaning. A lie in ink is detected as readily as if spoken. Every thought, as every sensation, has its proper atmosphere; the province of literature is to communicate this truly. It is this sincerity of utterance that alone constitutes literature pure and true. It is the perfection of art; the breathing of life into letters.

III.

MOTHER TONGUE.

IT seems superfluous to add that the first and necessary qualification of a scholar is, that he speak and write his mother tongue with accuracy and elegance; and, if time and taste favor, as many of the learned tongues as he may. But first and especially the full command of his own; a smattering in other tongues may suffice for ostentatious display, but is a hindrance rather than help, unless these are studied in subordination to and furtherance of his own. Whose mind is fresh and productive finds his phrase at his tongue's end, as his idea

is born, and has uttered it contemporaneously with the thought. And he shall find, moreover, that some predecessor has given the fit name for the thought.

Language is chronological and synchronous with thought, and as ideas precede and snatch their symbols from things, their etymons date the history of every word. Genius made not the ideas, but clothed them, and thus gave birth to language. Prompt the mind to think, and language follows by instinct. It is not the grammarians who make, but who analyze, speech, after it is spoken and written. And it is remarkable that the better writers have often been known to have attained their excellence without the aid of grammars and lexicons.

Thought is polyglottal, and dives underneath all written speech, inclusive of the etymology of the tongues. The thinker is the Adam giving names to a new-born world of ideas into which he is admitted, and to him and his kind we owe "The new world of words," accumulating from age to age, and of which the several dialects are translations. Add that our tongue, the English, is the simplest and most cosmopolitan, enriched as it is with the spoils of all, and becoming the common speech of the cultured peoples the world over.

"And truly," says Howell, "without interest and passion, let it be spoken, there are in English as true strains of eloquence, as strong and friendly expressions, as elaborate and solid pieces of fancy, as far-fetched reaches of invention, and as full of salt; there are metaphors as faithfully pursued, similes as aptly applied, and as well clothed and girded about, as in any language whatsoever, both in poetry or prose."



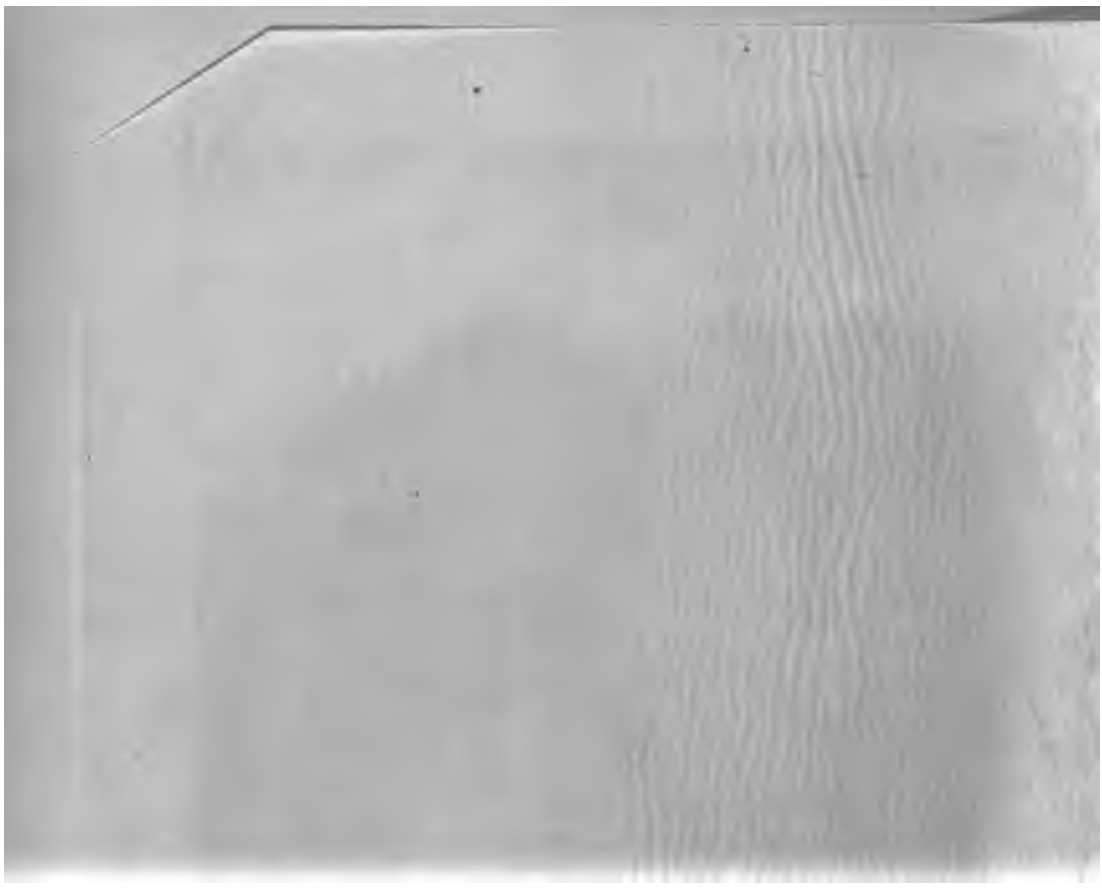


The Market-Cart.













THE MARKET-CART.

By TOM TAYLOR.



UR farm's six miles from market-town, —
Three miles of high-banked lane,
And three across as steep a down
As e'er set team astrain.
But I'd not change that rough six mile
For the smoothest six I know,
For there's a face and there's a smile,
That when that road they go —
Our mare's a slug, but all the while
I wish her twice as slow.

On Saturdays so light a heart
As mine was ne'er on farm;
I help her to our market-cart,
And wrap her soft and warm.
To look at her once made me sad,
Though hopes and hearts are free,
For I am but the farmer's lad,
And the farmer's daughter she;
But of my service now she's glad,
And she's said as much to me.

Our lane runs deep a pleasant mile,
Through hedge-rows close and high;
What lips may do, but talk and smile,
Who knows but she and I?
The fox-glove from the break may leap,
To whisper the bright blue-bell;
The poppy out of the corn may peep,
'Twill blush, but never tell;
If the ox-eyes saw, they'll the secret keep,
They love her face so well.

My dog he'll herd a score of ewes,
Each foot from farm to town;
I'm at her side, I touch her clothes,
Sometimes I lift her down.
Oh! glad are sky-larks when they sing,
And glad are lambs that play,
And glad is young green corn in spring,
And hawthorn-boughs in May,
But earth holds ne'er so glad a thing,
As me on market-day.



A Strange Arrival.





A STRANGE ARRIVAL.

By J. W. De FORREST.

BRIG Betsy Jane, of New Haven, Connecticut, bound for Jamaica, is doing her best to get there.

It is not by any means her "level best," for a fresh tornado has burst from his lair in the Gulf of Mexico, and is blowing all his great guns and marling-spikes down the course of the Gulf Stream, as if he were totally out of patience with that venerable current, and meant to hurricane it off the face of the planet.

The waves rush, rear, tumble, howl, and froth at the mouth, like a mad herd of immeasurable buffaloes. Up goes one to a quivering peak; for a moment it stands, shaking its maniacal head of spray at the heavens; then, with a dying roar, it is trampled upon by its comrades. Onward they climb, roll, reel, topple, and wallow; their panting sides marbled with long streaks and great splashes of foam; their bluish masses continually throwing out new outlines of jagged, translucent edges; their sullen bellows and sharp gasps defying the beak and scream of the tornado. It is a combat which makes little account of man if he comes within range of its fury.

At a distance, the brig appears a stumpy black speck, buffeted, jerked, submerged, and then tossed upward. Now it plunges clean out of sight, as if the depths had gaped beneath

it to their trembling base; now it crawls slowly into view again, as if a miracle had saved it for just another moment. You can see, misty miles away, that the craft has lost her topmasts, and that she is in dire trouble.

At hand things appear even worse than afar. The forty horses and mules, which were being transported for hard labor to the sugar-mills of the West Indies, have been drowned at their fastenings, thrown overboard by the sailors, dragged overboard by the billows. Short, frayed tatters of canvas, and loose, unstranding ends of rope, flutter and snap from the remaining yards. The caboose is gone; the bulwarks have taken to swimming; the water sweeps clean from stem to stern. Under a storm-jib, the only sail that can hold, the only sail that the reeling craft can bear, she is running before the gale. Worst of all, one of the dragging topmasts made a parting, traitorous rush at the stern, and stove a fracture through which the Atlantic spurts and foams.

We will wait a night and day, while the tornado dies into a half-gale, and the sea changes from toppling mountains to sliding hills. Around the wheel, the only upright object on deck, sits a little group of drenched forms and haggard faces, staring with reddened eyes at the restless deserts of ocean. We will spend few words on the black cook, the mulatto cabin-boy, the six gaunt and brown New England sailors, the broad-shouldered, hard-featured mate. Our story more nearly concerns Captain Phineas Glover, and his daughter, Mary Anne Glover.

If the little oyster-planting suburb of Fair Haven ever produced a purer specimen of the old-fashioned, commonplace stock Yankee than "Cap'm Phin Glover," let Fair Haven stand forth and brag of her handiwork in that line, secure from competition. It passed understanding how he could be so yellow,

so sandy, so flaxen, after thirty years of exposure to sun, wind, and sea. How was it that pulling at tackles in his youth had left his shoulders so scant, his chest so hollow, and his limbs so lean? We must conclude that Captain Glover was Yankee all through, and that his soul was too stubborn for the forces of nature, beating them in their struggle to refashion his physique.

But tough as was his individuality, a due proportion of it had melted into paternity. As he looked at Mary Anne's round, blonde face and ringlets of draggled flaxen, he was evidently thinking mainly of her peril. "O Lord! what made me fetch her?" was the all-absorbing thought of Phineas Glover. The girl, eighteen years old perhaps, was still childlike enough to have implicit trust in a father, and she returned his gaze with a confiding steadiness which enhanced his trouble.

"Pumps are played out, Cap'm," said the mate, in the hoarse tone of an over-fatigued and desperate man. "The brig will go down in two hours. We must take to the boat."

"It's lucky we had one stowed away," replied Glover, and paused to meditate, his eyes on the waves.

"Shall we get her up and launch her?" asked the mate, sharply, impatient at this hesitation.

"I wish we hadn't cut the masts away," sighed the captain, after another pause. "If we hadn't, I'd make sail."

"Make sail to Davy Jones's locker? I tell you we see the Dutchman last night. More'n one of us see him."

"I seen him," said the cook, with a deprecatory grin. "An' so did Jimmy."

"Ordinarily I don't mind such stories," continued the mate. "But now you see how things is for yourself; you see that something out o' the common course has been afoul of us; and my

opinion is that it hain't done with the brig yet. Anyway, Dutchman or no Dutchman, this brig is settling."

"I don't believe it, Mr. Brown. Them staves an' bar'ls is a floatin' cargo. She'll go to the water's edge, mebbe, but she won't go a mite farther."

"Now look a here, Cap'm. I, for one, don't want to resk it."

"Nor I," struck in the sailors, and, in a more humble tone, the black cook.

"Wall," decided the captain, "I sha'n't put my daughter in a boat, in this sea, a thousan' miles from land. She an' I'll stay aboard the brig. If you want to try the boat, try it. I don't say nothin' agin it."

A brief silence, a short, earnest discussion, and the thing was thus settled. The boat was dragged out of the hold and launched; two or three barrels of provisions and water were embarked; the crew, one by one, slid down into the little craft; presently it dropped away to leeward. Phineas and Mary Anne Glover called to the adventurers, "Look us up, if you find help," and waved them a sad farewell. The seamen rose from their seats and returned three encouraging cheers. A little sail was set in the bow of the boat, and it stole, rising and falling, toward the setting sun. Night came down on the rolling, water-logged, but still floating brig.

"I tell ye them boys had better a great sight hung by us," said Captain Glover to Mary Anne, as they sat on the upper steps of the gangway and looked down upon the water swashing about the cabin. "She hain't settled a hair in the last two hours. The' ain't a speck o' danger o' founderin'. I knew the wa'n't. Noah's flood couldn't founder them staves an' bar'ls."

"Oh, dear! I wish I was in Fair Haven," blubbered Mary Anne. "If I could only git back there, I'd stay there."

"Come now, cheer up," returned the father, doing his best to smile. "Why, I've been a sight wus off than this, an' come out on't with the stars an' stripes a flyin'. Las' time I was wrecked, I had to swim ashore on a mule, — swum a hundred miles in three days, with nothin' to eat but the mule's ears, — an' as for sleepin', sho! Tell ye that mule *was* a kicker. A drove o' sharks was right after us, an' he kicked out the brains o' th' whole boodle of 'em. Stands to reason I couldn't sleep much."

"O pa! You *do* tell such stories! I sh'd think you'd be afraid to tell 'em now."

"Wall, you don't b'lieve it. But live an' learn. Tell you, b'fore you git home, you'll b'lieve things you never b'lieved b'fore. Why, I got a new wrinkle no later 'n day b'fore yesterday. Many strange things 's I've seen, I never b'lieved till now in the Flyin' Dutchman. You heard what the men said. Wal, I saw him 's plain 's they did. I'm obleeged to b'lieve in him. I sighted him comin' right up on our larboard bow, 's straight in the wind's eye 's he could steer. He run up till he was a cable's length from us, an' I was just about to hail him, when he disappeared. Kind o' went up or down, I couldn't say which. Anyhow, next minute, he wasn't there."

This time Captain Glover spoke with such earnestness that his daughter put faith at least in his sincerity.

"O pa, I wish you wouldn't scare me so," she whimpered. "It's awful!"

"Lord bless you! never mind it, Mary Anne," chirruped the father. "The critter's done all the harm he's allowed to do. 'Taint in his pea-jacket to do wus 'n he has. That's jest the reason why he up helm and put out o' sight. Come, now, we'll have supper; lots to eat aboard. I reckon we've provisions

enough to last three years, an' have a big tuck-out every Thanksgiving. Come, chirk up, Mary Anne. I wish them poor boys was half 's well off 's we be. Why, we can be as happy 's Robinson Crusoe."

All night Mary Anne, as she afterwards related, dreamed about the Flying Dutchman. She saw him steer straight over the meadows to the Fair Haven steeple, and knock it prostrate with one glance through his telescope. He carried her away to caverns under the sea, which were encrusted with pearls and stored with treasure. He sailed with her so fast around the world that the sun was always setting, and yet never got out of sight. His canvas was made of moonbeams, and his hull of the end of a rainbow. When she awoke, at daylight, the first words that she heard from her father were, "Wal, if that aint the Dutchiest Dutchman that ever I did see!"

Leaping up, and steadying herself against the paternal shoulder, she looked across the now gently heaving waters. Was there witchcraft in the world? Had they slept a hundred years in a night, and slept backward at that? Not for two centuries, not since the days of Hendrick Hudson and De Ruyter, had earthly eyes beheld such a sight as now bewildered these two human oysters from Fair Haven. The wildest fancies, the most improbable inventions of Cap'm Phin Glover, were left a long ways astern by the spectacle before him.

"I never see the like," he said, quite forgetting his need of rescue in his wonder. "Dunno whether it's a Dutchman or a Chinaman. The' was a Chinee junk brought to New York that was a mite like it."

Here he suddenly remembered that he was a shipwrecked unfortunate, and burst into a series of shrill yellings, emphasized by wavings of his tarpaulin.

A hundred fathoms distant, right against the broad, dazzling halo of the rising sun, slowly bowing and curvetting on the long, low swell, lay a craft of six or eight hundred tons burden, with a perfectly round bow, capped by a lofty forecastle, and a stern which ran up into something like a tower. Two huge but stumpy masts supported the yards of four enormous square sails, while a third mast, singularly short and slender, rose from near the tiller. Two short jibs ran down to a bowsprit, which pointed upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. Two monstrous tops, fenced around with bulwarks, looked like turrets on stilts. The whole pompous, grotesque edifice was painted bright red, with a wide streak of staring yellow.

It seemed to swarm with men, and they were all in strange, old-fashioned costumes, as if they were revellers in a masked ball, or wax-figures escaped out of museums. The queerest hats, and high-colored jackets, and Knickerbocker breeches, and long stockings, went up and down the shrouds, and glided about the curving decks, and stole out on the pug-nosed bowsprit. On the castle-like poop stood three men in richer vesture than the others, whose hats showed plumes of feathers. Presently these three uncovered their heads, and set their faces steadfastly toward heaven, as if engaging in some act of devotion. This ended, the tallest turned toward the sufferers of the Betsy Jane, made them a solemn bow, and waved his hand encouragingly.

"Wal, if this don't beat all!" said Phin Glover to his daughter. "Now tell me nothin' happens at sea but what happens in Fair Haven. Now tell me I never swum ashore on a mule."

"What is it, pa?" demanded Mary Anne. "Is it a ship, or a house?"

"I declare I dunno whether it's a meetin'-house afloat, or

Noah's Ark," responded the hopelessly bewildered skipper. "I never hailed the like before, not even in picters."

By this time a round-shouldered, full-breasted boat, high out of water fore and aft, had been let down the bulging sides of the stranger. Half a dozen of the grotesque sailors swung themselves into it; then came the tall personage who had made the cheering signals to our shipwrecked couple; in another minute the goose-fashioned craft was bobbing under the quarter of the Betsy Jane. Phin Glover looked at his rescuers in such amazement that he forgot to speak to them. Even when the tall man stepped from his seat upon the deck of the water-logged brig, the Yankee skipper could only continue to stare with his mouth open.

The visitor was in every way a remarkable object. A sugar-loaf hat with a feather, a close-fitting doublet of purple velvet, loose breeches of claret-colored silk tying below the knee, silk stockings of a topaz or sherry yellow, broad, square-toed shoes decked with a bow, and a long, straight sword hanging from a shoulder-belt, constituted a costume which even the wonder-hunting Phin Glover had never before beheld, nor so much as constructed out of the rich wardrobe of his imagination. Moreover, this man had a noble form, a stately bearing, and a countenance which was at once stern and sweet. His gray eyes sent forth a melancholy yet hopeful light, which seemed to tell a history beyond the natural experience of humanity.

His conduct was as singular as his appearance. After one glance at the Glovers, he knelt down upon the damp deck of the brig, removed his hat, and uttered a prayer in some unknown language. Rising, with a face moistened by tears, he approached Mary Anne, took her trembling hand in his, bowed over it in profound humility, and kissed it. Then, before he

could be prevented, he in the same manner kissed the horny fist of Captain Glover.

"Seems to me this is puttin' on a lettle too many airs, aint it?" was the remark of our astonished countryman.

"You are English," returned the other, with a pronunciation which was foreign, and even stranger than foreign. It seemed as if the mould of ages clogged it, as if the dead who had been buried for centuries might have uttered those tones, as if they were meant for ears which have long since been stopped by the fingers of decay.

"No, *sir!*" responded Phin Glover, emphatic with national pride. "Americans! United States of America! Dunno's you ever sailed there," he added, startled and somewhat humbled by a suspicion that there might be countries or ages in which his beloved Union was not, or had not been, famous. He was a good deal confused by what was happening, and could not think in perfectly clear grammar or sense.

"You speak English," continued the stranger. "I also have learned it. During five years I abode in London. Inform me of the state of the gracious Queen Elizabeth."

"Queen Elizabeth!" echoed Captain Phin Glover. "Why, good gracious! you don't mean the old Queen Elizabeth! Come, now, you don't mean to say you mean *her!* Why, bless your body! that's all gone by; improved off the face of the earth; holystoned out of creation. Queen Elizabeth! She's dead. Been dead ever s' long. Didn't you know it? Shipmate, tell a fellah; aint you a-jokin'? Where upon earth do you hail from?"

"From Amsterdam. I have voyaged to the Indies and am returning to Amsterdam."

"Amsterdam! Queen Elizabeth — The Flyin' Dutchman, as

I'm a sinner!" exclaimed Phineas. "Shipmate, *be* you the Flyin' Dutchman?"

"I know not what you mean," answered the stranger. "I am, however, a Hollander, and I am flying from the wrath to come. I am a great criminal who hopes forgiveness."

"That's right, — that's orthodox," chimed in Glover, who always went to church in Fair Haven, though indifferent to divine service in foreign parts. "But bless my body! Queen Elizabeth! The Flyin' Dutchman! If this don't beat all! Now tell me I didn't swim ashore on a mule. Tell me I never rigged a jurymast on an iceberg, an' steered it into the straits of Newfoundland. Shipmate, I'm glad to see ye. What's the news from Amsterdam?"

"Alas! it is long since I left there. I know not how long. When I left, Antwerp had lately been overcome by the Spaniards."

"By the Spaniards? Never heerd of it. Wal, cheer up, shipmate. Since you quit, the Dutch have taken Holland, every speck an' scrap of it."

The stranger's eyes beamed with a joy which was at once patriotic and religious.

"What might your name be?" was the next remark of our countryman.

"Arendt Albertsen Van Libergen."

Captain Glover was silent; such a long title awed him, as being clearly patrician; moreover, he did not feel capable of pronouncing it, and that was embarrassing.

"You must now come upon my vessel," continued the Hollander. "Yours cannot be got to land."

"How 'bout the cargo?" queried Glover. "Bar'ls an' staves — wal, no use, I s'pose — can't be got up. Some provisions,

though. Might take 'em along, an' allow me something for 'em."

"Our provisions never fail," returned Captain Van Libergen. "Come."

They stepped into the boat; the old-time sailors fell back on their old-time oars; in two minutes they were mounting the sides of the Flying Dutchman. If Phineas and Mary Anne Glover had been led into the Tower of London or the Museum of Dresden, they could hardly have discovered a more curious medley of antiques than saluted their gaze on this singular craft.

"The bul'arks was five feet high," our countryman subsequently related. "The' was at least three inches through, — made for fightin', I should jedge. The' was four big iron guns, 'bout the size o' twenty-four pounders, but the curiousest shape y' ever see, an' mounted, Lord bless you! Sech carriages 'd make a marine laugh nowadays. Then the' wa'n't less 'n a dozen small brass pieces, dreadful thin at the breech, an' with mouths like a bell. I see some blunderbusses, too, with thunderin' big butts, and muzzles whittled out like the snouts of dragons. Fact is, the' had all sorts of arms, spears, an' straight broadswords, an' battle-axes on long poles, an' crossbows, — y' never see such crossbows in Fair Haven.

"The decks was a sight," our narrator proceeded. "They run scoopin' up for'ard an' scoopin' up aft. The fo'kesle an' the quarter-deck looked at each other like two opposition meetin'-houses. The fore an' main masts was as stumpy 's cabbage-stalks. As for her riggin', she was a ship, an' yet she wa'n't a ship. However, on the whole, might 's well call her a ship, considerin' the little mizzen by the tiller. But the' ain't a boy in Fair Haven don't draw better ships on his slate in school-

time, when he oughter be mindin' his addition 'n subtraction. As for the crew, y' never see such sailors nowadays, not even in picter-books. The' looked more like briguns in a play than like real seamen. A Weathersfield onion-sloop wouldn't ship such big-trousered, long-stockinged lubbers. Put me in mind o' Greeks, most of anything human. But the' was discipline among 'em. Tell ye the' was mighty ceremonious to the skipper an' his mates. Must allow 'em that credit. The' was discipline."

Phineas Glover's wonder did not abate when he was conducted into the cabin of the Flying Dutchman. All was antique, — the carved oaken wainscoting, the ponderous sideboard of Indian wood, the mighty table, set with Delft ware and silver flagons. Amid this venerable, severe elegance stood two gentlemen and a beautiful lady; the former attired much like Van Libergen, the latter in what seemed a court costume of other days.

"These are Adraien Van Vechter and Dircksen Hybertzen, my cousins," said the Flying Dutchman. "And this is Cornelie Van Vechter, the wife of my cousin. They speak no English, but they desire me to say that they rejoice in your deliverance, and that they are your humble servants."

"When a woman's as putty as that, an' can smile as sweet as that, she don't need no English to make herself understood," returned Captain Glover, gallantly. "Tell 'em they can't be no humbler servants to us than we be to them."

The lady now advanced to Mary Anne, took her hand with another charming smile, and placed her at table. Van Libergen went through the same gracious formality with Phineas; and the other two Hollanders, after bowing to right and left, seated themselves.

"But before we took a mouthful," relates our minute and veracious countryman, "the Flying Dutchman stood up an' asked a blessing which I thought would last till we got to Amsterdam. Never see a more pious critter. If he could manhandle a blessing that long, he must have had a monstrous gift at prayer."

By the way, Captain Glover was boggled, as we may suppose, by the outlandish names of his new acquaintance, and especially by that of the commandant. The title of a celebrated cheese, which he had partaken of in lager-bier saloons, came to the aid of his memory; and he found it convenient, during his stay on the famous sea-wanderer, to address Arendt Van Libergen as Cap'm Limburgher.

The meal was served by dark men in white apparel, whom Mary Anne took to be "some kind of niggers," but whom her father guessed to be "Lascars." In place of tea and coffee, there were vintages of Spain, taken perhaps from some captured galleon. The glorious old wine! Captain Glover had never tasted the like before, not even at his owner's in New Haven. Under its incitation, he came out strong as a conversationalist, telling the story of his shipwreck and not a little of his previous life, and throwing in some of those apocryphal episodes for which he was celebrated. He was particularly splendid in describing a religious procession which he had seen in Havana.

"Most wonderful sight!" he said. "Two miles of priests, and every one of 'em with a wax-candle in his hand, as big — as big as the pillars in front of the State-House!"

"O pa!" protested the abashed Mary Anne, with an alarmed glance at her august hosts, "you don't mean as big as the pillars in front of the State-House."

"Yes, by thunder!" insisted the captain; "*and* fluted from top to bottom."

But, if our countryman slightly surprised his entertainers, they prodigiously and perpetually puzzled him. Their inquiries were all concerning matters so out of date, so far beyond his tether! They asked about the siege of Antwerp, the surrendry of Brussells and Ghent, the reported mutinies of Walloons, the prospect of armed succors from England. After endeavoring to draw some information on these subjects from the abysses of his subjective, and finding that he was floundering into various geographical and chronological errors, he frankly acknowledged that he was not logged up in Dutch politics, having had little chance of late at the newspapers. And when they spoke of the Prince of Parma, William of Orange, Maurice of Nassau, the Earl of Leicester, and Henry of Navarre, he feared that he was not making things very clear to them in asserting that those old cocks were all as dead as General Washington. This statement, however, produced a painful impression upon his auditors.

"Dead!" sighed the beautiful lady. "Then others also have passed away. Are we only to find those we love in the grave?"

"And are we not dead ourselves?" sadly yet firmly replied Captain Van Libergen. "Did not our due term of life long since close? Only the signal mercy of Heaven has preserved us on earth until we could repent of our great sin. Perhaps, when the expiration is complete, we also shall suddenly cease to be."

"Let's hope not," replied Phineas Glover, always cheerful in his views. "But come, about the dates; time of Queen Elizabeth, you say. Why that was settlement of Virginny. That was 1587, wa'n't it, Mary Anne? Wal, if 'twas 1587, then, as this is the year 1867, 'twas two hundred 'n eighty years ago.

Why, shipmates, if your log is correct, if you left Amsterdam when you say, you've been on the longest cruise ever I heerd of. Two hundred 'n eighty years out o' sight o' land! Jerusalem! I'd ruther live ashore all the while."

When these words were translated to Cornelie Van Vechter, she covered her face with her hands, moaning, "All dead! all dead!"

"I knew it was thus," sighed Arendt Van Libergen; "and yet I weakly hoped that it might be otherwise."

"What! hain't you kep' no log, shipmate?" demanded Phineas Glover.

"How could we believe it?" replied the Hollander. "How could we believe that were even as the Jewish Wanderer?"

"Jewish Wanderer? Wandering Jew, s'pose ye mean. Wal now, Cap'm Van Limburgher, I'll tell ye what it all means. You're the Flyin' Dutchman; that's just what you are; now take my word for it, an' be easy; I've heard of ye often, an' dunno but what I've seen ye. You're monstrous well known to sailors; an' on the whole I'm glad I've come acrost ye; though seems to me, 'twa'n't quite han'some to sink the Betsy Jane; that is, unless you was under some kind o' necessity o' doin' it. Yes, *sir*; you're the Flyin' Dutchman; bet your pile on it, if you're a bettin' man."

"But what in the name of thunder is it all for?" he added, after a moment of curious and puzzled staring at the famous wanderer; "what makes ye go flyin' round, sinkin' ships an' sailin' in the wind's eye, an' raisin' Nipton generally? Why don't ye go into port? Tell ye the whole United States would turn out to give ye receptions an' hear ye lecter! The Ledger 'd give ye a hundred thousan' dollars for your biography, written by your own fist. Might pile up a million in five years.

Must be mighty fond o' cruisin'. Make money by it? Sh'd think y'd want to slosh round on shore, once in a century, at least."

"It is my punishment," replied the rover, with an affecting solemnity and humility. "I am a great criminal."

"Waterlogged the Betsy Jane, certin," muttered Glover, in spite of a jog on the elbow from Mary Anne.

"You shall hear our tale," said Captain Van Libergen, signing to the Hindoo servants to leave the cabin.

"Sh'd be delighted to put it in the papers," observed our countryman. "The Palladium or the Journal would either of 'em snap at it."

"I was mad to be rich," began the Flying Dutchman. "I desired wealth, not for its luxury, but for its power. Sometimes, in the midst of my hardness towards other men as I grasped at gold, it occurred to me that some day a fitting retribution would descend upon my head. A voice within sometimes whispered, 'In that thou art living for thyself alone, thou art denying Him who died for thee; an appointed hour will come when thou wilt be subjected to a last trial; and then, if thou choose the evil, thy punishment will be great.'

"Yet I continued covetous and pitiless, and I made these men who voyage with me like myself. This vessel is freighted with the tears and sweat of the Indies, wrung out by me into gold and precious merchandise. Knowing that the sooner I gained my native land the greater would be my profit, I swore that nothing should detain me on my voyage. Horrible oath! kept with the faith of a demon! punished with the wrath of God! On the ninetieth day, when we were within a hundred leagues of Amsterdam, I saw a wreck with two persons upon it. My cousin Cornelie Van Vechter implored me with tears to

turn aside and save them. Monstrously cruel, I refused to waste the time, and steered onward. Then, even as we passed, a far-sounding voice, surely not the voice of a mortal, called from the sinking ship, 'Sail forever, without reaching port, until you repent!'"

"Cornelie Van Vechter cried: 'It was Christ upon that wreck, and you have forsaken him, and he has doomed you.' Had she been a man, I would have stricken her down, I was so hardened in heart. But she had perceived the truth; she had divined our punishment. Alas! she, the innocent, as so often happens on earth, was fated to share the reward of the guilty. Since that time we have sailed, we have sailed, we have sailed. No land. Nothing but sea. We cannot anywhere find the blessed land. We find nothing but a vast hell of ocean. Oh, the hell of illimitable ocean! Time, too, was no more. We have kept record of time, without faith in it. For a while we laughed at our calamity, as we had mocked at our sin. We could not believe that our friends were dead; that the world of our time had passed away; that we were strangers to the human race.

"Another horror! we were fated to witness all wrecks that be upon the sea. Wherever a vessel went down, amid howlings of waves and shrieks of sailors, thither we were borne at the speed of lightning, always in the teeth of gales. No struggling and crying of desperate men on the ocean, for near three centuries, but what these eyes have seen and these ears heard. From tempest to tempest we have flown, always, always beaten by opposing billows, discovering strange seas only to find new horrors. And, amidst all this, my heart has remained so hardened that I would not wish to succor one perishing soul.

"At last, wearied with struggling against the Almighty,

crazed to see once more the sweet earth for which Christ died, we repented. Yesternight I called my crew together and confessed my sin and besought the mercy of God. A voice answered me from the abysses of the stars, saying, 'Succor those whom I shall send, and find grace!'

"At dawn this morning I beheld you on your wreck, and I turned aside to save you."

During this relation Cornelie Van Vechter wept so piteously that Mary Anne Glover cried aloud in sympathy. Even the commonplace soul of Phineas Glover was moved to suitable thoughts.

"Wal, Cap'm, it's a most surprisin' providence," he remarked, with solemnity. "An' the' 's one thing, at the end on't, that p'r'aps you don't see. It's consid'able of a come-down for you to pick up an' make so much of two poor critters like us. We're middlin' sort o' folks, Cap'm; we aint lords an' ladies, like what you've asked about; we're no great shakes, an' that's a fact. I begun my seafarin' life as a cabin-boy, an' Mary Anne has shelled her heft in oysters, over an' over. Pickin' *us* up, an' kissin' our hands an' all that, is a kind o' final test of your humility.

"Wal, it's a most edifyin' narrative," he continued, after a thoughtful pause. "It's better 'n many a sermon that I've sot under. I see the moral of it, as plain as a marline-spike in my eye. You want to git to port; you won't help a feller-critter in distress; consequently you don't git to port. Why, our great Republic, the United States of America, — dunno 's you ever heerd of it, — has had some such dealin's. We run alongside them poor niggers; we might 'a' helped 'em an' sent 'em to school an' civilized 'em; but all we did was to use 'em in puttin' money into our puss. Consequently we've had a dreadful

long voyage over a sea of troubles, an' hain't got quite into port yit. However, you don't know what I'm jawin' about; an', besides, I'm takin' up the time of the company. Gentlemen, go on!"

No one responding, Captain Glover raised his flagon of Manzanilla to his lips, with the words, "Here's better luck nex' time!"

Thus closed this remarkable breakfast, seldom paralleled, we venture to say, on this planet, however it may be on the others.

Now came an interesting week on the Flying Dutchman. What most struck Captain Glover, as he has repeatedly informed us, was the solemnity and religious aspect of all on board.

"They seemed to be awfully convicted, and yet they seemed to entertain a hope," were his words. "They had a kind o' tender, humble look, mixed with a sort o' trustin' joy. Certinly it was the most interestin' occasion that I ever see, or expec' to see. Jest think of the Flyin' Dutchman an' his whole crew gittin' religion together. Father Taylor would 'a' given his head to be aboard o' that ship in such a season."

Our level-headed skipper took a deep interest also in an examination of the far-famed wanderer's cargo. Arendt Van Libergen led the two Glovers through what portion of the hold was accessible, and showed them such treasures of spice, gums, India silks, gold-dust and ornaments, pearls and precious stones, as no Fair-Havener ever gazed upon before.

"Beats the oyster trade, don't it, Mary Anne?" remarked our countryman. "Cap'm Limburgher, you probably don't realize the value of our American oyster. It's the head sachem of shell-fish for cookin' pupposes. Every free white native American citizen eats his forty bushels annually. You can

estimate by that the importance of the openin' business; an' Fair Haven is the very hub an' centre an' stronghold of it. Nary gal in the village but can knife her sixty quarts daily. Mary Anne here is a splitter at it. It's made heaps of money for the place. But, compared with your trade, compared with dealin' in the gold an' silver an' diamond line, sho! why, Cap'm Limburgher, you're one of the merchant princes of the earth. Your ship puts me in mind of Zekiel's description of the galleys of Tyre and Sidon. Model about the same, too, I sh'd reckon."

Except by a profound sigh, Arendt Van Libergen made no response to these flatteries. He pushed aside with his foot a bag of gold-dust, as if he considered it dross, indeed, and ensnaring dross.

"S'prisin' how well preserved things be," continued Glover. "Now, here's this allspice, 's fresh 's if 'twas picked this year, 'stead of two hundred an' eighty years ago."

"It is a part of our punishment," returned the Flying Dutchman. "Our wealth was forbidden to decay, and yet we were forbidden to use it. We could gaze upon it in all its freshness, and yet we could not land it at our homes. In the midst of it we have known that it was not ours. Surrounded by the fruit of our desires, we were under a curse of barrenness."

"And here am I, under a cuss, without a red cent," was the natural reply. "Cap'm, I declare I'd like to swap cusses with ye."

"Take what pleases you," answered Arendt Van Libergen. "It is now of no value to me."

"Now, really, Cap'm, don't want to rob ye," protested Phineas Glover. But, bent downward by his poverty and his avarice, he commenced filling his pockets with gold.

"Catch hold, Mary Anne," he whispered. "Take what's offered ye, 's a good old text."

But in the girl's soul there was a fine emotion which would not permit her to clutch at the wealth which dazzled her eyes. A profound pity for the woes of these fated wanderers had rapidly risen into love as she had watched from day to day the noble bearing and mournful beauty of Arendt Van Libergen. Not for all the treasures that were in his galleon would she have grasped for greed in his presence. She stood upright, her lashes gemmed with tears, gazing at this strangely doomed being.

He caught her glance; he gave her one sad, sweet smile in reward for it; then he selected a string of priceless pearls and placed it around her neck. One of her tears wet his hand, and he murmured, "Thanks for pity."

They now went on deck, Captain Glover's numerous pockets cumbrously stuffed with gold-dust and idols, and Mary Anne bearing naught but the string of pure pearls.

Meantime, the Flying Dutchman is sailing before a fair wind towards Amsterdam. The curse is lifted; the vessel is not now different from all earthly craft; she no longer flies in the teeth of gales, surrounded forever by billows; she is like other ships in her dependence upon the laws of nature; but she is favored with fortunate breezes and a smooth sea; she seems to know that at last she is bound home.

On a sunlit summer morning — on such a cloudless and dewy morning of grace as forgiven phantom ships are wont to enter port — the Flying Dutchman arrived off a low, green coast, within sight of the masts, roofs, and towers, of a great city.

"That's Amsterdam," confidently declared Captain Glover, who had never before crossed the ocean. "There the old town

is, jest as I left it last, an' jest as you left it, I'll bet a biscuit. There's the State House — I s'pose it is — an' all the meetin'-houses — the 'Piscopal, 'n' the Methodis', 'n' the Congregational. Take the word of an old sailor, you'll find it all right ashore, an' everybody turnin' out to shake hands with ye. See all your friends and family before night, Miss Van Vechter."

"Will the dead arise to greet us?" sighed Cornelie Van Vechter, when this cheerful prophecy was translated to her.

"Wal, now, 'taint certin they be dead," argued Captain Glover. "There was Joyce Heth, in our country — Barnum did say and swear she was a hundred an' thirty-two year old — an' she nothin' but a nigger, with no chance for proper eatin' an' no medicines to speak of. An' there was old Tom Johnson, of Fair Haven. *I* never heerd anybody pretend to deny that he was less 'n two hundred. That's a positive, solemn fact," declared the cheerful captain, looking a little embarrassed under the lady's mournful gaze.

"Now in your time," he continued, "folks had powerful constitutions, an' necessarily lived to a good old age. Why, it stands to reason you'll find *some* of 'em all alive and frisky. An' glad to see ye! Sho!"

"Alas!" murmured the beautiful Hollander, "if they live, they will be broken with years, and they will not know us."

"Let us deceive ourselves with no false hopes," said Arendt Van Libergen. "We are the dead going to the dead."

"Now that aint my style, Cap'm Limburgher," protested Glover. "Hope on, hope ever, is my motto. If't hadn't been, I never sh'd a' come ashore many a time when I've gone to the bottom, or fit with white bears for a squattin' right on an iceberg."

A glance, not of disdain, but of devout pity, fell from the rover's eyes, and silenced the babbling skipper.

A Dutch pilot, who now boarded the vessel, was so dumfoundered at its build and the appearance of its crew, that, while he remained upon it, he did not utter one syllable. He stood, blanched with fright, at the clumsy tiller, and made signs as to the management of the nondescript rigging. Our garrulous countryman sidled up to him, and sought to engage him in conversation. Whether the pilot understood English or not, he made no reply further than to clatter his teeth with terror.

And now, as they approached the wharves, a strange, awful transformation began to steal upon the crew of the Flying Dutchman. The green water of the harbor seemed to commence the dissolution of that charm which had kept them youthful through nearly three centuries. Phineas Glover, glancing at Arendt Van Libergen, noticed that his chestnut hair was streaked with silver, and that his face, lately so smooth and hale, was seamed with wrinkles. Turning to Cornelie Van Vechter, he saw that she, too, had lost the freshness of her young beauty, and taken on the tints and bearing of middle age.

"I've heerd o' folks gittin' gray in a night," muttered the startled skipper; "but this is the first time I ever see it. Tell me now I never steered an iceberg."

Moment by moment this fearful change of youth into age proceeded. Soon Arendt Van Libergen sat feebly down on the gangway steps, a decrepit, snowy-haired old man, with no beauty but a smile of devout resignation. Cornelie Van Vechter, now an ancient matron, clung to the shoulder of her suddenly venerable husband. Gray-headed sailors, their locks momentarily growing whiter, and their bronzed faces paling to the ashy hue of age, slowly and weakly coiled away ropes which seemed to be falling into dust. The change reached the ship;

every fathom toward land opened cracks in the bulwarks; the masts began to drop in dry-rotted slivers; the sails lay on the yards in mouldering rags.

Suddenly terrified, Captain Glover seized Mary Anne, rushed with her to the castle-like quarter-deck, and sought refuge behind the trembling pilot. The girl was crying. "Oh, he must die!" she whispered; "I shall never see him again."

Looking towards Arendt Van Libergen, Glover beheld him, feeble with extreme age, deadly pale and gasping. Beyond him lay Cornelie Van Vechter, Adraien Van Vechter, Dircksen Hybertzen, and all the sailors, all prostrate, all breathing out their little remaining life, yet all with a sweet smile of resignation on their indescribably ancient features.

At this moment the vessel neared the wharf. With a loud scream the Dutch pilot sprang across decaying timbers, leaped the space between the bulwarks and the shore, and disappeared in the labyrinth of the living city. Over the dust of vanishing planks Phineas Glover and his daughter followed, tumbling upon the flagging of the landing-place. They heard the ship touch behind them, with a soft, rustling noise, as of mere mould and fungus. They turned to gaze at her, but she had disappeared. A great dust filled the air; it hid her, as they thought, from their sight; it descended slowly and noiselessly into the green waters; and, when it was gone, nothing was left; the Flying Dutchman was no more. But, high above the spot where she had been, sweeping first clearly and then faintly into the heavens, rang a sweet music of many joyous voices, a chant of gratitude and of deliverance.

The Glovers, staring down into the mysteriously whispering wavelets, saw only a cloudy settling of pulverous matter, which each instant grew thinner, and soon was naught. Clear, green

water, woven through with strands of sunlight, rolled over the last mooring-place of the famous sea-wanderer.

"Wal, that beats square-rigged icebergs," mumbled Captain Glover. "Lord! how full the world is of wonders; yes, and of disappointments! I did expec' to git some kind of commission out of that chap, an' make my fortune. However, I've got some gold dust an' idols."

He touched his pockets; they were flat against his ribs. He rammed his hands into them; they contained only a corroded solution. He looked for the chain of pearls; it was still around Mary Anne's neck. The wealth which he had hinted his desire for, and which he had so eagerly clutched at, had vanished. Naught remained but the pure offering of gratitude to pity.

Such is the story of the return of the Flying Dutchman from his long cruise, as related to us by the worthy and reliable Captain Phineas Glover, of Fair Haven.





The Leap of the Knight.











THE LEAP OF THE KNIGHT OF ALTENAHE.

By CANON KINGSLEY.

[The following poem, by the late Canon Kingsley, was read by him before the members of the Allston Club, Baltimore, Md., during his visit to the United States, and was given by him to them in token of the pleasu.e he had experienced at their hands. It was never published, and the original manuscript, from which this is set, is the only copy known to be in existence.]



O the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and done !
Then bring me a draught of the red Ahe wine—
I never shall drain but this one.

And bring me my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead me him round to the door ;
He must take such a leap to-night, perforce,
As steed never took before.

I have lived my life, I have fought my fight,
I have drunk my share of wine ;
There ne'er was a Knight, in wrong or in right,
Led a merrier life than mine.

I have lived by the saddle for years a score,
And if I must die on tree,
The old saddle-tree that has borne me of yore
Is the properest timber for me.

And now to show Bishops, and Burghers and Priests
How the Altenahe hawk can die:
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly.

He harnessed himself by the pale moonshine;
He mounted his steed at the door;
He drained such a draught of the red Ahe wine
As man never drank before.

He spurred his old horse, and he held him tight,
And he rode him out over the wall,
Right over the cliff — straight into the night —
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning, down there in the glen,
With never a bone of him whole;
But God may yet have more mercy than man
On such a bold rider's soul.

A Moonglade.





A MOONGLADE.

By T. W. HIGGINSON.



HERE is no Americanism more graceful than the word "moonglade," which is used along our New England coast to designate that path of light which lies beneath the moon upon the sea, and appears to descend from the horizon to the place where each observer stands. This broad and luminous track is as distinct from the expanse around it as is a path through the forest from the surrounding trees; and both alike offer a vista for the imagination as well as a delight to the eye. The forest-glade lies open to an endless procession of nymphs and fairies; and it needs little effort to people it with Guenevere and Launcelot, Oriana and Angelica, Janet and Tamlane. But visionary forms yet dearer may be summoned to descend to us along the moonglade; water wraiths and mermaids, Undine and Kühleborn, the barge of the maid of Astolat, and the departing fairies who own Ariel's sway. And along its smooth and glimmering track an imaginative writer — Mrs. Austin — has lately bade a little maiden ascend in return, seeking in the moon the whole mythology of childish romance. Yet, after all, there is needed no play of fancy; the beauty of the scene is enough; and the changes of the moon, and its reflection, are so

continual and wayward that they seem to possess half-human attributes, and to claim a biographer of their own.

I look down the bay from a shadowy piazza, whose woodbine arches make a foreground for the view, — a foreground as graceful as that vine-covered balcony in Amalfi photographs, where the meditative monk forever leans. No such recluse is here; but, as I watch, there are young men and maidens pacing to and fro beside me, and to them the moon is only one of the innumerable benignities with which nature smiles on youth and love. The moon offers no objections, makes no complaint of their happy self-absorption, for she too is absorbed in laying down her own path of glory on the sea, — as it was in her beginning and shall be till her ending, even when these children of a day, and their children's children, shall have ceased to watch her light. That path of glory pulsates and vibrates; too lustrous to be called silvery, too pale to be likened to jewels or to gold. In some moments of deep calm it is still, and seems almost solid, like a molten surface; but the very slightest ripple stirs the whole into tremulous motion, and the particles of light begin to run and flow together, yet never quite fusing, as snow-flakes appear always to fall and never to alight. Sometimes the luminous track seems to arrange itself into almost regular nodes of deeper intensity, with paler tracts between; here and there it narrows unaccountably; then spreads itself into great lateral capes and promontories; then has spaces of absolute darkness, bounded by brilliant illumination. There are moments when the whole body of light is intensified, without the slightest apparent reason, — when the shadow of every mast takes a sharper distinctness on the glittering surface, and at the next moment the shadow is broken and grows confused. When the water is very still, there is not only a shadow of every object, but a re-

flection of it, and while the shadow sweeps round with the moon, the reflection ~~always appears to~~ lies vertically downward.

As the moon declines toward the west, the moonglade moves with it, trailing its bright pageant slowly on, but still keeping within the mouth of our bay, which opens south-westerly to the sea. First the illumined track lies along the line of wharves, detaching the black piers one by one, as if it created them. Each wharf, jutting in sombre relief upon the edge of the moonlit surface, aids the perspective, and carries the horizon farther off, as landscape gardeners with ~~the same object~~, plant trees and copses at fit points along the sides of a lawn. The anchored boats also divide the moonglade by their shadowy forms; they drift about at their anchorage, approaching each other in that friendly way common to such boats, in calm. Their masts nod together as if in friendly chat, like school-children when the teacher has left the room. Then the breeze freshens, and each boat stiffens steadily away from its moorings, as if the teacher had just come in, and they must not even look at one another. The faint fluctuations of the wind affect the moonlit water also, and the more the surface is fretted, the keener and more scintillating the reflected light.

Across the lustrous path the row-boats pass to and fro silently, mere blots of shadow. If they row towards us we can see the lateral dip of the oars; and we can sometimes distinguish the heads of those on board; but that is all. Sometimes two boats, coming near together, are merged in one great confused structure, like an Otaheitan war-canoe. Each prow, as it enters the moonglade, not only breaks the illumination, but seems to drag it along for a little space, as if entangled in some semi-fluid substance, which is slowly left behind, and reunites. When a boat passes in the near foreground, the light

seems to close in behind it in two long feathery lines, merging presently in a whirl of luminous bubbles.

A very few boats have lights on board, and round the breakwater there comes in softly a gliding star, where a fisherman returns from the eel-spearing. As he approaches, we see the lamp, and not the boat; then he enters the moonglade, and we see only the dark boat and not the lamp. The steam launch from the Torpedo Station crosses the radiant surface with its brighter star undimmed. Then comes an excursion boat from Providence, gay with music and fireworks, with red rockets and blue Roman candles, shattering the bright water into startled fragments of light and dark; and then the brilliant visitor has gone by, dazzling and transitory as a new poet, leaving only the moonglade to reassert its serener beauty. And then arrives a statelier presence, when the great New York steamer enters the harbor, without bell or whistle, silent as fate, surrounded with heavy shadows and hung with jewels of various-hued light; beneath whose splendor the delicate-hued moonglade yields again, darkening into submissive shade, and only reasserting its own felicities of light in far regions of the inner harbor, where the gorgeous intruder may not come.

As we look away from the lighted portion of the bay, we see the white sails of vessels reflected in a glowing shimmer that seems to sink far into the water and send down a long, white gleam, like a fainter moonglade, that almost reaches our feet. Some bright ship-lights shed a similar track; and the water itself joins in the pretty play of mutual reflection, and sheds a dancing light upon the under side of a white steamboat's bow. From every anchored coasting-vessel there comes a friendly gleam; some of them send forth rough tones and hoarse laughter, while from others comes singing by women's voices, sometimes





accompanied by the measured tread of dancing feet. There is singing, also, from little boats that drift about the bay, now near, now far; and you vainly study the wandering specks of shadow, to discover which sends forth the music; it is as impossible as to guess which particular sparrow opens its beak in the summer midnight, and breaks the silence with its delicate trill.

Were this shore lined with ten thousand observers, each would see a separate moonglade. The ocean is in reality covered with one vast sheet of light; but each man looks upon it at one angle and possesses for himself that particular line of lustre traced from the horizon to his eyes. When a boat drifts across that track he fancies that it has only just now become visible, because he sees it; ~~Yet~~ at each moment the boat was visible to somebody, in the rays of the self-same moon. ~~Thus~~ in our lives; each has a separate glimpse at the life of every other; the look you see in some person's face at this moment, caught for an instant only, is there for you alone; it will never precisely occur again, as it never occurred before; and if you had skill to depict it, you might make it immortal. So many millions of people, so many millions of moments in the life of each; and yet that one moment of the million, caught and fixed forever by Shakespeare or Browning, secures its permanent record, like an instantaneous photograph of the sea. The strange and haunting expression on the face of Monna Lisa, in the Louvre, — first disappointing, then alluring, always eluding, — was doubtless the fruit of ~~some~~ single brief glimpse at ~~a~~ face as variable and as inexhaustible in its changes as is yonder moonglade on the bay.

For what can ever be such a type of change as this thing of light, — the child of two parents, each the type of change, — the moon and the ocean? Not Cupid and Psyche, not

Oberon and Titania, could bequeath to their offspring such an inheritance of delicate mobility, a birthright of inconstancy so perfect. Even while we gaze, the moonglade shifts its position; it has wholly left the wharves and the anchored boats, and lies across Goat Island, while its further extremity meets the ramparts of Fort Adams. As the moon sinks, the trail of splendor seeks the outer harbor, as if ready to drift away with the tide. Yet it still stretches out its arms to us, comes close to the foot of this woodbine-covered balcony; its shimmer casts a reflected light, bright and quivering, on the ceiling above us; every spray of the woodbine knows that the moonlight is near.

So calm are sometimes the summer evenings by this bay that all motion seems at an end, and the weary play of events to have stopped forever. But Nature never really rests, and the moon, which seems only an ornament for this quiet water, is in reality leading it along with resistless progress, bidding it roll lazily over reefs, surge into sea-caves, and sweep away with it every boat that is not moored.

Life is as inexorable as the sea. This little maiden who sits beside me in the shadow, still as the shadow, concentrating all her childish soul on putting her shawl-enfolded kitten to sleep; how peaceful, how sheltered are her girlish days! — summer moonlight is no serener, — while yet the years are bearing her on, with a sweep as silent and resistless as the tide, into life, care, toil, joy, passion, tears, and all the currents and surges of a woman's destiny. Where will this girlish existence be five years hence? Where will be the water-drops of yonder ocean? And yet all this gathering drama of events offers now neither threat nor promise, gives no sign, has nothing to show for itself but the moonglade across the placid water, and the sleepy kitten in the arms of a half-slumbering child.

Waiting for the Children.



WAITING FOR THE CHILDREN.

A POEM FOR THANKSGIVING.

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.



T is Thanksgiving morning,
And, near and far away,
The glad church-bells are ringing,
To hail Thanksgiving day.

With their silvery entreaty
They call the heart to prayer,
From traffic and from labor,
From merriment or care:

And in one ancient dwelling,
Whose walls, time-stained and gray,
Remember in their silence
The bullets of that day,

When from Lexington to Concord,
A thrilling message ran,
And behind each hedge and tree-bole
There lurked an earnest man—

A man whose life was ready,
 Held in unshrinking hand,
To be offered up for Liberty,
 For God, and Native Land —

In that time-honored dwelling
 An ancient couple wait
To hear their children's voices
 Make music at the gate.

"Are all things ready, Mary?"
 The old man's eyes are dim;
And the face he sees is lovely
 With girlhood's flush to him.

It was Thanksgiving morning,
 Just fifty years ago,
When o'er that ancient threshold,
 In raiment white as snow,

With cheeks rose-red with blushes,
 And eyes as violets blue,
And face so fresh and innocent,
 And heart so leal and true,

A fragile little blossom,
 That brightened at his side,
She came there first beside him, —
 He brought her home his bride.

"All things are ready, Richard,"
She said; and then she thought
Of their fifty years together,
And the changes they had wrought.

She remembered how her babies
Had played about her there,
With the sunshine's shifting splendor
In their curling, golden hair:

And when they tired of playing,
And slept upon her breast,
What prayers she said above them,
While she lulled them to their rest.

Where are those children's faces?
She almost thought to see
Blue eyes and golden ringlets
Still shining at her knee.

The years have wrought strange marvels,
The children are no more;
No more their frolic footsteps
Fly through the open door.

Five men, toil-worn and weary,
Five women, bowed with care—
Are these the merry children,
With the sunshine in their hair?

She tries to smile. Thanksgiving
Is the time for joyous cheer;
And the old man does not see her
As she wipes away a tear.

"Had you thought about it, Richard,
How the children have grown old;
How they've left their youth behind them,
Like a story that is told?

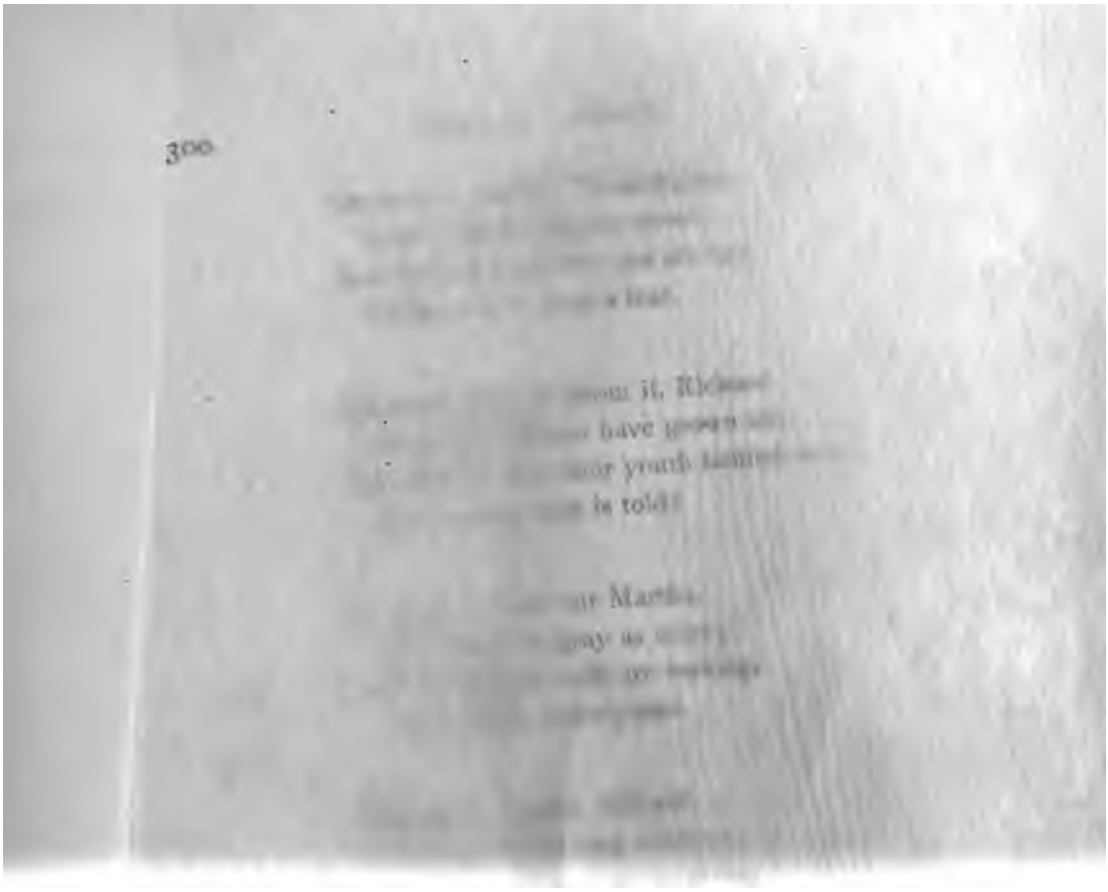
"Last time I saw our Martha,
Her hair was gray as mine;
Will's chestnut curls are turning,
And Ralph is forty-nine.

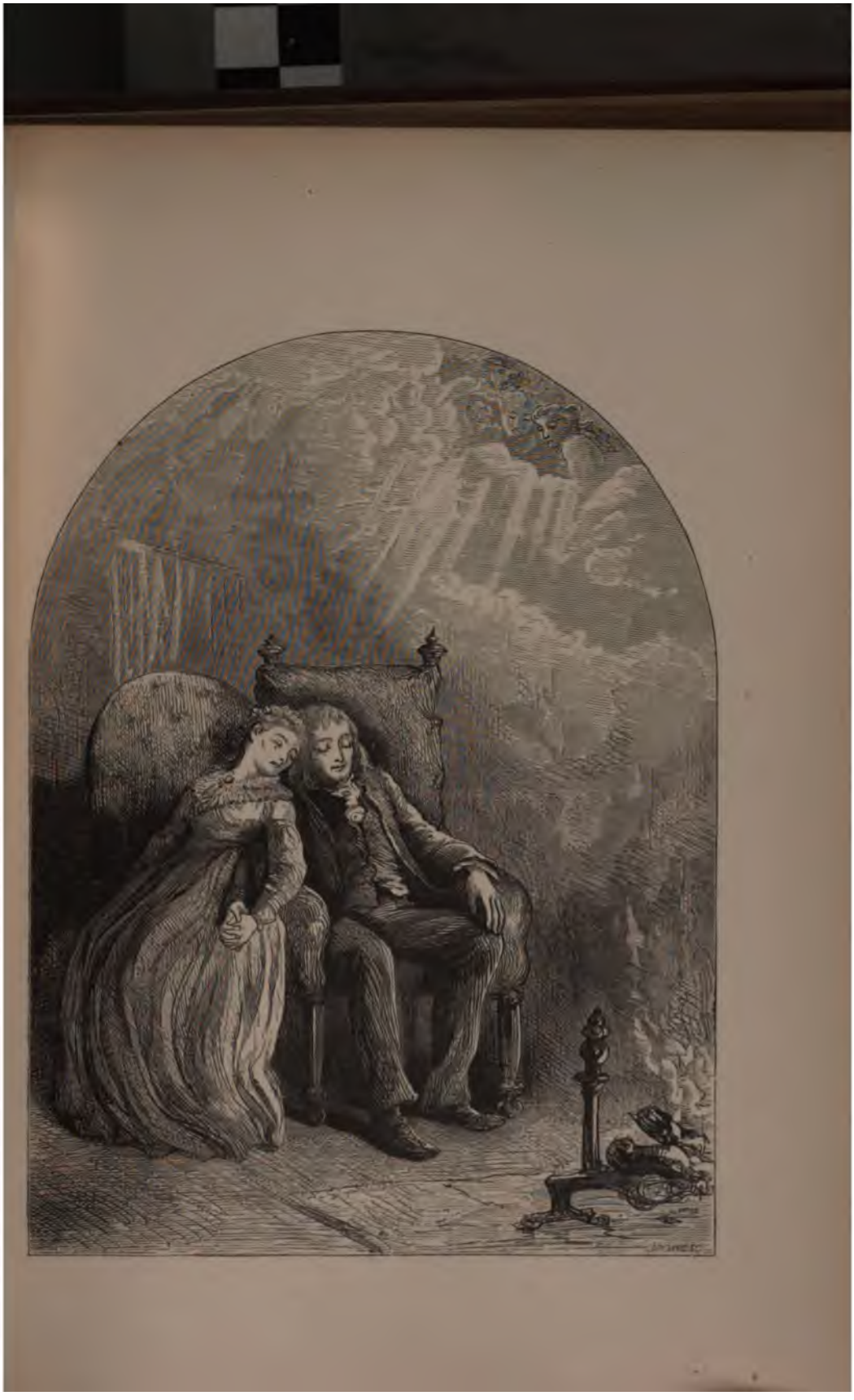
"It's all the better, Richard,
We shan't be long apart—
In the land where we are going,
I sometimes think my heart

"Will miss the children's voices,
And be lonely till they come;
But we shan't have long to wait, dear,
For the children coming home."

They sat a little longer,
In a silence like a prayer;
Waiting together, hand in hand,—
God's angel found them there.













On a bright Thanksgiving morning,
 Fifty changeful years ago,
She had crossed that ancient threshold,
 In her raiment white as snow:

Now her husband led her onward,
 As in youth-time, hand in hand;
Till they crossed another threshold,
 Entered on that other land,

Where the fountains flow forever,
 Where the many mansions be;
And the fruit of life hangs glowing
 From the boughs of every tree.

In the cold November sunshine,
 In the middle of the day,
Sons and daughters stood in silence,
 Gathered there from far away,

'Neath the old familiar roof-tree;
 But they dared not mourn, nor weep,
For the two they found together—
 Those dead faces calm as sleep.

Silently they kissed each other,
 Silently they knelt to pray,
Lifting up their hearts to Heaven,
 On the blest Thanksgiving day.

Years are short and cares are heavy—
 Soon they'll lay their burden down;
He who helps the cross to carry
 Shall be first to wear the crown.

They will keep their best Thanksgiving,
 When their tired feet cease to roam,
Where the parents still are waiting
 For the children coming home.



The Christmas Club.





THE CHRISTMAS CLUB.

A GHOST STORY.

By EDWARD EGGLESTON.

I.

"THE Dickens!"

That was just what Charley Vanderhuyn said that Christmas Eve, and as a faithful historian I give the exact words. It sounded like swearing, though why we should regard it profane to make free with the devil's name, or even his nickname, I never could see. Can you? Besides, there was some ambiguity about Charley's use of the word under the circumstances, and he himself couldn't tell whether his exclamation had reference to the Author of Evils, or only to the Author of Novels. The circumstances were calculated to suggest equally thoughts of the Great Teller of Stories and of the Great Story-teller, and I have a mind to amuse you at this Christmas season by telling you the circumstances, and letting you decide, if you can, which Dickens it was that Charles Vanderhuyn intended.

Charley Vanderhuyn was one of those young men that could grow nowhere on this continent except in New York. He had none of the severe dignity that belongs to a young man of wealth who has passed his life in sight of long rows of red brick houses,

with clean doorsteps and white wooden shutters. Something of the venerableness of Independence Hall, the dignity of Girard College, and that air of financial importance that belongs to the Mint, gets into the blood of a Philadelphian. Charley had none of that. Neither did he have the air of profound thought, that Adams-Hancock-Quincy-Webster-Emerson-Sumner look, that is the inevitable mark of Beacon Street. When you see such a young man you know that he has grown part of Faneuil Hall, and the Common, and the Pond, and the Historic Elm. He has lived where the very trees are learned, and carry their Latin names about with them. Charley had none of the "vim" and dash that belong to a Westerner. He was of the metropolis — metropolitan. He had good blood in him, else he could never have founded the Christmas Club, for you cannot get more out of a man than there is in his blood. Charley Vanderhuyn bore a good old Dutch name — I have heard that the Van der Huyns were a famous and noble family — his Dutch blood was mingled with other good strains, and the whole was mellowed into generousness and geniality in generations of prosperous ancestors; for the richest and choicest fruit (and the rankest weeds, as well!) can only be produced in the sunlight. And a very choice fruit of a very choice stock was, and is, our Charley Vanderhuyn. That everybody knows, who knows him now, and that we all felt who knew him earlier, in the days of the Hasheesh Club.

You remember the Hasheesh Club, doubtless. In its day it numbered the choicest spirits in New York, and the very centre of all of them was this same Charley Vanderhuyn, whose face, the boys used to say, was like the British Empire — for on it the sun never set. His unflagging spirits, his keen love for society, his quick sympathy with everybody, his fine appreciа-

tion of every man's good points, whatever they might be, made Charley a prince wherever he went. I said he was the centre of the circle of young men about the Hasheesh Club ten years ago, and so he was, though, to tell the truth, he was then but about twenty-one years of age. They had a great time at the Club, I remember, when he came of age, and came into possession of his patrimony — a trifle of half a million, I believe. He gave a dinner, and there was such a time as the Hasheesh Club never saw before nor since. I fear there was over-much wine-drinking, and I am sure there was a fearful amount of punch drunk. Charley never drank to excess, never lost his self-control for a moment under any temptation. But there was many another young man, of different temperament, to whom the rooms of the Club were what candles are to moths. One poor fellow, who always burnt his wings, was a blue-eyed, golden-haired young magazine-writer of that day. We all thought of his ability and promise — his name was John Perdue, but you will doubtless remember him by his *nom de plume* of "Baron Bertram." Poor fellow! he loved Charley passionately, and always drank himself drunk at the Club. He wasted all he had and all he made; his clothes grew shabby, he borrowed of Charley, who was always open-handed, until his pride would allow him to borrow no more. He had just married, too, and he was so ashamed of his own wreck that he completed his ruin by drinking to forget it. I am not writing a story with a temperance moral; temperance tales are always stupid, and always useless. The world is brimful of walking morals on that subject, and if one will not read the lesson of the life of his next-door neighbor, what use of bringing Lazarus from the dead to warn him of a perdition that glares at him out of the eyes of so many men?

I only mentioned John Perdue — poor, golden-haired "Baron Bertram" — because he had something to do with the circumstances which led Charley Vanderhuyn to use that ambiguous interjection about "the Dickens!" Perdue, as I said, dropped away from the Hasheesh Club, lost his employment as literary editor of the *Luminary*, fell out of good society, and at last earned barely enough to keep him and his wife and his child in bread, and to supply himself with whiskey, by writing sensation stories for the "penny dreadfuls." We all suspected that he would not have received half so much for his articles had they been paid for on their merits, or at the standard price for hack-writing. But Charley Vanderhuyn had something to do with it. He sent Henry Vail — he always sent Henry Vail on his missions of mercy — to find out where Perdue sold his articles, and I have no doubt the price of each article was doubled, at Vanderhuyn's expense.

And that mention of Henry Vail reminds me that I cannot tell this story rightly unless I let you know who he was. A distant relation of Charley's, I believe. He was a studious fellow from the country, and quite awkward in company. The contrast between him and Charley was marked. Vanderhuyn was absolutely *au fait* in all the usages of society; he knew by instinct how a thing ought to be done, and his example was law. He had a genius for it, everybody said. Vail was afraid of his shadow, did not know just what was proper to do in any new circumstances. His manners hung about him loosely — Vanderhuyn's were part of himself. When Vail came to the Hasheesh Club for the first time, it was on the occasion of Charley's majority dinner. Vail consulted Vanderhuyn about his costume, and was told that he must wear evening dress; and, never having seen anything but provincial society, he went with perfect assur-

ance to a tailor's and ordered a new frock coat and a white vest. When he saw that the other gentlemen present wore dress-coats, and that most of them had black vests, he was in some consternation. He even debated whether he should not go out and hire a dress-coat for the evening. He drew Charley aside, and asked him why he did not tell him that those sparrow-tail things had come into fashion again!

But he never took kindly to the club-life; he soon saw that, however harmless it might be to some men, it was destruction to others. After attending a few times, Henry Vail, who was something of a Puritan, and much of a philanthropist, declared his opposition, to what he called an English dissipation.

Henry Vail was a scholarly fellow, of real genius, and studied for the ministry; but he had original notions, and about the time he was to have taken deacon's orders in the Episcopal Church he drew back. He said that orders would do for some men, but he did not intend to build a wall between himself and his fellows. He could do more by remaining a man of like passions with other men than he could by casing himself in a clerical "strait-jacket," as he called it. Having a little income of his own, he set up on his own account, in the dingiest part of that dingy street called Huckleberry Street — the name, with all its suggestions of fresh fields and pure air and liberty, is a dreary mockery. Just where Greenfield Court — the blackest and dingiest of New York alleys — runs out of Huckleberry Street, he set up shop, to use his own expression. He was a kind of independent lay clergyman, ministering to the physical and spiritual wants of his neighbors, climbing to garrets and penetrating to cellars, now talking to a woman who owned a candy and gingerbread stall, and now helping to bury a

drunken sailor. Such a life for a scholar! But he always declared that digging out Greek and Hebrew roots was not half so fascinating a work as digging out human souls from the filth of Huckleberry Street.

Of course he did not want for money to carry on his operations. Charley Vanderhuyn's investments brought large returns, and Charley knew how to give. When Vail would begin a pathetic story, Vanderhuyn would draw out his check-book, and say, "How much shall it be, Harry? — never mind the story. It's handy to have you to give away my money for me. I should never take the trouble to see that it went to the people that needed. One dollar given by you is worth ten that I bestow on Tom, Dick and Harry, so I prefer to let Tom and Dick go without, and give it all to Harry." In fact Vanderhuyn had been the prey of so many impostors that he adopted the plan of sending all of his applicants to Vail, with a note to him, which generally ran thus, "Please investigate." The tramps soon ceased to bother him, and then he took to entrusting to Vail each month a sum equal to what he had been in the habit of giving away loosely.

It was about the first of December, four years ago, that Harry Vail, grown younger and fresher in two years of toil among the poor — glorified he seemed by the tenderness of his sympathies and the nobleness of his aims — it was four years ago that Harry came into Charley Vanderhuyn's rooms for his regular monthly allotment. Vail generally came in the evening, and Charley generally managed to be disengaged for that evening. The two old friends whose paths diverged so widely were fond of one another's company, and Vail declared that he needed one evening in the month with Vanderhuyn; he liked to carry away some of Charley's sunshine to the darkness of

Huckleberry Street and Greenfield Court. And Charley said that Harry brought more sunlight than he took. I believe he was right. Charley, like all men who live without a purpose, was growing less refined and charming than he had been, his cheeks were just a trifle graver than those of the young Charley had been. But he talked magnificently as ever. Vail said that he himself was an explorer in a barbarous desert, and that Charles Vanderhuyn was the one civilized man he could meet.

It is a curious thing that Vail had never urged Charley to a different life from the self-indulgent one that he led, but it was a peculiarity of Henry's that he was slow to attack a man directly. I have heard that it was one great secret of his success among the poor, that he would meet an intemperate man twenty times, perhaps, before he attacked his vice. Then, when the man had ceased to stand guard, Vail would suddenly find an entrance to him by an unwatched gate. It was remarkable, too, that when he did seize on a man he never for an instant relaxed his grasp. I have often looked at his aquiline nose, and wondered if it were not an index to this eagle-like swoop at the right moment, and this unwavering firmness of hold.

On this evening, about the first of December, four years ago, he sat in Charley's cosey bed-room and listened to Vanderhuyn's stories of a life antipodal to the life he was accustomed to see — for the antipodes do not live round the world, but round the first street corner — he listened and laughed at the graphic and eloquent and grotesque pictures that Charley drew for him till nearly midnight, and then got ready to go back to his home, among the noisy saloons of Huckleberry Street. Charley drew out his check-book, and wrote and tore off the check, and handed it to Vail.

"I want more, Charley, this time," said Vail, in his quiet, earnest way, with gray eyes fixed on his friend's blue ones.

"Got more widows without coal than usual, eh, old fellow? How much shall it be? Double? Ask anything. I can't refuse the half of my fortune to such a good angel as you are, Vail. I don't spend any money that pays so well as what I give you. I go to the clubs and to parties. I sit at the opera and listen to Signora Scracchioli, and say to myself, 'Well, there's Vail using my money to help some poor devil in trouble.' I tell you I get a comfortable conscience by an easy system of commutation. Here, exchange with me; this is for double the amount, and I am glad you mentioned it.'

"But I want more than that this time," and Vail fixed his eyes on Charley in a way that made the latter feel just a little ill at ease, — a sensation very new to him.

"Well, how much, Harry? Don't be afraid to ask. I told you you should have half my kingdom, old fellow!" And Vanderhuyn took his pen, and began to date another check.

"But, Charley, I am almost afraid to ask. I want more than half you have — I want something worth more than all you have."

"Why, you make me curious. Never saw you in that vein before, Vail," and Charley twisted a piece of paper, lighted it in the gas-jet, and held it gracefully in his fingers while he set his cigar going, hoping to hide his restlessness under the wistful gaze of his friend by this occupation of his attention.

But, however nervous Henry Vail might be in the performance of little acts that were mere matters of convention, there was no lack of quiet self-possession in matters that called out his earnestness of spirit. And now he sat gazing steadily at Charley until the cigar had been gracefully lighted, the bit of

paper tossed on the grate, and until Charley had watched his cigar a moment. When the latter reluctantly brought his eyes back into range with the dead-earnest ones that had never ceased to look on him with that strange, wistful expression, then Henry Vail proceeded.

"I want *you*, Charley."

Charley laughed heartily now. "Me? What a missionary *I* would make! Kid-glove gospeller I'd be called in the first three days. What a superb Sunday-school teacher I'd make! Why, Henry Vail, you know better. There's just one thing in this world I have a talent for, and that's society. I'm a man of the world in my very fibre. But as for following in your illustrious footsteps — I wish I could be so good a man; but you see I'm not built in that way. I'm a man of the world."

"That's just what I want," said Henry Vail, looking with the same tender, wistful look, into his friend's eyes. "If I'd wanted a missionary, I shouldn't have come to you. If I'd wanted a Sunday-school teacher, I could have found twenty better; and for tract distributing and Bible-reading, you couldn't do either if you'd try. What I want for Huckleberry Street, more than I want anything else, is a man of the world. You are a man of the world — of the whole world. I have seen a restaurant-waiter stop and gape and listen to your talk. I have seen a coal-heaver delighted with your manners when you paid him. Charley, you're the most magnificent man of the world I ever saw. Must a man of the world be useless? I tell you I want you for God and Huckleberry Street, and I mean to have you some day, old fellow;" and the perfect assurance with which he said this, and the settled conviction of final success that was visible in his quiet gray eyes, fascinated

Charley Vanderhuyn, and he felt spell-bound, like the wedding guest by the "Ancient Mariner."

"I tell you what, Henry," he said, presently, "I've got no call. I'm an Epicurean. I say to you in the words of an American poet: —

> "'Take the current of your nature, make it stagnant if you will:
> Dam it up to drudge forever at the service of your will.
> Mine the rapture and the freedom of the torrent on the hill!
> I shall wander o'er the meadows where the fairest blossoms call:
> Though the ledges seize and fling me headlong from the rocky wall,
> I shall leave a rainbow hanging o'er the ruins of my fall.'"

"Charley, I don't want to preach," said Vail; "but you know that this doctrine of mere selfish floating on the current of impulse, which your traveller poet teaches, is devilish laziness, and devilish laziness always tends to something worse. You may live such a life, and quote such poetry, but you don't believe that a man should flow on like a purposeless river. The lines you quoted bear the mark of a restless desire to apologize to conscience for a fearful waste of power and possibility. No," he said, rising, "I don't want that check. This one will do; but you won't forget that God and Huckleberry Street want you; and they will have you, too, noble-hearted fellow! Good night! God bless you!" and he shook Charley's hand and went out into the night to seek his home in Huckleberry Street. And the genial Charley never saw his brave friend again. Yes, he did, too. Or did he?

II.

THE month of December, four years ago, was a month of much festivity in the metropolis. Charley was wanted nearly every night to grace some gathering or other, and Charley was too obliging to refuse to go where he was wanted — that is, when he was wanted in Fifth Avenue or Thirty-fourth Street. As for Huckleberry Street and Greenfield Court they were fast fading out of Charley's mind. He knew that Henry Vail would introduce the subject when he came for his January check, and he expected some annoyance from the discussion of the question, — annoyance, because there was something in his own breast that answered to Vail's appeal. Charley was more than an Epicurean. To eat and drink, to laugh and talk, and die, was not enough for such a soul. He mentally compared himself to Felix, and said that Vail wouldn't let him forget his duty, anyhow. But for the present it was too delightful to him to honor the entertainment given by the honorable Mr. So-and-so and lady; it was pleasant to be assured by Mrs. Forty-Millions that her party would fail but for his presence. And then he had just achieved the end of his ambition. He was President of the Hasheesh Club. He took his seat at the head of the table on Christmas-eve.

Now, patient reader, we draw near to the time when Charley uttered the exclamation set down at the head of this story. Bear with my roundabout way of telling a little longer. It is Christmas-tide, anyway; why should we hurry ourselves through this happy season?

Just as Charley went into the door of the Club-House, — you remember the Hasheesh Club-House was in Madison Avenue then, — just as Charley entered, he met the burly form and genial face of the eminent Dr. Van Doser, who said, "Well, Vanderhuyn, how's your cousin Vail?"

"Is he sick?" asked Charley, struck with a foreboding that made him tremble.

"Sick? Didn't you know? Well, that's just like Vail! He was taken with small-pox two weeks ago, and I wanted to take the risk of penalties and not report his case, but he said if I didn't he would do it himself; that sanitary regulations requiring small-pox patients to go to a hospital were necessary, and that it became one in his position to set a good example to Huckleberry Street. So I was compelled to report him, and let him go to the Island. And he hasn't let you know? For fear you would try to communicate with him, probably, and thus expose yourself to infection. Extraordinary man that Vail! I never saw his like," and with that the doctor turned to speak to some gentlemen who had just come in.

And so Charley's Christmas-eve dinner at the Hasheesh Club was spoiled. There are two inconvenient things in this world — a conscience and a tender heart — and Charley Vanderhuyn was plagued with both. While going through with the toasts his mind was busy with poor Henry Vail suffering in a small-pox hospital. In his graceful response to the sentiment, "The President of the Hasheesh Club," he alluded to the retiring president, and made some witty remark — I forget what — about his being a denizen of Lexington Avenue; but in saying Lexington Avenue he came near slipping into Huckleberry Street, and in fact he did get the first syllable out before he checked himself. He was horrified afterwards to think how

near he had come, later in the evening, to addressing the company as "Gentlemen of the Small-pox Hospital."

Charley drank more wine and punch than usual. Those who sat near him looked at one another significantly, in a way that implied their belief that Vanderhuyn was too much elated over his election. Little did they know that at that moment the presidency of the famous Hasheesh Club appeared to Charley the veriest bauble in the world. If he had not known how futile would be any attempt to gain an entrance to the small-pox hospital he would have excused himself, and started for the Island on the instant.

But it was one o'clock before Charley got away. Out of the brilliantly-lighted rooms he walked, stunned with grief, and a little heavy with the wine and punch he had drunk, for in his preoccupation of mind he had forgotten to be as cautious as usual. Following an impulse, he took a car and went directly down town, and then made his way to Huckleberry Street. He stopped at a saloon door and asked if they could tell where Mr. Vail's rooms were.

"The blissed man as wint about like a saint? Shure and I can," said the boozy Irishman. "It's right ferninst where yer afther stanin', up the stairs on the corner of Granefield Coort — over there, bedad."

Seeing a light in the rooms indicated by the man, Charley crossed over, passed through a sorrowful-looking crowd at the door, and went up the stairs. He found the negro woman who kept the rooms for Vail, standing talking to an Irish woman. Both the women were deeply pitted with small-pox.

He inquired if they could tell him how Mr. Vail was.

"Oh, honey, he's done dead sence three o'clock," said the black woman, sitting down in a chair, and beginning to wipe her

eyes on her apron. "This Missis Mcgroarty's jist done tole me this minute."

The Irish woman came round in front of Mr. Vanderhuyn, and looked inquisitively at him a moment, and then said, "Faix, mister, and is yer name Charley?"

"Why do you ask?" said Vanderhuyn.

"Because I thought, mebbe, you might be after him, the gentleman. It's me husband Pat Mcgroarty as is a nurruss in the horsepital, and a good one as iver ye seed, and it's Pat as has been a tellin' me about that blissed saint of a man, as how in his delairyum he kept a talkin to Charley all the time, and Pat said as he seemed to have something on his mind he wanted to say to Charley. An' whin I see yer face, sich a gintleman's face as ye've got, too, I says shure that must be Charley."

"What did he say?" asked Vanderhuyn.

"Shure and Pat said it wasn't much he could gether, for he was in a awful delairyum, ye know, but he would keep a sayin', 'Charley, Charley, God and Huckleberry Street want you.' Pat says he'd say it so awful as would make him shiver, that God and Huckleberry Street wanted Charley. Shure it must a bin the delairyum, you know, that made him mix up things loike, and put God and Huckleberry Street together, when it's more loike the divil would seem more proper to go with Huckleberry Street, ye know. But if yer name's Charley, and yer loike the loike's of him as is dead, shure Huckleberry Street is after wantin' of you, bad enough."

"My name's Charley, but I'm not a bit like him, though, I'm sorry to say, my good woman. Tell your husband to come and see me — there's my number."

Charley went out, and the men at the door whispered, "That must be the rich man as give him all the money." He took the

last car uptown, and he who had been two hours before in that brilliant company at the Hasheesh was now one of ten people riding in a street car. Of his fellow-passengers six were drunken men and two were low women of the town; one of them had no bonnet and lacked a penny of enough to pay her fare, but the conductor mercifully let her ride, remarking to Vanderhuyn, who stood on the platform, that "the poor devil had a hard life, anyhow." Said I not a minute ago, that the antipodes live, not around the world, but around the street corner? Antipodes ride in the same street car.

As the car was passing Mott Street, a passenger, half drunk, came out, turned his haggard face a moment towards the face of Charley Vanderhuyn, and then, with an exclamation of startled recognition, leaped from the car and hurried away in the darkness. It was not till the car had gone three blocks farther that Vanderhuyn guessed, from the golden hair, that this was Perdue, the brilliant "Baron Bertram" of the early days of the Hasheesh Club.

When Charley got back to his luxurious apartments, he was possessed with a superstitious feeling. He took up the paperweight that Henry Vail had held in his hand the very last night he was in this parlor, and he thought the whole conversation over as he smoked his cigar, fearing to put out his light.

"Confound the man that invented ghost-stories for a Christmas amusement!" he said, as he remembered Old Scrooge and Tiny Tim. "Well, I'm not Old Scrooge anyhow, if I'm not as good as poor Henry Vail."

I do not know whether it was the reaction from the punch he had drunk, or the sudden shock of Vail's death, or the troubled conscience, or both, when he got into bed he found himself shaking with nervousness.

He had been asleep an hour perhaps, when he heard a genuine Irish voice say, "Faix, mister, and is yer name Charley?"

He started up, — looked around the room. He had made so much concession to his nervous feeling that he had not turned the gas quite out, as was his custom. The dim duskiness made him shudder; he expected to see the Huckleberry Street Irish woman looking at him. But he shook off his terror a little, uttered another malediction on the man that invented Christmas ghost-stories, concluded that his illusion must have come from his lying on his left side, turned over, and reflected that by so doing he would relieve his heart and stomach from the weight of his liver, repeated this physiological reflection in a soothing way two or three times, dropped off into a quiet snooze, and almost immediately found himself sitting bolt upright in bed shaking with a chill-terror, sure that the Irish voice had again asked the question, "Faix, mister, and is yer name Charley?" He had a feeling, though his back was toward the table, that some one sat at the table. Charley was no coward, but it took him a minute or two to shake off his terror, and regain enough self-control to look around.

For a moment he saw, or thought he saw, a form sitting at the table; then it disappeared, and then, after a good while, Charley got himself composed to sleep again, this time with his head well bolstered, to reduce the circulation in the brain, as he reflected.

He did not get to sleep, however, for before he became unconscious the Irish voice from just above the carved head-board spoke out so clear now, that there could be no mistake, "Faix, mister, and is yer name Charley?" It was then that he rose up in bed and uttered the exclamation which I set down in the first line of this story. Charley Vanderhuyn could not tell whether he meant Charles Dickens or Nick. Perhaps you can. Indeed, it doesn't seem to matter much, after all.

III.

A NARRATIVE of this sort, like a French sermon, divides itself into three parts. I have now got through the preliminary tanglements of the history of the founding of the Christmas Club, and I hope to be able to tell the remainder of the story with as few digressions as possible; for even at Christmas-tide a body doesn't want his stories to stretch out to eternity, even if they are ghostly.

Charley Vanderhuyn said "The Dickens!" and though his meaning was indefinite, he really meant it, whatever it might be. He looked up at the ornamental figure carved on the rich head-board of his bed, as if he suspected that the head-board of English walnut had spoken in Irish. He looked at the head-board intently, a long time, partly because the Irish voice had come from that direction, and partly because he was afraid to look round towards the table. He *knew*, just as well before he looked around as he did afterwards, what he should see. He saw it, before he looked round, by some other vision than that of his eyes, and that was what made him shiver so. He knew that the persistent gray eyes were upon him, that they would never move until he looked round. *He could feel the look before he saw it.*

At last he turned slowly. Sure enough, in that very chair by the table sat the Presence, the Ghost — the — it was Henry Vail; or was it? There, in the dim light, was the aquiline nose, like an eagle's beak; there were the steady, unwavering gray eyes, with that same earnest, wistful look, fastened on Vanderhuyn; the features were Vail's, but the face was ploughed and pitted fear-

fully, as with the small-pox. All this Charley saw, and saw through the ghost and beyond — the carving on the rosewood dressing-case was quite as visible through the unsubstantial apparition as before. Charley was not ordinarily superstitious, and he quickly reasoned that his excited imagination had confounded the features of Harry Vail's face with the pock-marked visage of the Huckleberry Street Irish woman. So he shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. The apparition this time was much more distinct, and it lifted the paper-weight, as Henry had three weeks before. Charley was so sure that it was Henry Vail himself that he began to get up to shake hands with his friend; but the perfect transparency of the apparition checked him, and he hid his face in his hands a moment, in a terror that he could no longer conceal from himself.

"What do you want?" he said at last, lifting his eyes.

"I want you, Charley!" said the ghost.

Now I hardly know how to describe to you the manner in which the ghost replied. It was not speech, nor any attempt at speech. You have seen a mesmerist or biologist, or whatever-you-call-him-ist, communicate with a man under his spell without speech. He looks at him, *wills* that a distinct impression shall be made on his victim, and the poor fellow does or says as the master-spirit wishes him. By some such subtle influence the ghost, without the intervention of sound or the sense of hearing, conveyed this reply to Charley. There was no doubt about the reply. It was far more distinct than speech, an impression made directly upon the consciousness.

Charley arose and dressed himself under some sort of fascination. His own will had abdicated; the tender, eager, wistful eyes of Vail held him fast, and he did not feel either inclination or power to resist. The eyes directed him to one article of

clothing, and then to another, until he found himself muffled to the ears for a night walk.

"Where are we going?" asked Charley, huskily.

"To Huckleberry Street," answered the eyes, without a sound; and in a minute more the two were passing down the silent streets. They met several policemen and private watchmen, but Vanderhuyn observed that no one took notice either of him or the ghost. The feet of the watchmen made a grinding noise in the crisp snow, but Charley was horrified to find that his own tread and that of his companion made no sound whatever as their feet fell upon the icy sidewalks. Was he then out of the body also? This silence and this loss of the power of choice made him doubtful, indeed, whether he were dead or alive.

In Huckleberry Street they went first to a large saloon, where a set of roysterers were having a Christmas-eve spree preparatory to a Christmas-morning headache. Charley could not imagine why the ghost had brought him here, to be smothered with the smell of this villanous tobacco, for to nothing was Charley more sensitive than the smell of a poor cigar or a cheap pipe. He thought if he should have to stay here long he would like to distribute a box of his best brand among these smokers, so as to give the room the odor of the Hasheesh Club. At first it seemed a Babel of voices; there were men of several different nationalities talking in three or four languages. Six men were standing at the long counter, drinking, — one German, two Irishmen, a Portuguese sailor, a white American, and a black one. The spirit of Vail seemed to be looking for somebody; it peered round from table to table, where men slammed down the cards so as to make as much noise as possible. Nobody paid the least attention to the two strangers, and at last it flashed upon

Vanderhuyn that he and Vail were both invisible to the throng around them.

The Presence stopped in front of a table where two young men sat. They were playing euchre, and they were drinking. It is an old adage that truth is told in wine, and with some men sense comes with whiskey.

"I say, Joe," said one, "blamed ef it 'taint too bad,—you and me spendin' our time this way. The ole woman's mos' broke 'r heart over me t'day. Sh' said I ought to be the s'port 'f her ole dage, 'stid 'f boozin' roun' thish yer way. 'S so! Tell you, Joe, 's so! Blam'd 'f 'taint. Hey? W'at ye say? Hey?"

"Of course 'tis, Ben," growled the other, "we all know that. But what's a feller goin' to do for company? Go on — it's your deal."

"Who kyeers fer th' deal? I d—on't. Now, Joe, I says, t—to th' ole lady, y' see, I says, a young man can't live up a dingy stairs on th' top floor al'ays, and never git no comp'ny. Can't do it. I don't want t' 'rink much, but I c—ome here to git comp'ny. Comp'ny drinks, and I git drunk 'f—fore I know —'fore you — pshaw! deal yerself 'f you want t' play."

After a while he put the cards down again, and began: —

"What think I done wunst? He, he! Went to th' Young Men's Chrissen Soshiashen. Ole lady, you know, coaxed. He, he! You bet! Prayer meetin', Bible class, or somethin'. All slick young fellers 'th side-whiskers. Talked pious, an' so gehteel, you know. I went there fer comp'ny! Didn' go no more. Druther git drunk at th' 'free-and-easy' ever' night, by George, 'n to be a slick kind 'f feller, 'th side-whiskers, lisnin' t' myself make purty speeches 'n a prayer Bible class meetin', or such, you know. Hey, w'at ye say? Hey? 's comp'ny

a feller wants, and 's comp'ny a feller's got t' have, by cracky! Hey? W'at ye say? Hey, Joe?"

"Blam'd 'f 't aint," said Joe.

"That's w'at them rich fellers goes to the club fer. Hey? W'at ye say, Joe? Hey?"

"Yes, of course."

"Wish I had a club. Better'n this place to go to. Vail, he used to do a feller good. If he'd a lived he'd a pulled me out this yer; would, you know. He got 's eyes onto me, and they say when he got 's eyes onto a feller, he never let go, you know. Done me good. Made me 'shamed. Does feller good t' be 'shamed, Joe. Don't it? Hey? W'at ye say?"

"Yes," said Joe.

"But w'en a feller's lonesome — a young feller, I mean — he's got to have comp'ny, if he has to go down to Davy Jones's, and play seven-up with Ole Nick. Hey, Joe? W'at ye say? Hey?"

"I s'pose so," said Joe; "but, come, deal, old fellow, don't go to preachin'."

I have heard Charley say that he never heard anything half so distinctly in his life as he felt what the apparition said to him when their eyes met at that moment, —

"God and Huckleberry Street want you, Charley."

Charley looked away restively, and then caught the eyes of the ghost again, and this time the ghost said, —

"And they're going to have you, too."

I have heard Charley tell of several other visits they made that night; but, as I said before, even a Christmas yarn and a ghost story must not spin itself out, like Banquo's line, to the crack of doom. However true or authentic a story may be — and you can easily verify this by asking any member of the

Christmas Club in Huckleberry Street — however true a yarn may be, it must not be so long that it can never be wound up.

The very last of the wretched places they looked in upon was a bare room in a third story. There was a woman sitting on a box in one corner, holding a sick child. A man with golden hair was pacing the floor.

"There's that devil again!" he said, pointing to the blank wall. "Now he's gone. You see, Carrie, I could quit if I had anybody to help me. Oh! I heard to-night that Charley Vanderhuyn had been elected president of the Hasheesh. And I saw him an hour ago on a Second Avenue car. I wish Charley would come and talk to me. He'd give me money, but 'taint' money. I could make money if I could let whiskey alone. I used to love to hear Charley talk better than to live. I believe it was the ruin of me. But he don't seem to care for a fellow when his clothes get shabby. See there!" and he picked up a piece of wood, and threw it at the wall, startling his wife and making the child cry. "I hit him, that time. I wished I could hear Charley Vanderhuyn talk once more. His talk is enough to drive devils away any time. Great God! what an awful Christmas this is!"

Charley wanted to begin to talk on the spot, but when he found that poor "Baron Bertram" could neither see him nor hear a word he spoke, he had a fearful sense of being a disembodied spirit. The ghost looked wistfully at him, and said, "God and Huckleberry Street want *you*, Charley."

Charley was very loath to leave Perdue and his wife in this condition; he would have loved dearly to while away the dreary night for them; but he could not speak to them, and the eyes of the ghost bade him follow, and the two went swiftly back to Charley's rooms again.

Then the apparition sat down by the table, and fastened its sad and wistful eyes upon the soul of Charley Vanderhuyn. Not a word did it speak. But the look, the old, tender, earnest look of Henry Vail drew Charley's heart into his eyes, and made him weep. There Vail sat, still and wistful, until Charley, roused by all that he had seen, resolved to do what he could for Huckleberry Street. He made no communication of his purpose to the ghost. He meant to keep it close in his own breast. But no sooner had he formed the purpose than a smile — the old familiar smile — came across the face of Vail, the hideous scars of his loathsome disease disappeared, and the face began to shine, while a faint aureole appeared about his head. And Vanderhuyn became conscious that the room was full of other mysterious beings; they were radiant, and yet something about them seemed to indicate that they were glorified children from Huckleberry Street. And to his regret Vail ceased now to regard his friend any more, but looked about him at the Huckleberry Street angels, who seemed to be pulling him away. He and they vanished slowly, and on the wall there shone some faint, luminous letters, which Vanderhuyn tried to read, but the light of the Christmas dawn disturbed his vision, and he was only able to see the latter part, and even that was not clear to his eyes, but he partly read and partly remembered the words, — "when ye fail on earth they may receive ye into everlasting habitations."

He rang for his servant, had the fire replenished, opened his desk and began to write letters. First he resigned the presidency of the Hasheesh Club. Next he begged that Mrs. Rear-Admiral Albatross would excuse him from the Christmas dinner. Unforeseen circumstances, and the death of an intimate friend, were his apologies. Then he sent his regrets, and de-

clined all the invitations to holiday parties. He cancelled his engagements to make New Year's calls in company with Bird, the painter. Then he had breakfast, ordered his carriage, and drove to Huckleberry Street. On the way down he debated what he should do. He couldn't follow in Vail's footsteps. He was not a missionary. He went first and found out Perdue, who had been fighting off a threatened attack of tremens all night; relieved the necessities of his family, and took the golden-haired fellow into his carriage. He ordered the driver to drive the whole length of Huckleberry Street slowly.

"Perdue, what can I do down here? Vail always said that I could do something if I would try."

"Why, Charley, start a club. That's what these fellows need. How I would like to hear you talk again!"

IV.

HOW provoking this is! I thought I should get through with three parts. But Christmas is a time when a man cannot avoid a tendency to long stories. One cannot quite control one's self in a time of mirth, and here my history has grown until I will have to put in a mansard roof to accommodate it. For in all these three parts I have told you about everything but what my title promised. If you ever went through Huckleberry Street — of course you never did go through such a street except by accident, since you are neither poor, vicious, nor benevolent, and only the poor, the vicious, and the benevolent ever go there intentionally — but if you ever happened to go there by chance of late years, you have seen the Christmas Club building. For on that very morn-

ing, with poor "Baron Bertram" in the carriage, Charley resolved to found a club in Huckleberry Street. And what house so good as the one in which Henry Vail had lived?

So he drove up to the house on the corner of Greenfield Court, and began to examine it. It was an old-fashioned house; and in its time, when the old families inhabited the down-town streets, it had been an aristocratic mansion. The lower floor was occupied by a butcher's shop, and in the front room, in which some old families had once entertained their guests, cheap roasts were being dispensed to the keepers of low boarding-houses. The antique fire-place and the ancient mantel-piece were forced to keep company with meat-blocks, and butchers' cleavers. Above this were Henry Vail's rooms, where the old chamber had been carefully restored; and above these the third story and attic were crowded with tenants. But everywhere the house had traces of its former gentility.

"Good!" said Charley. "Vail preserved his taste for the antique to the last. Perdue, what do you think of this for a club-house?"

"Just the thing, if you can get it. Ten chances to one it belongs to some saloon-keeper who wouldn't rent it for purposes of civilization."

"Oh, I'll get it! Such men are always susceptible to the influence of money; and I'm sure this is the spot, or Vail wouldn't have chosen it."

And with that Charley and the delighted Perdue drove to the house of Charley's business agent, the same who had been his father's manager.

"Mr. Johnston," said Charley, "I don't like to ask you to work on Christmas, but I want you to find out to-day, if you can, who owns No. 164 Huckleberry Street."

"Do you mean the house Mr. Vail lived in?"

"Yes, that's it. Look it up for me if you can."

"Oh, that's not hard! The house belongs to you."

"To me! I didn't know I had anything there."

"Yes, that house was your grandfather's, and your mother lived there in her childhood; and your father wouldn't sell it. It brought good rent, and I have never tortured you about it."

"And you let Harry pay me rent?"

"Well, sir, he asked me not to mention to you that he was in your house. He liked to pay his own way. Strange man that Mr. Vail! I heard from another tenant last night that he was dead."

"Perdue," said Charley, "I wish you would go down there to-day, and find out what each tenant in that house will sell his lease for, and give possession immediately. Give them a note to Johnston stating the amount, and I want Johnston to give them fifty per cent. over the amount agreed on. I must be on good terms with Huckleberry Street."

Johnston wondered what whim Charley had in his head. "Baron Bertram" completed his negotiations for the leases of the tenants, and then went off and drank Charley's health in so many saloons that he went home entirely drunk, and the next morning was ashamed to see Vanderhuyn. But Charley never even looked a disapproval at him. He had learned from Vail how easy it is for reformers to throw their influence on the wrong side in such a life-and-death struggle as that of Perdue's. In the year that followed he had to forgive him many more than seven times. But Perdue grew stronger in the sunlight of Vanderhuyn's steady friendship.

They had a great time opening the club on New Year's Eve. There was a banquet, not quite in Delmonico's style, nor quite

so fine as those at the Hasheesh. But still it was a grand affair to the dilapidated wrecks that Charley gathered about him. Charley was president, and Vail's portrait hung over the mantel-piece, with this inscription beneath: "The Founder of the Club." Most of Charley's fine paintings were here, and the rooms were indeed brilliant. And if lemonade, and root beer, and good strong coffee, could have made people drunk, there would not have been one sober man there. But Ben delighted "the old lady" by going home sober, owning it was better than the "free-and-easy;" and his friends all agreed with him. To Charley, as he looked round on them, this was a far grander moment than when, one week before, he had presided over the gay company at the Hasheesh. Here were good cheer, laughter, funny stories, and a New Year's Eve worth the having. The gray eyes of the portrait over the antique mantel-piece seemed happy and satisfied.

"Gentlemen," said Charley, "I rise to propose the memory of our founder," and he proceeded to set forth the virtues of Henry Vail. If there had been a reporter present he could have inserted in parenthesis, at several places in Charley's speech, the words, "Great Applause;" and if he had reported its effect exactly, would have, at several other places, inserted the words "Great Sensation," which, in reporter's phrase, expresses any great emotion, especially one which makes an audience weep. In conclusion, Charley lifted his glass of lemonade, and said: "To the memory of Henry Vail, the Founder of the Christmas Club."

"Christmas," said Baron Bertram, "a good name. For this man" — pointing to Charley — "receiveth sinners and eateth with them." (Applause.)

I have done. Dear friends, a Merry Christmas to you all!



The Shows of Nature.





THE SHOWS OF NATURE.

By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

SHE woos me on, never may I retreat;
Cold woods, bare fields, and you, ye winter skies,
In you my thoughts, responsive feelings meet,
Within your forms I look, and with your eyes.

And man! that curious copy of *myself*,
I still pursue, as tired dogs hunt the deer, —
That silent mouthpiece, that sly, subtle elf,
I oft shall seek, and rarely find, with fear!

Where roves the Nymph who smoothed the fountain's crest,
And the cold Dryad of the hazel's dell, —
Egeria's couch, where sparely she could rest,
Of its dry ferns, the gleaming icicle?

Some sprouting youth, some knowing miss instead,
The painted moral of a grandam's eye,
Or cold-complexioned adults with small head,
The sticks which our Dodonas now supply.

Nature! I come, fed with thy homely cheer,
 Nature! I kneel, part hopeful at thy shrine,
Form of the Solitude, decline the ear,
 And if considerate, then, confess me, thine!

Court the sleek herd! and hopelessly be drawn,
 Into that false and slimy serpent's lair;
I long must love in mossy groves, the fawn,
 And in the blue lake, bathe, my late despair.

And when the emerald pine-woods' murmuring shell
 Reflects the cadence of the much-voiced sea,
As there some mournful air rings his small knell,
 Or the cold sunset fades, there let me be;

Then as the dying day his saffron plume
 Wafts o'er the purple of these Indian hills,
Dreaming, I mark red warriors leave their tombs,
 I see their tawny columns bridge the rills,

Weird bends their tragic dance across yon mead,
 Dashed on day's fleeting light gleams lance and bow,
And the young lover lifts his mystic reed
 To a dark eye of sloe-like glimmering hue.

Then, as the day-god dies beneath the lake,
 The ruby glasses of the copsewood oak
Their last Madeira promise ripely shake,
 That evermore in midnight's frost is broke.

Soft thro' the east, her silver pomp I see,
The mistress of the lone romantic night,
O'er sleeping hill, bare stone and leafless tree,
She pours her careless world of dewy light.

Then, in that roof, a million lamps of spar,
Set in the brow of heaven's high azure screen,
Gleam slowly down, while some revolving star
My bark guides radiant o'er the mystic green, —

Of a serener land, than space or time,
Carve for the cold and worldly breasted man;
Compel me not to fly the foolish rhyme,
Nor to desert poor nature's secret plan.

I know that charming glows both camp and hall,
Where beauty's eye outshines its daily fire,
Too true, the poet cannot hope for all, —
Be his to creep in dust, and yet aspire;

For in the heart of these neglected things,
The thin, deserted field, and wood-road wild,
A virtue breathes, a cheerful patience sings,
Mother! thou never couldst forget thy child.



Revelling.





REVELLING.

By GAIL HAMILTON.



OME to my Christmas feast,
I have spread you Christmas cheer;
The scarlet holly hath lent her glow,
And the fragrant oil burns clear.
Valor, and Beauty, and Love,
Gather around my board!
Let my roof-tree ring with your revelling,
Nor my vintage be vainly poured.
I am Lord of wassail and will:
Crown ye the brimming bowl!
Here's a lilt to the beat of your lissome feet,
And a health to the drooping soul.

Do I hear a foot-fall? You have come at my call!
Silken soft is your tread in my oaken hall.
And before you enter your breath of perfume
Fills with its fragrance my empty room.
Aha! little sister, thrice welcome to-night,
'Tis many a year since you passed from my sight;
Rest at last in your vacant chair —
All the waning summers it waited there.

Methinks your cheek is a thought too white,
And your blue, mild eyes have a saddened light.
O sweet little sister, how gayly we played
Beneath the balm gilead's flickering shade!
I can see the gleam of your twinkling feet
In the soft, dense orchard grass,
And the clover droops its purple head,
Dew-laden, as you pass;
Again from my side you dart away,
And defy me to follow after,
Again from the heaps of new-mown hay
Steals up your smothered laughter.
Or, a tiptoe you stand by the garden wall,
Where the morning shadows linger,
Dimpling such dainty, resisting lips,
With the tip of a rosy finger.
Is it a robin, or is it the breeze,
Rustling up there in the apple-trees?
Was it a fairy you watched so long,
With wistful, peering eyes,
In the morning-glory's crimson cup,
Ere the sun had gathered its incense up
For his worship in the skies?
O dear little sister! the day is gone by —
I think I remember you still and white —
I think all the sunshine paled out of your eye,
Yet you are here to-night.
Was it not true, this pretty ring
Of yellow silken hair,
I kissed from that low-lying head,
With tender, needless care?









Surely the prescient hand of Death
I blest in after times,
That led your stainless soul beyond
The shadows of my crimes.
Crimes! Crimes! Who speaks that word?
Who dares at banquet of mine?
Oh, raise, little sister, your goblet of gold,
I pledge you in foaming wine!

What statelier step, what queenlier form? A lady of the land!
Right royal greeting is thy meed, and seat at my right hand.
Stay! Stay! I know the eyes that glow beneath that matchless brow;
I know the smile on those dear lips — my mother! it is thou!
O noble name! and nobly worn alike through woe and weal.
Here, mother, as a little child, low at thy feet I kneel.
I pray thee lay upon my head thy tender hand once more;
I pray thee press upon my cheek the mother's kiss of yore.
Dear love, that for my childish pain could find a quick relief —
Dear heart, that smiled upon my joy, nor spurned my simple grief.
O mother's eyes, why gaze so long upon my upturned face?
O mother's smile on mother's lips, why did you leave no trace?
Turn, turn away that mournful look; it rends my secret soul!
Relentless, o'er my shrinking heart, the waves of memory roll.
There is a sharper pang than death's — a woe that brings no tears,
But graves the brow with deeper lines than patriarchal years.
O mother, did my cruel hand work thus upon thy youth?
Speak, mother, did my madness bring such guerdon to thy truth?
I hear, as in a troubled dream, the winds of autumn rave —

The restless whirl of withered leaves above a new-made grave.
I thought a shadow hid the sun forever from my sight.
Oh, happy that it was a dream since you are here to-night, —
That I may deem it was a dream, you being here to-night!

Ring out the stirring song!
Pour forth the rosy wine!
I will to-night all hearts be light:
To-night, to night is mine.

Beautiful, beautiful shining one,
Robed in the light of a softened sun,
Gliding hither with noiseless tread,
Who bows not before thee is ill-bested.
Lo! thus I welcome thee, peerless guest,
Crowning with garlands the Queen of the Feast!
Nay, far and cold it seems at my side —
Only near in my heart — O sweeter, my bride!
I fold thee in to my burning breast,
Thou shalt calm the pulse of its wild unrest.
Methinks, my darling, your lips are chill.
Your heart against mine is strangely still.
It used to throb at my downward look,
And I read your face as a luminous book —
That face is calmer and whiter now
Than when you whispered your marriage vow.
Then it was hushed from your fear's excess,
But I was trembling with tenderness.
O Love, that day seems very far,
Distantly glowing, a tremulous star;

Gray and bitter the years have been, —
The pitiless years that rolled between.
Why did that glory depart so soon?
Who quenched the light of your fair young June?
Heart of my heart, life of my life,
Here I behold you, beautiful wife;
Yet I thought I witnessed you, day by day,
Fade like the roses of summer away.
I thought you went down to the silent dust —
Ah, me! the woe!
I thought you went up to the heaven of heavens,
Long ago.
Did the heart you should always have reigned within
Open its portals to deadly sin?
Did the demon that lurks in the red wine's glow
Nerve my arm for a murderous blow?
Silent, serene, you are standing there,
And yet, O God! I can almost swear,
Could frenzy itself such measure deal,
I saw the gleam of the flashing steel!
O fearful gleam! O hideous dream!
O flashing, fearful light!
Oh, blest in that it was a dream,
Since you are here to-night;
That I may deem it was a dream,
You being here to-night.

Avaunt! ye Phantoms of the Brain,
Avaunt! nor mock my soul;
To-night, to-night, my heart is light,
I crown the brimming bowl.

Sweet friends, to you, the tried and true,
I pour the purple flood —
Ho! dastards! slaves! Ho! hellish race!
Who hath wrought me this foul disgrace?
Wine! wine! — It is blood!

Gone — gone — gone —
The mirth and the music of life;
Valor, and Beauty, and Love;
Sister, and Mother, and Wife.
No sound but the clanking of iron chains,
With which my jailers have bound me;
No sight but the gloom of the prison walls
Which hopelessly close around me.

Far away by the sounding sea,
Stern in a stately home,
A lonely watcher is waiting for one
Who nevermore shall come.
I know in what window o'erlooking the sea
A single light burns dim —
In vain, in vain. It hath glimmered long;
But my prison walls are high and strong,
And Death is the warder grim.

O lonely watcher, quench that light
That gleams on the ocean wave!
Ere another moon rounds full and white
The earth shall witness a doleful sight —
You have no power to save;

And I, the heir of a noble name,
Last of a house of princely fame,
Freed from my burden of sin and shame,
Shall rest in a nameless grave.





HOMAGE.



HOMAGE.

By WILLIAM WINTER.

I.



HITE daisies on the meadow green
Present thy beauteous form to me:
Peaceful and joyful these are seen,
And peace and joy encompass thee.
I watch them where they dance and shine,
And love them — for their beauty's thine.

II.

Red roses o'er the woodland brook
Remember me thy lovely face:
So blushing and so fresh its look,
So wild and shy its radiant grace.
I kiss them in their coy retreat,
And think of lips more soft and sweet.

III.

Gold arrows of the merry morn
Shot swiftly over Eastern seas,
Gold tassels of the bending corn
That ripple in the August breeze,
Thy wildering smile, thy glorious hair,
And all thy power and state declare.

IV.

White, red, and gold — the awful crown
 Of virtue and of beauty too!
From what a height those eyes look down
 On him who proudly dares to sue.
Yet, free from self as God from sin
Is love that loves nor asks to win.

V.

Let me but love thee in the flower,
 The waving grass, the dancing wave,
The fragrant pomp of garden bower,
 The violet on the nameless grave,
Sweet dreams by night, sweet thoughts by day,
And time shall tire ere love decay.

VI.

Let me but love thee in the glow
 When morning on the ocean shines,
Or in the mighty winds that blow,
 Snow-laden through the mountain pines —
In all that's fair, or grand, or dread —
And all shall die ere love be dead.

New Facts about Edgar A. Poe.





SOME NEW FACTS ABOUT EDGAR A. POE.

By WILLIAM F. GILL.

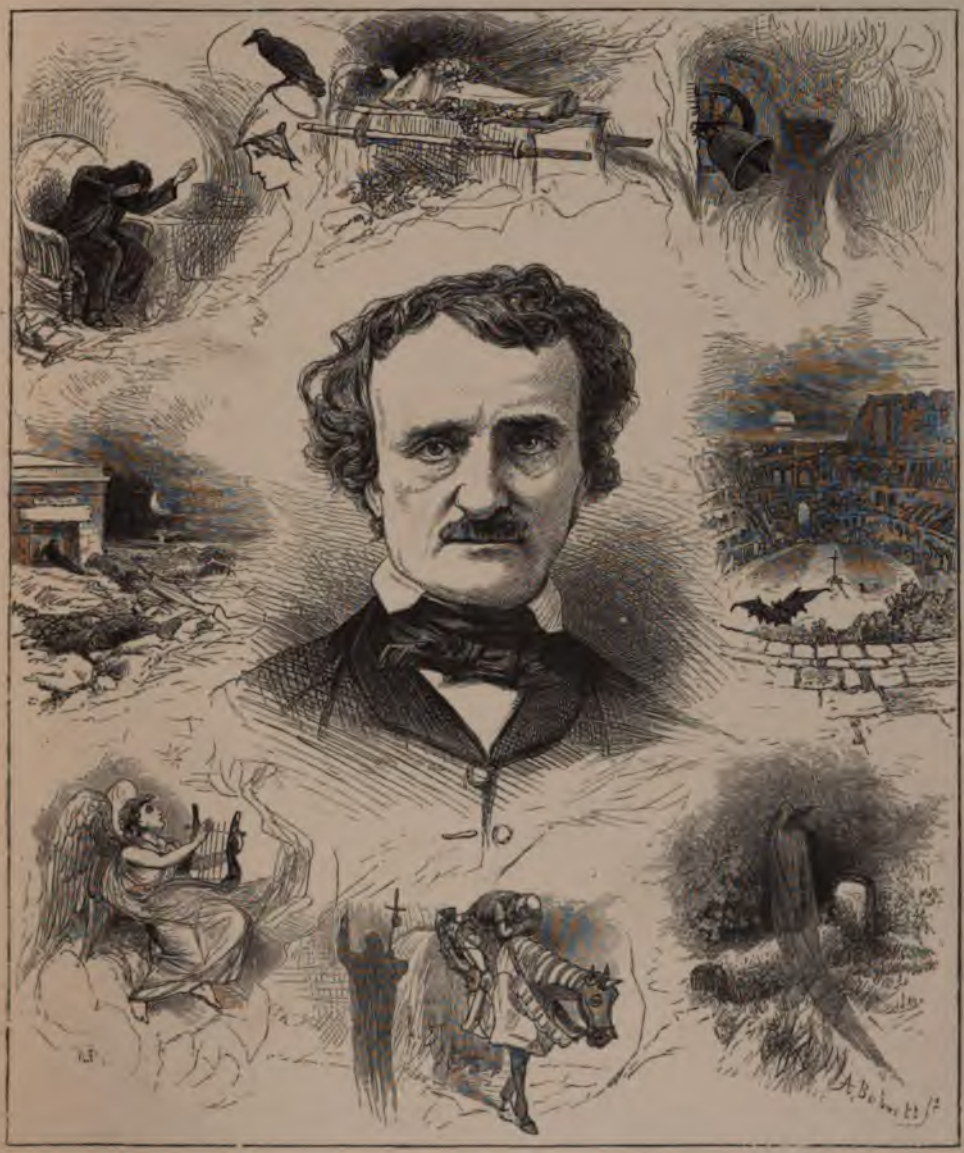
FOR more than a quarter of a century, the American public, while crowning with laurels the genius of Edgar A. Poe, has lived on, indolently oblivious of the true story of his life.

Carping criticism has gloated over the doubtful record of follies and excesses ascribed to him by malignant enemies like Griswold, while the man, as he actually lived, is known only to the few.

But as truth gradually displaces falsehood, we shall come to understand more correctly the true proportions of that marred and broken individuality, that nature so sensitively organized and so rarely developed under circumstances so exceptionally perilous and perverting.

While we lament the mutilation of the Venus de Milo, do we not devotedly worship the magnificent fragment that remains; and should the missing members ever be found and restored, would not the completed statue possess a pungency of interest which might have been lacking, had the dismemberment never taken place?

Perhaps, then, the facts in the history of Edgar A. Poe having been shorn of their fair proportions by the unkind fate that

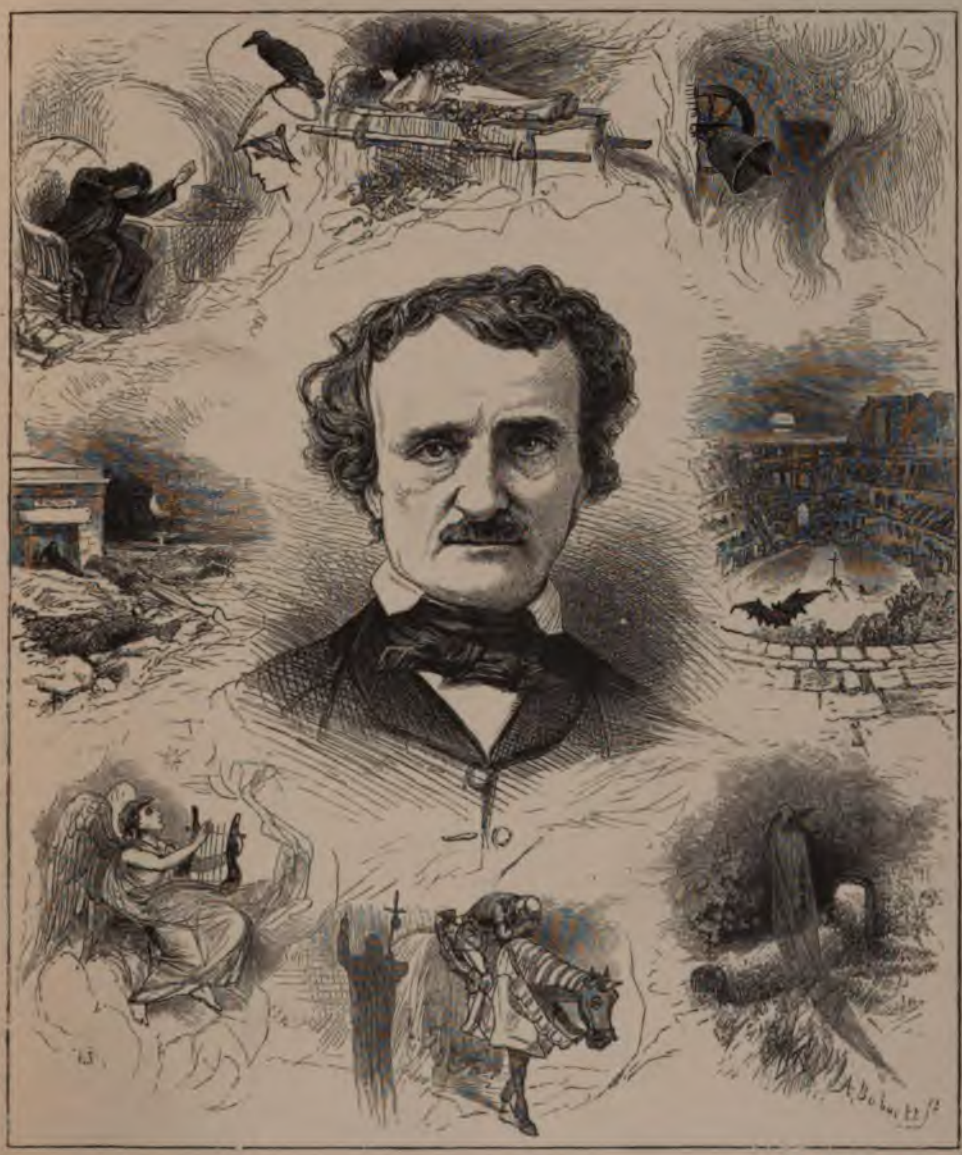


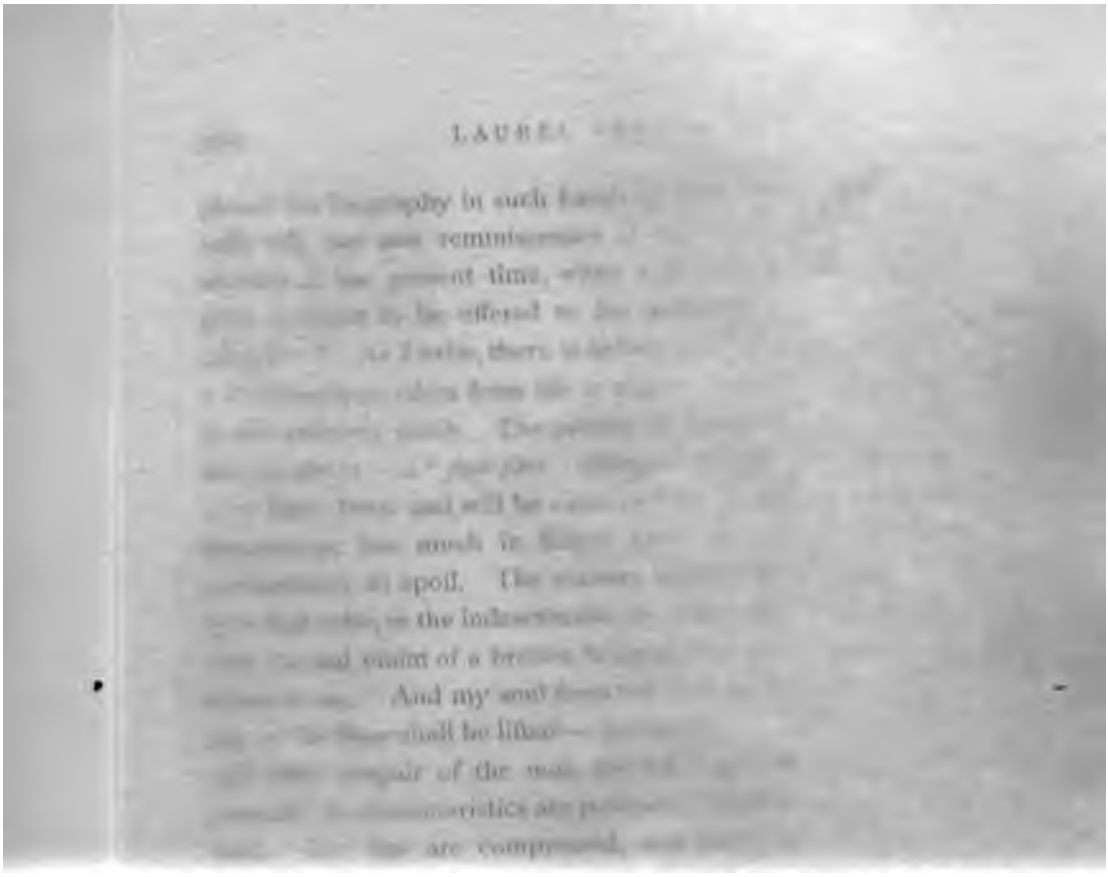
placed his biography in such hands as those into which it originally fell, any new reminiscences of the poet's life, may be of interest at the present time, when a permanent tribute to the poet is about to be offered to his memory, in the city of his adoption.* As I write, there is before me a portrait of the poet, a daguerrotype taken from life in 1848, — just one year previous to his untimely death. The picture is, artistically, one of those abominations — a "*full-face*" sitting — for which inartistic artisans have been and will be execrated for all time. There was, fortunately, too much in Edgar Poe's face for even such a presentation to spoil. The massive brow towers grandly above eyes that echo, in the indescribable mournfulness of their expression, the sad plaint of a broken heart, as their gaze meeting mine seems to say, "And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor shall be lifted — nevermore!" The soul-hunger and utter despair of the man are not *suggested* simply by the portrait; its characteristics are positive, prominent, and predominant. The lips are compressed, and every line of the face bespeaks, not the temporary prostration of an overtasked mind and body, not the after effects of some reckless revel, but the awful shadow of some heavy woe, out of which the doomed victim shall never more emerge. It is not a *pleasant* picture, like the idealized engravings of the poet in his younger days, with which we are familiar; but it is a picture that in a single glance speaks more convincingly of the aspirations of the poet and of his blighted life, than tomes of biographies, or galleries of engravings.

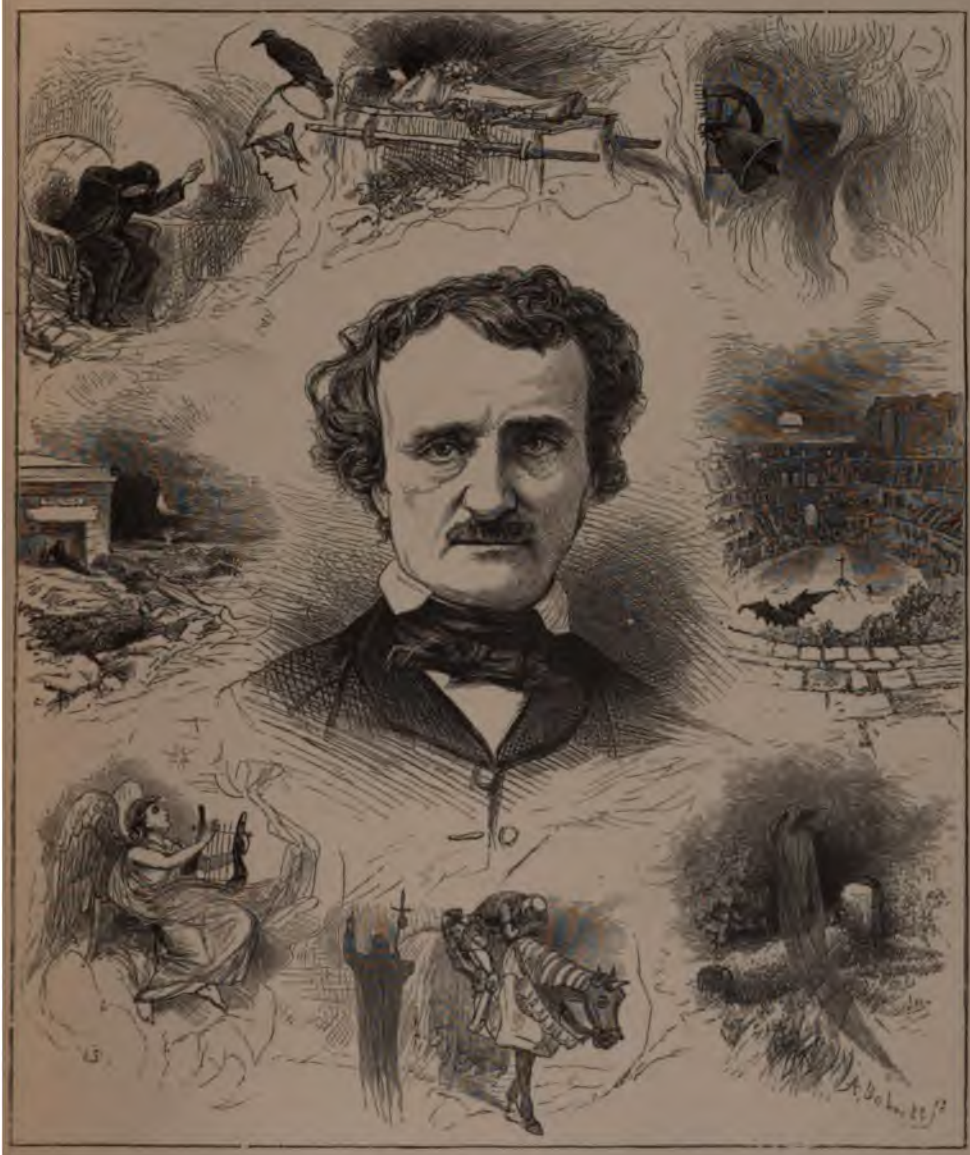
No person, gifted with ordinary human feeling, could look upon this mute presentment of the dead poet without experi-

* The monument recently completed at Baltimore, and erected over Poe's grave in that city.











encing a heart-throb of sympathy for the unfortunate, but noble-minded subject. It will, perhaps, be inferred, that I do not agree with those reviewers of Poe who ascribe the composition of "The Raven" to pure invention. Indeed I do not agree with these writers; for, on the authority of one of Poe's most intimate friends, — one who knew him throughout his prosperity and his adversity, in sickness and in health, — I know that none of Poe's romances were more fictitious than his personal romances about himself and his writings. None knew this better than his few intimate friends who allude to the fact as a matter of course; and his own analysis of "The Raven" is, confessedly, as thorough a specimen of plausible fabrication as is his famous story of "The Facts in the Case of Monsieur de Valdemar."

Poe was abnormally sensitive, as well as phenomenally imaginative; and, like all persons of a morbid mental condition, he resented the slightest approach from the world at large, and from practical people in particular, to the special subject that possessed his mind.

"The Raven" was written from the depths of his very soul; like the picture of Parrhasius, wrought from a mental agony almost superhuman in its exquisite torture.

His overwrought imagination and intensity of mental anguish thus seeking and finding a needed outlet, what more natural than that the reaction, coming, as it must come, after any such paroxysm of the emotional powers, should, in his cooler moments, have prompted him to seek the concealment of the actual motive of "The Raven," by fencing it about with the impregnable wall of fiction, — the building of which he understood so well? Is not this another specimen of speculative analysis, it may be asked? No! For it is based upon the testimony of living witnesses,

* Mr. Fredericks has in the limning from this daguerrotype succeeded admirably in reproducing the better points, while modifying the defects apparent in the original.

familiar with the smallest details of the poet's life, and cognizant of his wildest flights in the realms of imagination. From one of these — a lady who knew the poet intimately in his later years — I gather that Poe's own *reading* of the poem in private was in accordance with the view taken in this article, and utterly at variance with the reading of the piece as a mere composition.

Poe would, undoubtedly, have suffered a fresh and poignant anguish had he lived longer, in the matter-of-fact recitations of this wonderful poem by elocutionists who have so long vainly struggled to interpret its inner meaning. I have indeed heard Mr. Longfellow say, in speaking of his own poems, that, as a general thing, it was torture to him to hear them read by professional elocutionists.

He mentioned, as an instance, the reading of his "Excelsior," to which he was once invited; where the elocutionist, by the aid of a confederate and a trap-door above the stage, attempted to simulate the effect of the increasing distance of the voice of the hero. Fancy the effect upon the poet, when the "trap," by an inadvertent slip, suddenly came down with a loud thud, after one of the especially exciting verses.

Apropos of Longfellow, Poe was at heart a deep admirer of his contemporary, notwithstanding the controversy in which he was led to say some sharp things about the Boston bard, which he undoubtedly regretted.

In his review of "Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America," speaking of the comparative standing of Bryant and Longfellow, Poe writes, "Is Bryant a better poet than Longfellow? Certainly not, for in Longfellow's pages, the spirit of poetry, ideality, walks abroad, while Bryant's sole merit is tolerable versification and fine marches of description. Longfellow is unquestionably the best poet in America."

It is not, perhaps, a matter of vital importance, but the place

of Poe's birth, which has by common consent been assigned as Baltimore, was, in fact, Boston. I gathered from the records of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, that Poe was born in January, 1809, and from other evidence, substantially, as positive, the authority upon which the statement, that Poe was born in Boston, is made. So little is known of Poe while he was a student at this same University of Virginia, that a bit of testimony that has come to me from a school-fellow of the poet at this college,—Mr. Wm. Wertenbaker, who afterwards became its secretary, — may perhaps be worth the reading in this place: —

"Edgar A. Poe was a student of the University of Virginia during the second session, which commenced Feb. 1, 1821, and terminated Dec. 15 of the same year. He signed the matriculation book on the 16th of February, and remained in good standing as a student till the session closed.

"He was born on the 19th of January, 1809, being a little under seventeen when he entered the institution. He belonged to the school of ancient and modern languages, and, as I was myself a member of the latter, I can testify that he was tolerably regular in attendance, and a very successful student, having obtained distinction in it in the final examination, — the highest a student could then obtain, the present regulation in regard to degrees not having been at the time adopted.

"On one occasion Prof. Blakerman requested his Italian class to render into English verse a portion of the lesson in Tasso, assigned for the next lecture. Mr. Poe was the *only one* who complied with the request. He was highly complimented by the professor for his performance. Although I had a passing acquaintance with Mr. Poe from an early period of the session, it was not till near its close that I had any social intercourse with him.

"After spending an evening together at a private house, he invited me to his room. It was a cold night in December, and his fire having gone nearly out, by the aid of some candle ends and the wreck of a table he soon rekindled it, and by its comfortable blaze I spent a very pleasant hour with him. On this occasion he spoke with regret of the amount of money he had wasted, and the debts he had contracted.

"In a biographical sketch of Mr. Poe I have seen it stated that he was at one time expelled from the University, but that he afterwards returned and graduated with the highest honors. This is entirely a mistake. He spent but one session at the University, and at no time did he fall under the censure of the faculty. He was not at that time addicted to drinking, but had an ungovernable passion for card-playing. Mr. Poe was older than his biographer represents him. His age, I have no doubt, was correctly entered on the matriculation book."

In a brief note accompanying the statement of the secretary, Mr. Wertenbaker, the president of the University, Dr. S. Maupin, writes: —

"Mr. Wertenbaker's statement is full upon all the points specified, and is worthy of entire confidence. I may add that there is nothing in the faculty records to the prejudice of Mr. Poe.

"He appears to have been a successful student, having obtained distinctions in Latin and French at the closing examination of 1826. He never formally graduated here, no provision for conferring degrees of any kind having been made at the time he was a student here."

Poe seems to have been an apt scholar, and it is a matter of regret that his literary development was so summarily arrested by his guardian's determination to educate him for the army. Poe's last days at West Point were memorable in that during this time one of his first volumes of poems was published. Indeed, several verses were written by the young poet at this time that have never seen the light in any collection of his works yet published.

One of these original bits of verse was called forth by his determination to get away from West Point. Hearing of the birth of a child to Mrs. Allan, his foster-father's second wife,

he made up his mind that his heirship was at an end, and that, at all events, he would make himself independent. He had aspirations beyond those of a man of wealth and leisure, and was only too ready to throw off the galling yoke of dependence.

As he considered the army no place for a poor man, he determined to resign. At West Point it is necessary, in order to achieve such a step, to obtain permission from the parent or guardian. For this permission, Poe wrote to Mr. Allan, who flatly refused it; this refusal Mr. Poe represented to Col. Thayer, the superintendent of the "Post," who declined interfering with the rules, or to accept the resignation. This was about the period that Poland made the desperate and unfortunate struggle for independence, against the combined powers of Russia, Austria and Prussia, which terminated in the capitulation of Warsaw, and the annihilation of the kingdom. All the cadet's former chivalric vigor had now returned, and with increased vigor. He burned to be a participant in the affray. But to do this, it was doubly necessary to leave West Point. There was one resource yet left him; this he took. He positively refused to do duty of any kind, disobeyed all orders, and, keeping closely to his quarters, amused himself with caricaturing and pasquinading the professors. There was a gentleman named Joseph Locke, who had made himself especially obnoxious, through his pertinacity in *reporting* the pranks of the cadets. At West Point a report is no every-day matter, but a very serious thing. Each "report" counts a certain number against the offender, is charged to his account, and, when the whole exceeds a stated sum, he is liable to dismissal. Mr. Poe at this time, it seems, wrote a lengthy and audacious lampoon against this Mr. Locke, of which the following are the only stanzas preserved: —

"As for Locke, he is all in my eye,
May the devil right soon for his soul call.
He never was known to lie
In bed at a *reveille* roll-call.

"John Locke was a notable name,
Joe Locke is a greater; in short,
The former was well known to fame,
But the latter's well known to *report*."

The result of this was just what Poe intended it should be. For some time Colonel Thayer, to whose good offices the young cadet had been personally recommended by General Scott, overlooked these misdemeanors. But, at length, the matter becoming too serious, charges were instituted against Poe for "neglect of duty, and disobedience of orders" (nothing was said about the lampoons), and he was tried by a court-martial. There were innumerable specifications, to all of which, by way of saving time, he pleaded guilty, although some of them were thoroughly absurd. In a word, he was cashiered *nem. con.*, and went on his way rejoicing.

But not, however, to Poland. The capitulation had been effected, and that unfortunate country was no more. He repaired to Baltimore, where, shortly afterwards, he learned of the death of his foster-father, Mr. Allan, who had left him nothing. His young widow even refused him possession of his private library — a valuable one.

One of Poe's more important literary engagements was with Burton's "Gentleman's Magazine."

Some idea of the characteristics of the poet at this stage of his career are suggested by the following letter addressed to Mr. T. C. Clarke, editor of the "Museum," published in Philadelphia by Mr. C. Alexander, one of the publishers of

the "Gentleman's Magazine," and founder of the "Saturday Evening Post."

"PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20th, 1850.

"MY DEAR SIR: — I very cheerfully reply to your request made in reference to our friend, Edgar Allan Poe.

"I well remember his connection with the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' of which Mr. Burton was editor, and myself the publisher, at the period referred to in connection with Mr. Poe.

"The absence of the principal editor on professional duties left the matter frequently in the hands of Mr. Poe, whose unfortunate failing may have occasioned some disappointment in the preparation of a particular article expected from *him*, but never interfering with the regular publication of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' as its monthly issue was never interrupted, upon any occasion, either from Mr. Poe's deficiency, or from any other cause, during my publication of it, embracing the whole time of Mr. Poe's connection with it. That Mr. Poe had faults, seriously detrimental to his own interests, none, of course, will deny. They were, unfortunately, too well known in the literary circles of Philadelphia, were there any disposition to conceal them. But he alone was the sufferer, and not those who received the benefit of his pre-eminent talents; however irregular his habits, or uncertain his contributions may occasionally have been.

"I had long and familiar intercourse with him, and very cheerfully embrace the opportunity which you now offer of bearing testimony to the uniform *gentleness of disposition*, and kindness of heart, which distinguished Mr. Poe, in all my intercourse with him. With all his faults, he was a gentleman, which is more than can be said of some who have undertaken the ungracious task of blacking the reputation which Mr. Poe, of all others, esteemed 'the precious jewel of his soul.'

"Yours truly,

"C. ALEXANDER.

"TO MR. T. C. CLARKE."

So little of the interior life of Poe has ever been given to the world, that, as giving an unfamiliar picture of the atmosphere of Poe's domestic life, I wish to introduce an interesting reminis-

cence of the poet from Mr. William Gowans, a well-known publisher and bookseller of New York city, who died a few months since. In one of his annual catalogues this gentleman writes of Poe as follows: "The characters drawn of Poe by his various biographers and critics may with safety be pronounced an excess of exaggeration; but this is not to be much wondered at, when it is taken into consideration that these men were rivals either as poets or prose writers, and it is well known that such are generally as jealous of each other as are the ladies who are handsome, or those who desire to be considered possessed of the coveted quality. It is an old truism, and as true as it is old, 'that in the midst of councils there is safety.' I, therefore, will also show you my opinion of this gifted but unfortunate man. It may be estimated as worth little, but it has this merit. It comes from an eye and ear witness, and this, it must be remembered, is the very highest of legal evidence.

"For eight months, or more, one house contained us, one table fed us. During that time I saw much of him, and had an opportunity of conversing with him often, and I must say, I never saw him in the least affected by liquor, nor knew him to descend to any kind of vice, while he was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly, and intelligent companions I have ever met during my journeyings and haltings through divers divisions of the globe; besides, he had an extra inducement to be a good man, as well as a good husband, for he had a wife of matchless beauty and loveliness.

"Her eyes could match those of any houri, and her face defy the genius of Canova to imitate. She had a temper and disposition of surpassing sweetness, and seemed, withal, as much devoted to him and his every interest as a young mother is to her first-born.

"During this time he wrote the 'Adventure of Arthur Gordon Pym.' This was the most unsuccessful of all his writings. Although published by the influential house of Harper and Brothers, who have the means of distributing a single edition of any book in a week, still it did not sell.

"Poe had a remarkably pleasing and prepossessing countenance, — what the ladies would call decidedly handsome."

I am under the impression that the slight allusion by Dr. Griswold to the great dream of Poe's literary career, the founding of a monthly magazine of which he should have the control, is the only mention that is to be found in any biography of Poe of his projected enterprise — a monthly to be called "The Stylus."

This enterprise was started during Poe's residence in Philadelphia, in 1843, and formed the most ambitious, as well as the most elaborate, of the many similar attempts made by the poet to realize his dream. Every preparation was made, including contracts with leading writers and artists. The full prospectus of the magazine was printed and circulated, and an appropriate emblematical device with motto, designed by Poe himself, was engraved for the title-page. I append an abstract from the original prospectus, prepared by Poe, prefaced by a copy of the original heading of the circular: —

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE STYLUS,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

TO BE EDITED BY

EDGAR A. POE,

And Published in the City of Philadelphia by

CLARKE AND POE.

———— unbending that all men
Of thy form Truth may say, "Lo! this is writ
With the antique *iron pen.*"
— *Launcelot Canning.*

The prospectus was quite elaborate, comprising an amount of copy about equivalent to a solid page of "Harper." — "It has become obvious (reads the prospectus) that the period has at length arrived when a journal of the character here proposed is demanded and will be sustained. The late movements on the great question of International copyright are but an index of the universal disgust excited by what is quaintly termed the cheap literature of the day; — as if that which is utterly worthless can be cheap at any price under the sun. 'The Stylus' will include about one hundred royal octavo pages in single column per month, forming two thick volumes per year. In its mechanical appearance, in its typography, paper and binding, it will far surpass all American journals of its kind. Engravings when used will be in the highest style of the Art, but are

promised only in obvious illustration of the text, and in strict keeping with the magazine character.

"Upon application to the proprietors by any agent who may desire the work, or any other individual who may feel interested, a specimen sheet will be forwarded. As, for many reasons, it is inexpedient to commence a journal of this kind at any other period than the beginning or the middle of the year, the first number of 'The Stylus' will not be regularly issued until the first of July, 1843. It will enlist the loftiest talent, but employ it not always in the loftiest, at least not always in the most pompous or Puritanical way.

"It will aim at affording a fair and not dishonorable field for the *true* intellect of the land, without reference to the mere *prestige* of celebrated names. It will support the general interests of the Republic of Letters, and insist upon regarding the world at large as the sole proper audience for the author. It will resist the dictation of our Foreign Reviews. It will eschew the stilted dulness of our own quarterlies, and while it *may*, if necessary, be no less learned, will deem it wiser to be less anonymous, and more difficult to be dishonest than they.

"It shall be, in fact, the *chief purpose* of 'The Stylus,' to become known as a journal wherein may be found at all times, upon all subjects within its legitimate reach, a sincere and a fearless opinion. It shall be a leading object to assert in precept, and to maintain in practice, the rights, while in effect it demonstrates the advantages, of an absolutely independent criticism, — a criticism, self-sustained; guiding itself only by the purest rules of Art, analyzing and urging those rules, as it applies to them, holding itself aloof from all personal bias, and acknowledging no fear save that of outraging Right."

With this abstract, I give a fac-simile from Poe's own hand-

writing, of an agreement drawn up by him, as the only existing evidence on record of the legal business capacity of the poet.

This unique document is especially interesting, as indicating the grade of commercial equivalents then existing for the fruits of artistic labor. The amount which was to have been paid the artist, then, as now, the foremost in his line, is almost ludicrous, as compared with the prices received at the present time by such an artist. It is not probable that Mr. Darley would put a design on the wood now, for less than fifty dollars, and the advance in prices paid for literary work is even greater.

Poe received but ten dollars for "The Raven," while Longfellow, for his recent poem, "The Hanging of the Crane," first published in the "New York Ledger," could not have received less than five hundred, from the publishers of that journal; and the poem is not much longer than "The Raven."

It has been very generally believed that Poe's last journey, ending in his death at Baltimore, was made simply in fulfilment of an engagement to lecture at Richmond. From the following letter, I infer that the more important object of the promised consummation of his cherished enterprise of a monthly magazine, formed the object of his journey: —

"OQUAWKA, ILL., Aug. 21, 1849.

"EDGAR A. POE, ESQ: —

"*My dear Sir*, — Yours of the 7th inst. was received last night, and I hasten to reply. I am truly glad to hear that you are recovering your health, and trust it will soon be fully restored. You cannot enter into the joint publication of a $3 magazine with 'your heart in the work.' Well, what say you to this? —

"In publishing a $5 magazine, of 96 pp., monthly, — page same size as Graham's, — in bourgeois, or brevier (instead of long primer and brevier, as first proposed), it would be necessary for me to make an outlay of at least $1,100 (this amount including a supply of paper for three months for 2,000 copies).

[redacted]

Agreement

between

Felix O. C. Darley and Thomas C. Clarke with Edgar A. Poe.

This Agreement, entered into on this Thirty-first day of January, A.D One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Forty-Three (1843) between Felix O. C. Darley, on the one hand and Thomas C. Clarke with Edgar A. Poe on the other, Shows: First:

That the said F. O. C. Darley agrees to furnish original designs, or drawings (on wood or paper as required) of his own composition, in his best manner, and from subjects supplied him by Mess: Clarke and Poe; the said designs to be employed in illustration of the Magazine entitled "The Stylus", or for other purposes. And the said F. O. C. Darley agrees to furnish not less than three of the said designs per month, when required to furnish so many.

Secondly: That Mess: Clarke and Poe agree to demand of Mr Darley not more than five of these designs in any one month, nor those of greater elaboration than the wood-engraving on the first page of the cover of the French edition of "Gil-Blas", as illustrated by Gigoux. And, for each design so furnished, Mess: Clarke and Poe agree to pay the said Darley the Sum of Seven Dollars ($7); the amounts to be paid quarterly, beginning from the date of this Agreement.

Thirdly: That this Agreement is to be valid until the First day of July 1844; and that the said Felix O C. Darley is hereby required not to furnish, to any Magazine-publisher, any designs of the character described in this Agreement, to be used in any Magazine, within the period during which this Agreement is valid.

In Witness whereof, We, the Undersigned hereunto affix our signatures, this Thirty-first day of January A.D. One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Forty-three (1843).

Witness, Present.

Henry B. Hirst.

W. D. Rittman

F. O. C. Darley

Thos. C. Clarke

Edgar A. Poe

Now, if you are sure that, as you before thought, 1,000 subscribers can be obtained who *will* pay upon receipt of the first number, then you may consider me pledged to be with you in the undertaking.

"If this proposition meets your approval, you may immediately commence your journey to St. Louis — making easy stages through the South, and operating on your way — so as to reach that city by the middle of October (say the 15th), keeping me advised of your progress, as you proceed, by letter, say every two weeks. I will meet you at St. Louis by the time mentioned, at which time I shall be more at leisure than before, and can then settle on arrangements. You may associate my name with your own in the matter, the same as if I had met you in person.

"Adopt your own title. I leave this matter to you, as belonging peculiarly to your department. (Remember, however, published simultaneously at New York and St. Louis.) The first number can be issued in July — it is now *too late* to do it in January, and it would not be advisable to commence at any time other than the beginning or the middle of the year. I will try to be at St. Louis on the 15th of October, if your answer to this be favorable, until which time I bid you God-speed, and beg leave to sign myself,

"Most truly yours,

"ED. H. N. PATTERSON.

"P. S. — I send this via St. Louis and Vincennes, and will make a duplicate via Chicago to-morrow."

Yours, E. H. N. P."

Poe died on the 7th of October, 1849, at Baltimore, *en route* for the South. Is it not probable, then, that he was on the way to meet this appointment at St. Louis, a week later?

The subject of Poe's alleged intemperance is one that has given rise to an amount of righteous condemnation that would have overwhelmed and obliterated the reputation of an ordinary writer.

Mr. N. P. Willis writes: "We heard, from one who knew him well (what should be stated in all mention of his lamentable irregularities), that with a single glass of wine his whole

nature was reversed; the demon became uppermost, and, although none of the usual signs of intoxication were visible, his *will* was palpably insane."

On this point Mr. Thomas C. Latto writes: "Whatever his lapses might have been, whatever he might say of himself, (Burns was equally incautious, and equally garrulous in his aberrations), the American poet was never a sot; yet the charge has been made against him again and again."

One of the most respected clergymen in Massachusetts, who knew Poe well during the later years of the poet's life, most emphatically assured me, in a recent conversation, that Poe was not a drunkard. "Why (he said), I, the most innocent of divinity students at the time (1847), while walking with Poe, and feeling thirsty, pressed him to take a glass of wine with me. He declined, but finally compromised by taking a glass of ale with me. Almost instantly a great change came over him. Previously engaged in an indescribably eloquent conversation, he became as if paralyzed, and with compressed lips, and fixed, glaring eyes, returned, without uttering a word, to the house which we were visiting. For hours, the strange spell hung over him. He seemed a changed being, as if stricken by some peculiar phase of insanity."

I mention this as an act of simple justice to the poet, and to make apparent the falsity of the accounts on record of Poe's orgies and protracted indulgences.

He never drank, never could have drank, to excess. His fault, then, was not in his *excessive* indulgence in intoxicating drinks, but in his exceptional susceptibility to the influence of liquor.

There is no evidence that his weakness was in the insatiable *craving* for stimulants, common to drunkards. When he drank, at times, it was simply with the innocent intent, common to the

large majority of mankind who are able to take a single glass with impunity, of exchanging a social pledge with a friend or companion. Nature had made him an unfortunate exception, and will it not be generally admitted that any inherited or constitutional weakness is less amenable to reason, than one which is merely the result of an artificial or acquired taste?

Poe, it would seem, never resorted to liquor, even for the pardonable necessity of stimulating his literary inspirations. Such a sequence was impossible to his indulgence in what is to many a fortunate and desirable support.

When engaged in writing, his sensitive organization rendered any stimulant stronger than coffee fatal to his work, and even that pleasant and comparatively innocent beverage could be taken but sparingly by him. One of the causes of his isolation from society in the later years of his life was his sensitiveness to his exceptional weakness, which placed him in an awkward position, from his native courtesy, when obliged, for self-protection, to decline even touching a *single* glass of wine.

The lack of all moral sense has been so universally imputed to Poe by his biographers, that the following passages from a letter by the poet, in which he speaks for himself upon this subject, may be worthy of consideration in this place: —

"Oct. 18th.

. "Of what avail to me in my deadly grief are your enthusiastic words of mere *admiration?* You do *not* love me, or you would have felt too thorough a sympathy with the sensitiveness of my nature to have so wounded me as you have done with this terrible passage of your letter, — 'How often I have heard men and even women say of you, "He has great intellectual power, but no principle, no moral sense."' Is it possible that such expressions as these could have been *repeated* to me — to *me* — by one whom I love?

And you ask me *why* such opinions exist. You will feel remorse for the question, when I say to you that until the moment when those horrible words first met my eye, I would not have believed it *possible* that any such opinions could have existed at all; but that they do exist breaks my heart in separating us forever. I love you too truly ever to have offered you my hand, ever to have sought your love, had I *known* my name to be so stained as your expressions imply. It is altogether in vain that I tax my memory or my conscience. There is no oath which seems to me so sacred as that sworn by the all-divine love I bear you. By this love, then, and by the God who reigns in heaven, I swear to you that my soul is incapable of dishonor; that with the exception of occasional follies and excesses, which I bitterly lament, but to which I have been driven, and which are hourly committed by others without attracting any notice whatever, I can call to mind no act of my life which would bring a blush to my cheek or to yours. If I have erred at all in this regard, it has been on the side of what the world would call a Quixotic sense of the honorable, of the chivalrous. The indulgence of this sense has been the true voluptuousness of my life. It was for this species of luxury that in early youth I deliberately threw away a large fortune rather than endure a trivial wrong. Ah, how profound is my love for you, since it forces me into these egotisms, for which you will inevitably despise me!

"But grant that what you urge were even true, do you not feel in your inmost heart of hearts that the soul-love, of which the world speaks so often, and so idly, is, in this instance at least, but the veriest, the most absolute of realities?

"Ah, I could weep, I could *almost* be angry with you for the unwarranted wrong you offer to the purity, to the sacred reality of my affection. Referring to another passage in the letter quoted above, the poet writes: —

"'May God forever shield *you* from the agony which these words occasion me!'

"You will *never* know, you can *never* picture to yourself the hopeless, rayless despair with which I now trace these words.

"Nevertheless, I must now speak to you the truth or nothing. But alas! for nearly three years I have been ill, poor, living out of the world, and thus, as I now painfully see, have afforded opportunity to my enemies to slander me in private society, without my knowledge, and thus with impunity.

"Although much may, however (and I now see must), have been said to my discredit during my retirement, those few who, knowing me well, have been steadfastly my friends, permitted nothing to reach my ears, unless in one instance, where the accusation was of such character that I could appeal to a court of justice for redress.

"I replied to the charge fully in a public newspaper, suing the 'Mirror' (in which the scandal appeared), obtaining a verdict and recovering such an amount of damages as for the time to completely break up that journal. And you ask *why* men so misjudge me, why I have enemies.

"If your knowledge of my character and of my career does not afford you an answer to the query, at least it does not become *me* to suggest the answer. Let it suffice that I have had the audacity to remain poor, that I might preserve my independence; that, nevertheless, in letters, to a certain extent and in certain regards, I have been successful; that I have been a critic, an unscrupulously honest, and no doubt in many cases, a bitter one.

"That I have uniformly attacked, where I attacked at all, those who stood highest in power and influence, and that, whether in literature or in society, I have seldom refrained from expressing either directly or indirectly, the pure contempt with which the pretensions of ignorance, arrogance, or imbecility inspire me. And you who know all this, *you* ask me *why* I have enemies. Ah, I have a hundred friends for every individual enemy, but has it ever occurred to you, that you do not live among my friends?

"Had you read my criticisms generally, you would see why all those whom *you* know best, know *me* least and are my enemies. Do you not remember with how deep a sigh I said to you in ——, 'My heart is heavy, for I see that your friends are not my own'? Forgive me best and beloved ——, if there is bitterness in my tone. Towards *you* there is no room in my soul for any other sentiment than devotion. It is fate only which I accuse. — It is my own unhappy nature."

Further on in this letter, the poet draws this picture of his ideal home: —

"I suffered my imagination to stray with you, and with the few who love us both, to the banks of some quiet river in some lovely valley of our land. Here, not too far secluded from the world, we exercised a taste controlled by no conventionalities, but the sworn slave of a Natural Art, in the building for

ourselves a cottage which no human being could ever pass without an ejaculation of wonder at its strange, weird, and incomprehensible, yet simple beauty. Oh, the sweet and gorgeous, but not often *rare* flowers in which we half buried it — the grandeur of the magnolias and tulip-trees which stood guarding it — the luxurious velvet of its lawn — the lustre of the rivulet that ran by its very door — the tasteful yet quiet comfort of its interior — the music — the books — the unostentatious pictures — and, above all, the love, the *love*, that threw an unfading glory over the whole! — Alas! all is now a dream."

Personally, Poe's characteristics were marked by delicacy, gentleness, refinement and simplicity. Like other "geniuses," he was radically eccentric or "notional" in his way, but never in any offensive degree.

He dressed, invariably, in black cloth; never varying this costume except by occasionally substituting a velvet for his usual cloth waistcoat. He was acutely sensitive to the "frou-frou" or rustling of the silk dresses, worn by his lady friends, and would beg of them never to wear silk, but to put on "stuff" dresses, which made no noise, and hung in soft, graceful folds about the form. In a mixed company of people, unfamiliar to him, he was almost invariably very reserved; while when alone, with those near and dear to him, his conversation often partook of an eloquence that the most brilliant of his writings but dimly suggest. After the death of his wife, Virginia, his imaginative powers became more and more extravagant — so much so that he found it impossible to sleep without the presence of some friend by his bedside when he sought slumber. Mrs. Clemm, his ever devoted friend and comforter, more frequently fulfilled the office of watcher. The poet, after retiring, would summon her, and while she stroked his broad brow he would indulge his wild flights of fancy to the Aidenn of his dreams. He never spoke nor moved in these moments, unless the hand was with-

drawn from his forehead, then he would say, with childish *näiveté*, "No, no, not yet!" — while he lay with half-closed eyes.

The mother, or friend, would stay by him until he was fairly asleep, then gently leave him. He rarely awoke from troubled sleep, when his slumbers were thus preluded, as he desired; but if, through accident or necessity, he was obliged to seek sleep with no sweet soothings, save the weird conjurings of his own strange fancies, he was invariably distraught and wretchedly uncomfortable.

One of his letters to a lady friend gives an expression of his taste in the novel literature of the time in which he lived. Speaking of the book ("Percy Ranthorpe," by Mrs. Gore), he writes, "I have lately read it with deep interest, and derived great consolation from it. It relates to the career of a literary man, and gives a just view of the aims and of the true dignity of the literary character."

Poe's idea of a competency is frankly expressed in a letter to the same friend, in which he writes freely of his business plans. "I have now," he writes, "an engagement with every leading magazine in America. I have only to keep up my spirits, to keep out of pecuniary troubles. The least price I get is five dollars per Graham page, and I can easily manage to earn *seven* dollars a day."

One of the saddest pictures of Poe's later days, when the dark mantle of a blighting sorrow was enshrouding him, is afforded in an account which is gathered from an old-time associate of the poet, of his last visit to Philadelphia. The picture is none the less sad in that some of the poet's happiest hours had been passed in his cosey little home in that city, years before, with his charming and devoted child-wife, Virginia.

During this visit, which was made only a short time previous

to his death in Baltimore, Poe was an inmate of the hospitable mansion of the artist and publisher, Mr. J. Sartain, widely known as the proprietor of "Sartain's Magazine," whose kindness the poet had frequently shared. Fortunate, indeed, would it have been for Poe, had he met with this stanch friend on first reaching the city at this time. Had he fallen into his protecting hands earlier, instead of meeting with reckless associates, ready as in old times to tempt him to the indulgence inevitably fatal to him, how different might have been his fate! But it was ordained otherwise. When he finally reached the residence of his kind friend, Poe was in a highly excited condition, almost distracted indeed. His mind seemed bewildered and oppressed with the dread of some fearful conspiracy against his life, nor could the arguments or entreaties of his friend convince him that some deadly foe was not at that very moment in pursuit of him. He begged for a razor for the purpose of removing the mustache from his lip, in order, as he suggested, that he might disguise his appearance, and thus baffle his pursuers. But, unwilling to place such an instrument in his hands, he was prevailed upon to allow his host to effect the desired change, upon which he imagined his safety depended. The condition of Poe's mind was such, that Mr. Sartain, after persuading him to lie down, remained watching with him through the night, with anxious solicitude, unwilling to lose sight of the unfortunate sufferer for a moment. The following night Poe insisted upon going out. He turned his steps towards the river Schuylkill, accompanied, however, by his devoted friend, whose apprehension was strengthened by the vehemence with which, without cessation, he poured forth, in the rich, musical tones for which he was distinguished, the fervid imageries of his brilliant but over-excited imagination. The all absorbing theme which still

retained possession of his mind was the fearful conspiracy that threatened his destruction. Vainly his friend endeavored to reassure and persuade him. He rushed on with unwearied steps, threading different streets, his companion striving to lead him homewards, but still in vain.

Towards midnight they reached Fairmount, and ascended the steps leading to the summit, — Poe all the while giving free scope to the conversational powers, for which he was always remarkable, insisting upon the imminence of his peril, and pleading with touching eloquence for protection.

In the darkness of the night, the solemn stillness, only broken by the even fall of the water below, in peaceful contrast with the wild disorder of the unhappy poet's brain, he seemed a personification of the subject of his own " Raven,"—

> " Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood wondering, fearing,
> Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before."

He did not recover from this intense excitement until, subsequently escaping from the house, he wandered out into the neighborhood of the city, and, throwing himself down in the open air in a pleasant field, his shattered nerves found a comfortless but sorely needed repose.

He awoke refreshed; but, like Cassio, " remembered a mass of things, but nothing distinctly."

All that he could recall to mind were the entreaties and persuasions of some " guardian angel " who had sought to dissuade him from a frightful purpose. He recalled the kind remonstrances, but nothing more, — not even the identity of the friend to whose kind offices he had been indebted. The next day his friend parted with him, and, as fate ordained, forever. This, the sad, closing scene of Poe's career in the city where much, if not

most, of his fairest fame had been gained, was the prelude to his most unhappy death but a short time afterwards, in Baltimore. The circumstance of his unfortunate temptation by his thoughtless associates in Philadelphia was, unquestionably, the indirect cause of his final and fatal illness. For months previous, Poe had been carefully abstemious, and the sudden and fearful change, from the most careful and tender nursing to the most reckless exposure to the damp and cold of an out-of-doors bed, produced immediate effects, planting the insidious seeds that flowered into deadly bloom, with the aid of his later unfortunate exposure when in the hands of the Baltimore roughs, who took possession of the hapless victim, while suffering from a similar attack to that which had possessed him in Philadelphia.

We are prone to accept the *most obvious* explanation of an event as the true explanation or cause of that event. The lesson of experience teaches us that the most obvious analyses are, as a rule, the most deceptive. It is commonly believed, for instance, that Edgar Poe died from the effects of dissipation which, gradually, from long continuance, undermined his constitution. I do not believe that his death is to be assigned to any such positive and debasing cause. For many years of his lifetime, spite of all accounts to the contrary, he lived happy and comfortable in a charming home, with a companion that realized his delicate and refined ideal. The shadow of the destroying angel's hand that first cast its blight upon this companion was the one great, unlooked-for sorrow that he could not, would not, accept unrepiningly.

From the moment of his wife's death, he waged unequal battle with a relentless fate. Knowing his need, the balance and support afforded by the interchange of spiritual sympathy with a congenial mind, he was ever deprived of the possible gratifica-

tion of this want by the peculiar construction of his mental organism.

The Upas of his morbid imagination, no longer controlled by the healthful restraints of the pure, domestic atmosphere that his child-wife had thrown around him, turned, like a poisonous blight, about him, enervating his nobler energies, and, spite of his reason, blasting the healthier aspirations of his genius.

Poe may be regarded as a man who lived and died, never entirely understood, — one who, sensitive, to a degree altogether incomprehensible to practical minds, yet was so unfortunate as to live among the practical-minded only, and at a time when temperament, as such, was essentially omitted in society's estimate of a man. It was Poe's misfortune that his temperament was totally at variance with the spirit of the age in which he lived.

In a certain sphere of thought his ideas were altogether in advance of those of the people with whom he was associated. The world at large was never responsive to him in any significant degree. It could admire or despise him. It could not sympathize with him, or appreciate him.

The nineteenth century, generous as it has been in the production of geniuses, has been none too prolific in these rare creations. Many of them, alas! now live only in memory and in their works.

It behooves us then to preserve their memories and their works free from calumny. The veil of calumny has heavily clouded the memory of Edgar Allan Poe.

May I then be permitted to hope, that, from the reminiscences which my researches, which claim not to be adequate or complete, have evolved, some rays of light may find their way through the oppressive gloom that has shut out from view much

of the fairer side of the poet's life? I have not indeed found all the missing parts, needed to make of the mutilated statue a symmetrical whole; but, possibly, from some of the facts contained in this rambling paper, may be gathered suggestions at least of a fairer form than fame had hitherto given to the personal character of EDGAR A. POE.



A Nation's Test.



A NATION'S TEST.

READ AT THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL IN BOSTON, ON AUGUST 6, 1875.

By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A NATION'S greatness lies in Men, not acres:
One Master-Mind is worth a million hands;
No kingly robes have marked the planet-shakers,
But Samson-strength to burst the ages' bands.
The might of empire gives no crown supernal —
Athens is here — but where is Macedon?
A dozen lives make Greece and Rome eternal,
And England's fame might safely rest on One.

Here test and text are drawn from Nature's preaching:
Afric and Asia — half the rounded earth —
In teeming lives the solemn truth are teaching,
That insect-millions may have human birth.
Sun-kissed and fruitful, every clod is breeding
A petty life, too small to reach the eye:
So must it be, with no Man thinking, leading —
The generations creep their course and die.

Hapless the lands, and doomed amid the races,
That give no answer to this royal test;
Their toiling tribes will droop ignoble faces,
Till earth in pity takes them back to rest.
A vast monotony may not be evil,
But God's light tells us it cannot be good;
Valley and hill have beauty — but the level
Must bear a shadeless and a stagnant brood.

I bring the touchstone, Motherland, to thee,
And test thee trembling, fearing thou shouldst fail;
If fruitless, sonless, thou wert proved to be,
Ah! what would love and memory avail?

Brave land! God has blest thee!
Thy strong heart I feel,
As I touch thee and test thee.
Dear land! As the steel
To the magnet flies upward, so rises thy breast,
With a motherly pride, to the touch of the test.

See! she smiles beneath the touchstone, looking on her distant youth,
Looking down her line of Leaders and of Workers for the Truth.
Ere the Teuton, Norseman, Briton, left the primal woodland spring,
When their rule was might and rapine, and their law a painted king;

When the Sun of Art and Learning still was in the Orient;
When the pride of Babylonia under Cyrus' hand was shent;
When the Sphynx's introverted eye was fresh with Egypt's guilt;
When the Persian bowed to Athens; when the Parthenon was built;
When the Macedonian climax closed the Commonwealths of Greece;
When the wrath of Roman manhood burst on Tarquin for Lucrece, —
Then was Erin rich in Knowledge — thence from out her Ollamh's store —
Kenned to-day by students only, — grew her ancient *Senchus More;**
Then were reared her mighty builders, who made temples to the sun, —
There they stand — the old Round Towers — showing how their work was done:
Twice a thousand years upon them — shaming all our later art —
Warning fingers raised to tell us we must build with rev'rent heart.

Ah! we call thee Mother Erin! Mother thou in right of years;
Mother in the large fruition — mother in the joys and tears.

"Senchus More," or *Great Law*, the title of the Brehon Laws, translated by O'Donovan and O'Curry. Ollamh Fola, who reigned 900 years B.C., organized a triennial parliament at Tara of the chiefs, priests and bards, who digested the laws into a record called the Psalter of Tara. Ollamh Fola founded schools of history, medicine, philosophy, poetry and astronomy, which were protected by his successors. Kimbath (450 B.C.), and Hugony (300 B.C.), also promoted the civil interests of the kingdom in a remarkable manner.

All thy life has been a symbol — we can only read a part:
God will flood thee yet with sunshine for the woes that drench thy heart.
All thy life has been symbolic of a human mother's life:
Youth has vanished, with its visions, and the travail and the strife
Are upon thee in the present; but thy work until to-day
Still has been for Truth and Manhood — and it shall not pass away:
Justice lives, though Judgment lingers — angels' feet are heavy shod —
But a planet's years are moments in th' eternal day of God!

.

Out from the valley of death and tears,
From the war and want of a thousand years,
From the mark of sword and the rust of chain,
From the smoke and blood of the penal laws,
The Irish Men and the Irish Cause
Come out in the front of the field again!

What says the stranger to such a vitality?
What says the statesman to this nationality?
Flung on the shore of a sea of defeat,
Hardly the swimmers have sprung to their feet,
When the nations are thrilled by a clarion word,
And Burke, the philosopher-statesman, is heard.

When shall his equal be? Down from the stellar height
Sees he the planet and all on its girth —
India, Columbia, and Europe: his eagle-sight
Sweeps at a glance all the wrong upon earth.

Races or sects were to him a profanity:
Hindoo and Negro and Celt were as one;
Large as Mankind was his splendid humanity,
Large in its record the work he has done.

What need for names of secondary note,
When there be minds that all the heights attain?
What school-boy knoweth not the hand that wrote
"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain"?
What man that speaketh English e'er can lift
His voice 'mid scholars, who hath missed the lore
Of Berkeley, Curran, Sheridan, and Swift,
The art of Foley or the songs of Moore?
Grattan and Flood and Emmet — where is he
That hath not learned respect for such as these?
Who loveth humor and hath yet to see
Lover and Prout and Lever and Maclise?

Great men grow greater by the lapse of time:
We know those least whom we have seen the latest;
And they, 'mongst those whose names have grown sublime,
Who worked for HUMAN LIBERTY, are greatest.

And now for one who allied will to work,
And thought to act, and burning speech to thought;
Who *gained* the prizes that were *seen* by Burke —
Burke felt the wrong — O'Connell felt, *and fought.*

Ever the same — from boyhood up to death:
His race was crushed — his people were defamed;
He struck the spark, and fanned it with his breath,
And fed the fire, till all the Nation flamed!

He roused the farms — he made the serf a yeoman;
He drilled his millions and he faced the foe;
But not with lead or steel he struck the foeman:
Reason the sword — and Human Right the blow!

He fought for Home — but no land-limit bounded
O'Connell's faith, nor curbed his sympathies;
All wrong to Liberty must be confounded,
Till men were chainless as the winds and seas.

He fought for Faith — but with no narrow spirit:
With ceaseless hand the bigot laws he smote;
One chart, he said, all Mankind should inherit, —
The right to worship and the right to vote.

Ever the same — but yet a glinting prism:
In wit, law, statecraft, still a master-hand;
An uncrowned king, whose people's love was chrism;
His title — LIBERATOR OF HIS LAND!

"His heart's in Rome, his spirit is in heaven," —
So runs the old song that his people sing;
A tall Round Tower they builded in Glasnevin —
Fit Irish headstone for an Irish king!

O Motherland! there is no cause to doubt thee:
Thy mark is left on every shore to-day.
Though grief and wrong may cling like robes about thee,
Thy motherhood will keep thee Queen alway.

In faith and patience working, and believing
Not power alone can make a noble State:
Whate'er the land, though all things else conceiving,
Unless it breed Great Men, it is not great.
Go on, dear land! and midst the generations
Send out strong Men to cry the Word aloud;
Thy niche is empty still amidst the Nations —
Go on in faith, and GOD MUST RAISE THE CLOUD!



To a Friend.







TO A FRIEND,

Who gave Me a Group of Weeds and Grasses.

[AFTER A DRAWING OF DÜRER.]

TRUE as the sun's own work, but more refined,
It tells of love behind the artist's eye,
Of sweet companionships with earth and sky,
And summers stored, the sunshine of the mind:
What peace! sure, ere you breathe, the fickle wind
Will break its truce and bend that grass-plume high
Scarcely yet quiet from the gilded fly
That flits a more luxurious perch to find:
Thanks for a pleasure that can never pall,
A serene moment deftly caught and kept
To make immortal summer on my wall;
Had he who drew such gladness ever wept?
Ask rather could he else have seen at all,
Or grown in Nature's mysteries an adept?

J. R. LOWELL.

The Old Mirror.





THE OLD MIRROR.

By Mrs. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.



FT I see at twilight,
In the hollow gloom
Of the dim old mirror,
Phantasmal faces loom.

Noble antique faces,
Sad as with the weight
Of some ancient sorrow,
Some ancestral fate.

Little rose-lipped faces,
Locks of golden shine,
Laughing eyes of childhood
Looking into mine:

Sweet, auroral faces,
Like the morning's bloom;
Ah, how long and long ago
Shrouded for the tomb!

In a bridal chamber
 Once the mirror hung;
Draperies of Indian looms
 Over it were flung.

From its gilded sconces,
 Fretted now with mould,
Waxen tapers glimmered
 On carcanets of gold.

Perfumes of the summer night
 Were through the lattice blown,
Scents of briar-roses
 And meadows newly mown.

The mirror, then, looked eastward,
 And caught the morning's bloom,
And flooded with its rosy gold
 The dream-light of the room.

To-night 'tis looking westward,
 Toward the sunset wall;
The wintry day is waning,
 The dead leaves drift and fall.

All about the hearth-stone
 The whitening ashes blow;
The wind is wailing an old song
 Heard long and long ago.

Like the dead leaves drifting
Through the wintry air,
Like white ashes sifting
O'er the hearth-stone bare,

Sad ancestral faces,
Wan as moonlit snow,
Haunt the dim old mirror
That knew them long ago.





Small Beginnings.





SMALL BEGINNINGS.

By THE AUTHOR OF "GETTING ON IN THE WORLD."

IT is related, in an old magazine, of Chester Harding, the painter, that about sixty years ago he resided in the wilds of Kentucky, having never seen a decent picture in his life, and spent such of his time as could be spared from more laborious occupations, in drumming for a militia company, and in fitting axe-helves to axes — two things in which he soon became distinguished. By-and-by some revolution took place in his affairs; a new ambition sprang up within him; and finding himself one day in a strange place — without friends, without money, and *with* a family — at a tavern, the landlord of which was complaining of being disappointed by a sign-painter, Mr. H. undertook the sign, apparently out of compassion to the landlord, but in reality to pay his bill and provide bread for his children. He succeeded. The landlord pronounced the sign to be an excellent painting, and the tavern bill was receipted; and this may be considered the first payment Harding ever received for a production of his art.

Washington Allston began his career in a way hardly more hopeful. It is said that not many years after he took rank among the masters of his art, a picture was presented him for examination. "What is your opinion? — Speak freely, I pray you," said the person to him. Allston declined; he was really

unwilling. The other insisted, — it was the work of a young friend; he really *must* have Mr. A.'s opinion. — "Why," said the reluctant painter, placing it in a variety of positions, "it is a queer thing — a *very* queer thing." — "But does it indicate talent?" said the other. "Well, then," said the painter, "to deal plainly with you, it is a wretched affair. There is no ground for hope — not even for hope. Let him give up the idea. He never *can* make a painter." — "It was painted by yourself." — "No! — impossible!" — "It was — look! — There is your name; and here — see! — here is the date — only seven years ago, you perceive."

This is but one instance of thousands that might be cited from the world's annals, of the triumphs achieved by that wonder-working power, perseverance. History abounds in examples of men who, by patient continuance in well-doing, backed by a lofty determination to "be something," have been carried up by small beginnings, from the chilling depths of poverty and obscurity, to stations of influence and honor. And not only history, but all nature, is pregnant with admonition to us not to despise "the day of small things," under any circumstances, or in any condition of life.

The river, rolling onward its mighty flood of waters to the ocean, and propelling engines of enormous power, was, in its small beginning, but an oozing rill, winding like a silver thread along the green carpet of some secluded valley, and wafting only the stricken leaflet that dropped on its bosom. The tree that shades the mountain-side with its thick and matted foliage, and whose giant branches mock at the howlings of the blast, was, in its small beginning, but a little seed, trampled under foot, and disregarded; then a small shoot that the leaping hare might have forever crushed. The coral reef that stretches a

thousand miles along the bottom of the ocean, and is destined one day to emerge and form a vast island or peninsula, was, in the small beginning of its formation, but a little heap of earth, deposited by insects hardly discernible by the naked eye. Everything, alike in the natural world and the moral, warns us not to treat small things with contempt; for great things are but an aggregate of small ones, and events whose influence has been felt through ages, in the changes they have produced in the destinies of nations, have had their origin in things insignificant in themselves.

Despise not the small beginnings of wealth. Girard, Astor, and nearly all immensely rich men, became such from the lowest beginnings, by toil, patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit. Preferring a small gain rather than to stand out, and content with the slow acquisitions of an obscure retail trade, when more rapid progress in wealth was impossible, they were willing to perform any labor, however humble or arduous, by which those gains could be secured. Knowing that a few cents saved each day will make dollars in the course of a month, and eagles in the course of a year, they practised the most rigid economy, and barred out all the impulses which might in petty sums have drawn money from their purse. From cents they ascended to dollars; from dollars to hundreds; from hundreds to thousands and millions. Had they not haggled and chaffered for a penny; had they not stood for the last farthing, when that farthing was their due; had they said, "It is a paltry business, this saving of cents — I cannot submit to such drudgery — I feel a spirit above it — it certainly can do no great harm to spend a few pennies now and then," — they never would have risen to wield the purse of the nation, or have used money as an Archimedean lever by which to move

the fiscal world. It is only by the economical husbandry of minute sums that fortunes are usually gained. Make it a fixed principle to take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves. If we had to walk a hundred miles, though we should take but one step at a time, yet this process, continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. The hardest task in money-getting is to gain a little; it is easier to make a hundred thousand dollars on the foundation of a thousand, than to make a thousand out of nothing.

In every calling, those beginners are most likely to succeed who are content, at first, *to be* beginners — to climb up patiently from the foot of the ladder. There are exceptions, of course, to this as to every rule; there are Pitts, who leap at once to the topmost round, — men, who seem never to have been boys, and appear not to have been born, but made or cast. But the world sees but one Pitt in a century; the millions must reach the goal in the race of life by single steps, not by a few gigantic bounds. The advice which Mr. Kirky, the eminent founder of the Dublin Medical School, gave, some years ago, to a young surgeon, who consulted him touching the course he should pursue to get a livelihood by his profession, is applicable to nearly all callings: "My young friend, go and attend with all due care and diligence a sweep; that sweep, when cured, will get you another sweep as a patient; this latter will get you the kitchen maid; the kitchen maid will get you the cook; the cook will get you the lady's maid; and the lady's maid, in the plenitude of her gratitude, will get you *the lady herself*, and thus you will culminate and cap the climax."

Despise not the small beginnings of knowledge. It is the observation of little things — the acquisition of bits of knowledge — which is the secret of success in art, science, and all the

pursuits of life. The sum total of human knowledge is made up of small items accumulated through centuries; facts individually insignificant, but leading to great inventions and discoveries, and forming in the aggregate a vast pyramid. It was but the fall of an apple that revealed to Newton the law of gravitation; the blowing off of the lid of a tea-kettle by the hot vapor that suggested the steam-engine; a tiny spider's net that gave to Sir Samuel Brown the hint of the Suspension Bridge. Watt found in the shell of a lobster a model for water-pipes to pass under the Clyde; Brunel took his first lessons in forming the Thames Tunnel from the almost microscopic shipworm; Galileo was indebted to the swinging of a lamp, suspended from the roof of a church, for the suggestion of a pendulum; and it was in the apparently valueless observation by Galvani that a frog's leg, when placed in contact with different metals, twitched, that lay the germ of the electric telegraph, which is making of the whole world a whispering gallery, and binding nations together as with "hooks of steel."

Nearly every man who has signalized himself by the invention of new processes, or the improvement of old sciences, had but little early education. Franklin had in youth but little instruction; yet by improving the imperfect beginnings of knowledge, he subsequently came to do more in the world of science, more in council, more in the cabinets of kings, more in the revolution of empires, than a thousand others with a thorough early education. Arkwright, the celebrated inventor of the cotton machinery, was in his youth a poor journeyman barber, and received little more than a barber boy's education; but subsequently the splendid achievements of his mechanical genius bore the English nation triumphantly through the wars of the French Revolution, and were pronounced to be of greater value than all her colonies

from Hindostan to Labrador. Davy, the great natural philosopher, serving in youth as an unpatronized apprentice to an apothecary, picked up merely the rudiments of learning; but he rose to be at the head of the chemists of Europe, and his name is associated with the brightest achievements in natural science. The names of Heyne, the greatest classical scholar of his age — of Alexander Murray, the son of a shepherd in Galloway, who learned to write by printing letters on the back of a wool card with the burnt end of a heather brush — of Gifford, the cobbler's apprentice, who worked his first mathematical problems upon small scraps of leather — of the self-taught Ferguson, who gained a livelihood at first by cleaning clocks, but subsequently, as astronomer, became the instructor of princes — of Rittenhouse, who began calculating eclipses on his plow-handle — are all illustrations of the same general truth.

There are no circumstances so disadvantageous, that a man may not cultivate his mind, if he has only a vigorous will. As the Scotch gardener's boy, who had taught himself to read Newton's *Principia* in Latin, said to the Duke of Argyle, "One needs only to know the twenty-six letters of the alphabet in order to learn everything else that one wishes." An hour of close and vigorous application daily will enable a man to make wonderful additions to his stock of knowledge. Nearly every man of profound learning has become such, not by waiting till he could find leisure for *great* acquisitions, but solely by seizing the inglorious hours which most men wasted in grovelling and unenjoyed pleasures, and devoting them to mental culture. The small stones which fill up the crevices contribute as much to the firmness of the wall as the great ones; so the fragments of knowledge tend, in no small degree, to build up with fair and solid proportions a man's mind.

Despise not the small beginnings of honor.

Nothing is more fleeting than sudden popularity. It is but a momentary flash — the sound of passing music — or the brief blossoming of summer flowers. True fame and honor are of slow but vigorous growth; but reputations which have been forced into an unnatural bloom fade almost as soon as they have blossomed. The oak demands a generation to attain its full size; but it lasts in proportion, while the hot-house plant withers and dies. Diamonds require ages to consummate their virtues; other crystals are formed instantaneously; but the diamond is indestructible, and the others dissolve in the breath. He who scorns to ascend the lower steps of honor, because they are so low, will seldom reach the higher; and he who spurns the approbation of the few, the sincere, and the delicate, in his own circle, as too poor a thing to strive after, will never win the respect and applause of a nation.

In all laborious undertakings we are apt to be too easily disheartened by contemplating the disproportion between our first petty acquisitions and the vastness of the objects to be attained. But it marks a weak mind, as Sharpe has observed in one of his admirable essays, to be always nicely comparing a single stroke of the chisel with the monument to be raised, or a solitary impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled.

Had Raphael feared to daub, he would never have become the Raphael of history. Had Powers feared to torture marble, he would never have produced the Greek Slave. Had Curran feared to spout, or Kean to rant, the one would never have become a great actor, nor the other a brilliant orator. It is the law of the universe that great things shall be made up of littles. It is said that all the coffee grown in the West Indies has sprung from two plants taken thither by a French naturalist in 1720.

Neither in the material nor in the moral world are great and sudden leaps often observable. Every advance in the general must be made by advances in particular. The grass does not spring up full grown; the trees and the grain do not leap forth suddenly into maturity; but they all climb upward by little and little, the increments being so minute as to be imperceptible. The planets, again, do not leap from end to end of their orbits, or accomplish their revolutions by giant bounds and springs, but circle the heavens by rolling through successive yards and roods of the sky. Intellect, feeling, habit, character, are all formed in the same way. Men do not become saints or devils in a day. The Christian character, which is the end of religion, is in its very nature a growth.

Whatever, then, the object of your pursuit, do not, reader, despise "the day of small things." However mean or humble your occupation — however slow your advances in knowledge or professional skill — do not despair, but resolve to act well your part, for in that lies all the honor. Do not be appalled by the vast distance between you and your ideal; but do the things before you day by day to the best of your ability, and you will find yourself rising, slowly but surely, to a higher and higher level. You will never get to the mountain-top by standing and looking at it, when there is a mile or more between you and it, and saying, "How can I make one glorious leap and land there?" but you must begin at once to take, one by one, the ten thousand intermediate steps, each so easy in itself, and these will carry you near the top, if not to the very summit. It is only those who have been conscientious in doing the small things assigned to them, that can be relied on to do great things well. Michael Angelo one day explained to a visitor at his studio what he had been doing to a statue since his last visit. "I have

retouched this part — polished that — softened this feature — brought out that muscle — given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." — "But these are trifles," said the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

WILLIAM MATHEWS.





When my Ship Comes In.



WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

By EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND, Jr.



WAS years ago, full many a day,
Since my gallant ship went out to sea,
And summers and winters have lapsed away,
But still she never comes back to me.
Patient I wait, while others twine
Bright flowery garlands, or honors win,
And muse on the treasure that shall be mine
On the happy day when my ship comes in.

Oh, fierce the winds have lashed the tide,
And the waves have drank the pouring rain,
And towering icebergs yearly glide
To southern seas from the frozen main.
I know no fear, though upon the sea
The winds course free in their fearful sport,
For something ever assureth me
That my ship shall come to the homeward port.

When the storm rides wild on the icy air,
And bright 'neath the andirons the embers glow,
I sit and muse, and I little care
For the raging wind and the blinding snow.
On summer eves when the stars stoop low,
As if in love with the flowery lea,
Afar mid the sleeping trees I go,
And glorious visions unfold for me.

For summer and winter are one to me,
And the day is bright, be it storm or shine,
For far away, o'er a sunny sea,
Sails a treasure vessel, and all is mine.
I see the ripples that fall away
As she cleaves the azure waves before,
And nearer, nearer, day by day,
Draws the happy hour when she comes to shore.

"But what if she never comes," you say.
"If you never the honor, the treasure, gain?"
It has made me happier day by day,
It has eased full many an aching pain,
It has kept the spirit from envy free,
Has dulled the ear to the world's rude din,
Oh, best of blessings it's been to me,
To look for the hour when my ship comes in.

GLEN RIDGE, Oct., 1875.

Lafayette's Flight to America.



THE FLIGHT OF LAFAYETTE TO AMERICA.

By FREDERIC VIAUX.

ITERATION of the character and deeds of great men is pardonable; and when love and admiration for some hero go hand in hand, oft-repeated praise is fearless of rebuke and delights in its own sweet monotony. Every true and ardent American still keeps the memory of Lafayette warm in his heart, as, it is to be hoped, he ever will; and if he has sentiments of affection and reverence centred upon any one character in the short history of his country, Washington and Lincoln excepted, that person is Lafayette. Therefore the tale of his romantic flight to America, though tale more than twice told, can hardly call forth from the lips of the patriotic American, especially in these Centennial days of retrospection and loving reminiscence, the forcible expression with which Sir John Falstaff qualified the homily of Prince Hal.

We in the United States are accustomed to see in Lafayette only the brave ally in arms, the friend above all others and the friend of our Washington. There is glory enough, doubtless, in such fame, but glory that is to the true renown of Lafayette what a silhouette is to a finished portrait. His American experience in Revolutionary days was but an incidental period in his long career of activity, usefulness, and suffering; it is to the

picture of his memorable life of fortune and vicissitude in his own country that we must turn to contemplate the development of the admirable character of the man, to learn of his unfailing self-abnegation, chivalrous moral courage, and consistent loyalty to his principles. From the beginning to the end his mistress, human rights, finds in him the devoted and enthusiastic lover. In middle age as in old age he is always the same Lafayette who, a youth, buys his own vessel and sails away on a crusade for freedom. Consider this incident of his life, the perseverance and fervor that overleaped all obstacles, the earnestness of purpose that was blind to great personal considerations, and you have the keystone of the arch of his character.

The enemy's bullets at the battle of Minden made Lafayette a marquis in babyhood, and at the same time deprived him of the care of a father, a loss the compensation for which he found in the devotion of an excellent mother, and in the inheritance of good and gentle traits transmitted through a long line of brave and noble ancestors. His start in life was more than favorable. A loving, intelligent, and accomplished mother blood blue in the truest sense, and high class privileges are weighty handicaps in the race of life; yet are advantages that as often engender lassitude and a contented repose in their envied possessors as prompt to action and great deeds. Lafayette, endowed, as it were, at birth with the magic "Open, sesame!" to ease, luxury and dignities, preferred to carve out his own fortunes unaided by the conjuring power accident of parentage had conferred upon him. His love of freedom he may have inherited from the mountains of Auvergne, where he was cradled, and have breathed in that inspiration of liberty that the crags and peaks of the earth seem to diffuse. His yearning for glory was a natural sentiment, for he was a Frenchman, and was heightened, doubtless, by the

tales of the martial deeds of the soldier ancestors whom he was taught to revere and emulate. Thus inspired with an early love of freedom and precocious beyond his years, he is not long in observing with curious wonder the anomalies of the state of society of his time in France, in noting the width of the gulf that separates him, Mottier, Marquis de Lafayette, from Jacques, the son of the worthy peasant Jacques Bonhomme. The little Jacques is ignorant but honest, dutiful at home, kindly abroad, reverential to his seigneur, to his curé, taught to regard the great king in distant Versailles with the love he bears a protecting parent. He, Lafayette, may hunt the fox or the hare wheresoever it pleases him; to Jacques the pastime of the chase is forbidden. The possession of even a dove-cot is to him interdicted. When Jacques is grown up and becomes the proud possessor of a few acres, dignified with the name of farm, he must send his grain to the mill of his neighbor Lafayette to be ground, his grapes to the wine-press of his neighbor to be made into wine. He is met at every turn by tax-bills: the government, the church, and the seigneur eat the heart of his little, dearly earned cheese and grudge him the rind.

"Picture to yourself, I beg," writes de Tocqueville, in the graphic *Ancien Régime*, "the French peasant of the eighteenth century, or, rather, the peasant you see to-day, for he is still the same; his condition has changed, but not his character. Picture him, as the documents of the time depict him, so eager for land that he saves all his money to buy, and buys at any price. In order to purchase, he is bound, in the first place, to pay a tax, not to the government, but to some neighbors of his, who have no more authority and no more to do with public business than he. Still he buys, and puts his heart into his land with his seed. The idea that this little corner of the vast

universe belongs to him alone fills him with pride and independence. But the same neighbors pass along and compel him to work on their land without wages. If he tries to protect his harvest from the game, they prevent him. He cannot cross the river without paying toll. He cannot take his produce to market and sell it till he has bought leave to do so from them; and when, on his return home, he wants to consume in his family the surplus of his produce — sown by his hands, and grown under his eyes — he finds he must first send his grain to their mill to be ground, and to their oven to be cooked. The largest part of the income of his little estate goes to the same parties in the shape of rents, which cannot be redeemed or got rid of in any way."

This is the hard fate of Jacques; for Lafayette, born the son of a noble, accident has smoothed the way in life. No tax-collector may dun him at the door of his château for his share of the *taille;* no notice is served upon him to make or repair the highways of the kingdom. If the alarum of war is sounded, he goes to the aid of his king, a captain, not a grenadier, and does he prefer to remain at home, the conscription has no terrors for him. He may act the spendthrift and lavish his money: he has the purse of Fortunatus. For accident has made him a monopolist with miniature gold mines in grist-mills and wine-presses. He has, to be sure, but little power; but, in return, is burdened with few responsibilities. Royalty has absorbed the political influence which his forefathers exchanged for that Lamp of Aladdin and that gift of Midas, which have descended to him.

Thoughtful, observing, and quick of mind, the little Lafayette must have puzzled his childish brain to account for the strange difference between himself and his peasant comrade, and to

have early come to a realizing sense of the terrible injustice suffered by such worthy people as his neighbors of the vicinage. It is doubtless to his child's views of life that may be traced the germ of his unfailing devotion to human freedom. Long after, when he has helped to break the chains of feudalism in France, he goes back to Auvergne, and delights in meeting Jacques on terms of manly equality, no longer seigneur, no longer privileged.

The youth was transplanted to Paris at the age of eleven, and entered at the College Du Plessis. The ensuing five years of his life were passed in study. The deaths of his tender mother and of his maternal grandfather, the Marquis de la Rivière, which events followed one upon the other, left him an orphan at thirteen, and the possessor of large wealth. A school-boy, he is already yearning for opportunities to win renown, and envies Horatius Cocles and Mutius Scævola and the other classic heroes with whom his reading acquaints him. He is vaguely disturbed, too, and disquieted by that love of liberty, the germ of which, planted in his nature in Auvergne, expands and shoots forth in Paris.

"You ask me," he says, in his memoirs, "the time of my first sighs for glory and liberty. I recall no period in my life anterior to my enthusiasm for tales of glory, to my projects of traversing the earth in search of fame. At eight, that hyena, which caused some harm and still more disturbance in our neighborhood, quickened the beating of my heart, and the hope of encountering him enlivened my walks. At college I was diverted from study only by the desire to study without coercion."

This restlessness under compulsion, this youthful aspiration for liberty, was to develop in his character not alone the desire

for his own individual independence in his pursuits, but as well the eager longing for the freedom of all men in all countries. His relatives, high in rank and in favor at the court, often drew him from the walls of his college to the gardens of Versailles and Trianon, and gained for him notice and preferment. He becomes a page to the queen, then a black musketeer to guard the king's person, and, afterwards, an officer in that *corps d'élite* of gentlemen.

The great house of Noailles see in him a worthy aspirant for the hand of a daughter of the family, and at sixteen he is a lover and a husband. After his marriage he is launched into a society little in accord with his pensive, self-communing habits, which happily proved barriers against the assaults of the seductions and indolent pleasures of a tainted court. Of those young Frenchmen who remained pure and uncontaminated about the person of the king, after Louis the Fifteenth had furnished them the high example of dissolute conduct, Lafayette's name should head the list.

At this time the spirit of inquiry is rife in France. Society is in a state of fermentation; philosophy and pamphlet-writing are the fashion. It may be surmised with what ease Lafayette, predisposed to the beneficial malady, catches the epidemic distemper of reform; with what delight he devours the plans and suggestions of needed administrative changes, the confused and conflicting theories that were soon to be sifted into grand principles which delivered France from herself, and gave her a constitution; with what satisfaction he revels in the free thought of the age, which neither state nor church strove to check, which discussed government, religion, society in plain day, and undertook the vivisection of all three institutions, operation that seemed to extort from the patients cries, not of agony, but of curiosity

and interest. He is thus in his youth already ripe for a crisis. It only remains for him to learn of the cause of the courageous American insurgents fighting for independence, and the road to usefulness and glory he has longed for from childhood is pointed out to him.

A captain of dragoons in garrison at Metz in the fall of 1776, Lafayette is one of the officers invited by the commandant, the Count de Broglie, patron of de Kalb, to meet at dinner the Duke of Gloucester, brother of the English king, travelling on the continent. He listens as the Englishman imparts to his entertainers news from the colonies: how the insurgents have issued a declaration of independence; what measures are being taken to enforce their submission; and the approaching end of the absurd rebellion against a power like that of Great Britain. The noble duke, as he sneered at the heroes of America, and prophesied their speedy overthrow, little thought that his careless words were conjuring up a chivalric Roland and a sword Durandal by the side of Washington. Lafayette questions the Englishman with lively interest; his awakened sympathy for the struggling insurgents is increased by the answers, and, as he goes forth at night, his enthusiasm is at its height. Forthwith he registers a vow to cross the ocean in the service of his Amaryllis, Liberty. He finds himself, though but just turned nineteen, a man, full of purpose and resolution. He has heretofore been dreaming; he can now act; he has found his place. There is as yet no opportunity offered in France for action in behalf of human emancipation. America, on the other hand, presents itself a rich field of honor for enterprise for his fellows' sake. Thither he will go with the sword of Bayard, not of Captain Dalgetty.

The resolution to enter the service of Congress once made, Lafayette takes immediate steps to carry it into practical effect.

He hastens to Paris, communicates his project to his friends, the Count de Ségur and the Viscount de Noailles, his cousin by marriage, and enlists their active sympathy and co-operation. To the Count de Broglie, his commander, he also appeals for a God-speed. The old soldier combats his purpose, but keeps his secret. "I saw your uncle die in the Italian war, I was present at the death of your father at the battle of Minden, and I do not wish to have a hand in the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family," are said to have been the words of his remonstrance. Nevertheless, recognizing at last the Spartan firmness of the boy of nineteen in his resolve, M. de Broglie is wise enough to aid him in the most practical way by bringing him in contact with the veteran Baron de Kalb.

Born a German peasant, now an experienced soldier of fortune and a general of brigade in the French service, de Kalb, among others, had with the secret permission and countenance of the government, already offered his sword to Silas Deane, then agent of the Colonies at Paris. The French ministry, mindful of the disasters of the Seven Years' War, hesitated at open hostility with England until the success of the rebels in the West seemed less problematical, yet was not unwilling to wound their ancient enemy by secretly assisting her revolted subjects. M. du Coudray, colonel in the French army, was, at the instigation of the government, at this time busily collecting arms and ammunition destined for the American camp. Arthur Lee, industriously seeking the aid, moral and material, of the friends of the colonies in Europe, had not neglected to appeal to the French Court, and successfully, so far as to persuade the Count de Vergennes of the policy, in the interest of France, of at least facilitating "to the colonies," in the words of the report, "the means of procuring, in the way of commerce, the articles and

even the money which they needed; but without departing from neutrality and without giving them direct succors." And in pursuance of this policy so favorable to Congress, the promise of a million of dollars' worth of arms and ammunition to go to America *via* Holland and the West Indies had already been privately made. On the first of December, 1776, de Kalb, with fifteen associates, had formally contracted with Mr. Deane, acting in behalf of Congress, to go as volunteers to the aid of the colonists. Lafayette has the pleasure of signing a similar agreement a week later. His zeal and his social rank outweigh in the eyes of the American agent the disadvantages of his extreme youth and inexperience, and he is promised the rank of major-general in the insurgent army, with commission to be dated the seventh of December, 1776. It was stipulated that Lafayette should place himself under the orders of Mr. Deane, as to the time and manner of departure for America; that he should serve the Congress without pay or emolument; the only reservation on his own part, that he thought necessary to make, was the liberty of returning to France, should his king or his relatives peremptorily demand it. Doubtless he meant to constitute himself judge of the necessity for the demand, should any be made.

Lafayette's enthusiasm was shared in a less degree by numbers of the young French nobles and officers, some eager for distinction or adventure, others animated with a desire to wield their swords at once for freedom and against England. The "Amphitrite," laden with military supplies, and carrying Colonel du Coudray and many volunteers, sailed for America on the fourteenth of December only to return to the shores of France with her mission unaccomplished, because of unfitness to encounter the stormy Atlantic passage. The English gov-

ernment, made cognizant of these contracts and expeditions by Lord Stormont, protested noisily through that ambassador to the French ministry, which, fearful of compromising France, forbade the departure of armaments, and, furthermore, ordered American privateers out of their ports. To add to the discomfiture of the young Frenchmen, who burned to distinguish themselves as knight-errants in the cause of liberty, news of the disheartening disasters of the colonies in the campaign of 1776 was at this juncture received, and spread throughout France. These tidings of rebel discomfiture powerfully aided Lord Stormont in confirming the newly-adopted policy of the French government of non-intervention, secret or otherwise. Lafayette thus saw himself in danger of losing the honor of the accolade Silas Deane had promised him in the army of freedom. His resolution, however, remained immovable; he turned for encouragement to his chosen motto, *Cur non?* and sought the sympathy and cheer of the American commissioners.

The day after the execution of his contract to serve, Dr. Franklin had arrived in Paris and joined Mr. Deane. Themselves dismayed by the reverses seemingly so irreparable to their cause, the commissioners felt that duty forbade them to further encourage the youth Lafayette in what promised to be a rash enterprise. The generous expression of their fears in his behalf and their attempt to dissuade him from his journey provoke a noble reply: "Thus far you have witnessed only my zeal; it is, perhaps, about to develop into usefulness. I will buy a vessel to carry your officers. It is necessary to show confidence, and it is in the time of danger that I like to share your fortune."

Growing more and more intimate with the Baron de Kalb through their common project, Lafayette found in the latter that

experience and practical knowledge the impetuosity of his nature needed as its complement. With the privity and approval of the Count de Broglie, it was decided between Lafayette and de Kalb that the former should secretly purchase and equip a vessel out of his own abundant means. M. de Boismartin, secretary to M. de Broglie, was enrolled as the confidential agent to proceed to Bordeaux and provide all that was necessary for the proper execution of the concerted plan of escape; to his discreet management of the task allotted him — task into which he put the most lively sympathy and interest — Americans owe, perhaps, the good fortune of welcoming Lafayette to their shores. The utmost secrecy was observed in regard to their plans, opposition to which Lafayette foresaw he must encounter from all sides if discovered. He accordingly ceased his visits to the American commissioners and communicated with them only by correspondence through their secretary, Mr. Carmichael. Relatives and friends were kept unsuspicious of the romantic project by his faithful practice of the French epigram: *Le bruit ne fait jamais de bien, et le bien ne fait jamais de bruit.*

Meanwhile, before the vessel is in readiness for the voyage, Lafayette has been invited to London by his wife's uncle, the Marquis de Noailles, then French ambassador at the Court of St. James. His relatives will wonder, perhaps be suspicious of his design, if he refuses to avail himself of this brilliant opportunity to mingle in his youth with the English courtiers of King George. And much against his inclination, but with the advice and approval of the American Commissioners, he sets out with his cousin, the Prince de Poix, for London. "At nineteen," writes Lafayette, "one takes too much delight, perhaps, in quizzing the king he is about to fight, in dancing with Lord Rawdon, just arrived from New York, at the house of Lord Germain,

Minister of the American Colonies, and in meeting at the opera that Clinton I was to run across again at Monmouth." He conceals his hostile intentions, but is too honorable to hide his prejudices in the face of the English he is so eager to fight in America. He, accordingly, does not hesitate to avow his sympathy with the insurgents, and to rejoice over their brilliant attack on Trenton, news of which has crossed the ocean. "My spirit of opposition won me a breakfast with Lord Shelburne," he says. He is invited to examine the armaments in course of preparation for crushing the rebellion, and honorably finds pretexts to decline. If he is to act a part of deception it is as a soldier, not as a spy.

While he is enjoying himself in London, M. de Boismartin has about finished his labors at Bordeaux. The *Victoire* has been bought and fitted out, armed with two small cannon and provisioned, officered and manned, laden with a cargo of merchandise to cover the real object of its voyage and cleared for an island of the West Indies. Lafayette, in England, apprised of this forward state of affairs, grows impatient to end a sojourn that has already lasted three weeks, and seeks, by a stratagem, to excuse to M. de Noailles his hasty departure.

He pleads a sudden fancy to run over to Paris, and his unsuspecting host not only consents to his acting upon the feigned caprice, but amiably suggests that he shall account for his absence from London, if noticed, by an imaginary indisposition. Lafayette rushes to Paris with as much secrecy as possible, and seeks the house of de Kalb. Three precious days are here lost to the eager soldier. Finally he reaches Bordeaux, only to be annoyed by unexpected delays, and to learn, to his discomfiture, that his project is known at Versailles. The English spies have penetrated his plans, the English government has denounced

him to the French ministry, and an order for the arrest of the foolish youth is already on the road. The conspirators at Bordeaux decide upon instant action. Not a moment is to be lost; the king's courier is at the heels of the messenger who has brought the tidings of the embarrassment. The sails of the *Victoire* are set, the anchor weighed, and the ship steered for the nearest Spanish port, Passage, where the equipment of the expedition may be safely completed. Lafayette arrives at Passage only to find awaiting him the officers of the king with the royal orders, and many letters from members of his family. He determines to seek the authorization of the government in his enterprise, for the results of which he deems it useful; and, his vessel safe from molestation, he returns with the royal messengers, by land, to Bordeaux, to brave not alone the enraged ministry, but his indignant relatives and friends, who, advised of his scheme, have hastened to condemn it, and, with persuasion, pleading, and threat, to turn him from his course. "The letters from my family were terrible," he writes laconically. As for the French ministry, they suspend over his head a Damocles sword in the guise of a *lettre de cachet* of the king. He is forbidden to depart for America under pain of the royal wrath, and is ordered to Marseilles to await further instructions. Young as he is, he is too stout of heart, too firm in resolve, to be vanquished by anathema and threat. Even grief at the prospect of a long separation from a cherished wife, then pregnant, is powerless before his resolution. His is the quest of the Holy Grail.

He writes a long and urgent letter to the ministry, and frankly confesses his design. Boy of nineteen, he enters into an elaborate argument on the *ad hominem* principle of reasoning, with the old statesmen of the cabinet, to prove that his voyage to

America must result in benefit to France. England will, by her myriad colonies, become the hundred-handed giant of the seas, who will drive away from his realms the commerce of all other nations. To deprive her of her American foothold is to lop off a mighty arm of this cormorant ogre, to lessen by one-half the extent of her dominions. England thus weakened, France is easily her equal rival; England triumphant, colonies, commerce, navy, all is lost to France. Lafayette, nobleman of high rank, and full of enthusiasm, cannot fail to assist the colonists by the prestige of his presence, by inspiring them with the hope of attracting more auxiliaries like himself from the same generous country. Well the French government understood such reasoning. Years before, the Duke de Choiseul had foreseen the approaching storm in America, and had sent that same de Kalb, who is now awaiting Lafayette on the deck of the *Victoire*, to examine into the condition and the state of disaffection of the thirteen colonies, and to report as to the possibility of useful co-operation on the part of France with them in the case of an open rupture with the mother-country. The struggle anticipated by the French statesman had come, but the combat seemed unequal. It was known to the old Count de Maurepas, minister of Louis XVI., how desperate was the state of affairs with the Americans at this juncture. The occupation of New York, the capture of Fort Washington, the possession of Fort Lee, the precipitate retreat across New Jersey, the capture of General Lee, in whose military capacity the Continentals had placed much reliance, the disheartening of the militia occasioned by this series of reverses, and, to cap all, the acceptance of the terms of amnesty offered by the two Howes, by the more timid revolutionists in and near the territory won by the British, were matters of news assiduously whispered in

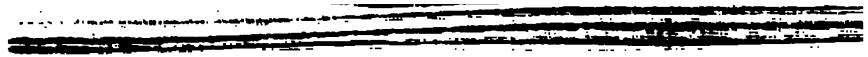
the ears of the French ministers by the English ambassador, who, in fact, could hardly have exaggerated the desperation of affairs. "This was the gloomiest period of the war," writes Mr. Sparks, in his "Life of Washington." "In short, so great was the panic, and so dark the prospect, that a general despondency pervaded the continent."

Again, the remonstrances of the English government at the action of Lafayette were too urgent to be passed unheeded; the indignation of the English court was too deep to be lightly considered. George III. felt that he had been mocked by the French boy, who had deceitfully accepted the attentive hospitality of his courtiers, and whose behavior pointed strongly to the connivance of the Ambassador, M. de Noailles, himself in the insulting plot. The treaty of Paris was but fourteen years old, and the power of England seemed too vast to risk another Seven Years' War. Accordingly, the letter of Lafayette to the ministry went unnoticed. He himself afterward acknowledged his indiscretion in inditing it. On the eve of his final departure from Bordeaux he could not refrain from writing M. de Maurepas that he has construed his silence as a tacit authorization, and acted in accordance therewith. The sense of humor does not desert him in the midst of his anxiety and perturbation.

Lafayette, warned by a friend in Paris to give up all hope of the royal permission he desires, has recourse to a stratagem in order to regain his vessel, and his companions at Passage. He first formally takes upon himself all responsibility of the flight from France, and the consequences of that act. He feigns obedience to the mandate of the king, and sets out for Marseilles, as if to meet his noble father-in-law, the duke d'Ayen, under whose watchful care he is to make the tour of Italy and be weaned from his Quixotic scheme. His conveyance is a post-

chaise, and he has for a travelling companion M. Mauroy, a French officer, also infected with that American fever then, fortunately for the struggling colonists, epidemic in the French army. Arrived at a safe distance from Bordeaux, Lafayette changes his dress and disguises himself as a courier, and gives up his seat in the vehicle for the saddle. The road to Marseilles is abandoned for the road to Bayonne, and all haste is made for the latter town. Bayonne is reached, the horses are baited, and a halt of a couple of hours made to permit M. Mauroy to attend to some last affairs pertaining to the voyage. Lafayette, suspicious that his movements have been watched and fearful of pursuit, during the delay at Bayonne remains concealed in the straw of the stable where the horses are refreshed. Again the road is taken, and the village of St. Jean de Luz, near the frontier, is gained. Here Lafayette, to his momentary dismay, is recognized. The postmaster's daughter has looked on the young Frenchman, as he passed through her village a short time before on his way from Passage to Bordeaux. Perhaps she had admired the frank, open face of the young crusader; at all events her memory was excellent; for she at once recognized in the courier who rode his sweating horse into St. Jean de Luz that day, the same Marquis de Lafayette she had seen shortly before in different costume. A word from her may cause his detention until the pursuers, now near at hand, arrive. Fortunately, means are found to win her silence; the town is safely left behind; the frontier is crossed, and the party arrive without molestation at their destination, where de Kalb and their companions have impatiently awaited their coming. The same day, the twenty-sixth of April, 1777, Lafayette has the satisfaction, "after six months of labors and of impatience," to quote his words, of sailing out of the Spanish port into the Atlantic on his noble mis-







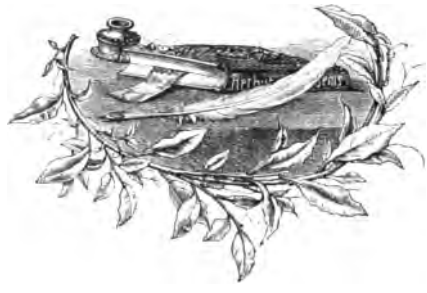


sion, and the thirteen Colonies struggling, as it seemed, in last convulsions, unwittingly had, in the alliance of Lafayette, gained an all-important advantage to their cause, more potent for its ultimate success than half-a-dozen such victories as that at Trenton.

Lafayette's persistency in his purpose under such discouragements as he encountered betrays the temper of his character. Unhesitatingly he burned his ships, while as yet America was no fertile Crete with stores of milk and honey that wooed the Arab chieftain. To appreciate the self-sacrifice of this first decisive act of his career, the risks and dangers his course threatened in the prosecution of his enterprise must be recapitulated. Fortune had, as it were, guaranteed him a life of ease, of plenty, and of honors easily increased. By his own volition he placed a heavy mortgage on this favoring fortune to the advantage of fellow-men far away and differing much in habits and characteristics from himself. The sacrifice of his rank and of its attendant privileges, of his military position at home, and of the advancement his abilities promised, of the favor of the court and of his powerful relatives, of his youth and of his wealth, was offered up on the altar of his philanthropy gladly and without a sigh of regret. Even the displeasure of the king, the signification of which carried with it a threat of exile or imprisonment, or the confiscation of his large property, was to him only a bug-a-boo Adamastor that was powerless to frighten him out of his purpose. Finally, the love he bore his wife, woman destined to show herself a worthy helpmeet and his grief at deserting her, were feeble barriers against what seemed to him the urgent call of conscience. On the other side a desperate and forlorn cause awaited him, that promised little glory, and threatened stern treatment from an angered enemy; at most, the satisfaction of

having struck a blow for freedom when most needed, and the consciousness of a duty done. "I felt myself tranquil," wrote Lafayette, "only when sailing between the continent whose power I had braved, and that where, although our arrival and our ultimate success were problematical, I could, at the age of nineteen, take refuge in the alternative of conquering or perishing in the cause to which I had devoted myself."

The story of his flight to America thus strikes the key-note of his character. Knightly chevalier in youth he goes through life without fear and without reproach. If at nineteen he loves liberty, in his own expressive words, "with the enthusiasm which actuates the religious man, with the passion of a lover, and with the conviction of a geometrician," he is as ardent and intelligent in its cause at threescore and ten. Always magnanimous, always consistent, always true to himself, Lafayette furnished the world an example of a most noble life. He is alone a "man of two worlds," esteemed in France, beloved in America, in the great heart of whose citizens the grand eulogy of John Quincy Adams will always find an echo: "But, as in the firmament of heaven, that rolls over our heads, there is, among the stars of the first magnitude, one so pre-eminent in splendor as, in the opinion of astronomers, to constitute a class by itself; so, in the fourteen hundred years of the French monarchy, among the multitude of great and mighty men which it has evolved, the name of Lafayette stands unrivalled in the solitude of glory."








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